

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [1]

>be mid-last year  
>home alone as parent's have gone to rarotonga  
>in bed watching tv around 11  
>there's a stone pathway next to my bedroom window which makes a load of noise when someone walks on it  
>my friend was meant to come over that same night and said he would knock when he was at my house  
>hear something heavy hit my stone pathway as if someone jumped the fence  
>hear slow walking over stones  
>dog is sleeping in my bedroom, so must be friend  
>hear tapping on my window  
>say friend's name, no reply  
>more tapping  
>again say friend's name, still no reply  
>more tapping, "you're crap at scaring people, I'm coming out"  
>go out to let friend in, dog comes with me  
>no one there  
>wat?  
>go back to bedroom, tv is on static  
>suddenly huge BANG as if someone jumped at my window with all their body weight  
>NOPE  
>run out to investigate  
>tall, and I mean freaking tall figure standing right next to my window  
>ALLOFMYFREAKINGNOPE!.jpg  
>leg it back into house and out the front door to avoid this thing  
>running in no particular direction, just need to get away  
>friend who was meant to come over see's me while driving past and picks me up  
>"Dude what are you doing?"

>explain story

>we both nope all the way to africa so decide to drive around,  
end up sleeping in the car as to scared to go back to house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [2]

> brand new house, 7 years old

> somewhat poor family, working on food stamps in Memphis,  
TN

> go into very own bedroom for the first time, all sorts of  
excited

> door slams behind me

> try to open it, it won't budge, window is shut

> father and uncle try to open the door, it won't budge

> desperately try to break something on the door, nothing  
happens

> hear father and uncle getting more frantic as they try to card  
a lock that isn't in place

> hear their frustration as they fail again and again

> too freaked out and small to reach the window lock

> door finally flies open, leaving father and uncle sweating, red  
and panting outside the door

> nope NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [3]

>live next door to crazy lady as a child

>my bedroom is on the side of the house by hers, I can see her  
yard out my windows

>one night, she's messing with her lights

>on

>off

>on

>off  
>on  
>off  
>all of them at once  
>for hours and hours and hours  
>I had a severe problem with sleeping as a kid and everything  
had to be be JUST SO  
>this is obviously not JUST SO  
>turns me into a total emotional wreck by midnight  
>then it stops  
>oh thank god, now I can go to -  
>screams erupt from next door  
>her three dogs race around the yard and then begin to howl  
>lights flicker on and off like crazy  
>screaming, howling, strobing lights  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPEN  
>I begin to cry for parents  
>they run in, we call the police  
>never see lady again, her house gets sold  
>according to my parents, she was taken away to a nuthouse

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [4]

>Be 21 year old nerd living with parents  
>into electronics, astronomy, and the blossoming world wide web  
>building super sensitive listening device that can hear people  
down the road but block out loud noises.  
>let it record a few feet away from me as I go outside galaxy  
hunting with telescope.  
>3am suddenly get really freaked out  
>then what seemed like every animal in the woods near me  
freaks out and starts yelling and crashing around.  
>time to go back inside  
>listen to recording  
>yada yada crickets and crap  
>then loud as hell a women crying hysterically like her child had

died

>then the animals I had heard start up with their freaking out on top of the sobbing women.

>it was a super clear night but I wasn't doing anymore sky watching

>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [5]

>be 18, alone

>at aunt's house = recently restored great-grandparents house.

>many deaths in great-grandparent's family and ghost sightings from every one of my aunts (7)

>everyone gone across road to nans for latenight snack/goodnights

>be only two houses for miles

>in basement, playing PS2.

>hear scratching coming from concrete basement wall.

>be annoyed that it creeps me out.

>scratching then becomes tapping

>be more annoyed

>tapping/scratching stops.

>annoyance persists

>gets cold.

>notlikingwherethisisgoing.jpg

>suddenly, in succession every door upstairs slams.

>boom boom boom BOOM BOOM BOOM

>NOPEfreeze

>don't freaking move, half fear, half suspicious.

>no noises upstairs for 5 mins.

>then, suddenly, wall starts scratching and tapping frantically AT THE SAME TIME

>nope the hell out of there, cross the road

>40 feet down road, black bear staring at me.

>nope x10.

>run to closest door at nan's.  
>door be locked.  
>nowisnotagoodtime.gif  
>run around house to back door  
>open.  
>everyone accounted for, spook everyone out from paleness and vibes.  
>check house next day, impossible for wind to have slammed doors in such way.  
>never in that house after sundown again.  
>EVER.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [6]

>be 11  
>walking to corner shop to get an ice cream  
>see kid my age that I don't recognize; odd because it's a small town and we all know each other  
>kid looks sickly, hunched over, similar haircut and body type to myself (minus apparent poor health)  
>avoid him, not used to talking to kids I haven't already met through school, etc, plus he sets me on edge (socially awkward, again only around people I don't know)  
>manoeuvre past him, avoiding him as subtly yet as effectively as possible, which is difficult to do considering he is no more than five feet from the entrance to the store  
>choosing my ice cream  
>overhear rasping cough from outside, presumably the kid  
>leave the store, look around  
>kid is staring at the rubbish bin  
>okay.jpg  
>rumble from clouds overhead, still daylight and it hasn't begun to rain, not a problem  
>SMACK  
>kid has fallen down (fainted, although I'm still not completely sure what happened) and hit his head on the side of the metal bin

>go to run back inside to get storekeeper  
>store is closed  
>startingtonope.jpg  
>realize I have to help the kid  
>go to check if he's conscious/help him up  
>kid gets up on his own just as I was about to reach him  
>looks straight at me and starts grinding his teeth very loudly  
>crap myself when I see that, aside from the dark red gash in his temple; he isn't just similar in appearance to me, but my DEAD FREAKING RINGER.  
>nopenopenope.jpg  
>start to walk away, slowly at first, reaching as fast a walk as I can manage without making it obvious that I was terrified  
>loud thunderclap makes me double-crap myself  
>keep eyes in front of me, have no idea if he's following me  
>starts to rain, perfect excuse to start running  
>slip over  
>land on my right knee so hard that I can feel the stress in the bones upon collision  
>can't feel pain, all I can think is that the kid must be still following me  
>finally get home, takes twice as long as it should due to screwed up knee  
>look around, see nobody but rain is falling fast now and visibility is poor; can't shake the feeling that he followed me home  
>holy crap, he knows where I live  
>get inside  
>mom instantly screams when she sees me  
>look down, knee and surrounding skin is literally black with bruising  
>pain hits me

3 days later

>lying in bed with cast on, turns out the bone was partially broken right below the knee  
>hear it start to rain  
>pull curtains across slightly, just enough to see out the window to the rain (I love the rain, despite what had happened to me)

>through all the trees in our front yard, I'm just able to make out  
a kid on the footpath, looking at the house, but he doesn't see me  
>he turns and walks away  
>nopefortherestoftheyear.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [7]

>Two years ago  
>Out driving with friends, only one of our friends has a driving license - we're 18 - so one of us has to go in the boot (not massively relevant, but mentioned again)  
>Live in the middle of nowhere, Scotland. It's about 10-11PM  
>Enormous nature park, with a huge Restoration-era stately home that burned down over a century ago on it  
>We pull into the car park (to swap the person in the boot, we're taking turns) - expecting it to be empty, for reasons aforementioned - but see another car at the far end  
>Lights are on inside the car, there's an old guy reading a map - he doesn't look up.  
>We're like 'Huh, that's weird' but don't think much of it, however, I step out the car and he looks over - agitated  
>He gets out of his car quickly, we're like 'Screw this, we're out of here'  
>Drive off, notice that he's started following  
>Nope  
>Do a huge loop around local roads, seem to lose him  
>The girl driving, Gemma, suggests that we go back - we all agree, it's a boring night, something out of the ordinary appeals to us  
>Swap person in the boot again (it's been agreed that I don't have to go in, because I'm too tall to fit, so I get to see everything from the passenger seat)  
>We drive back to the car park, see that it's empty.  
>Okay, we'll go get some fuel, then come back one last time  
>Fifteen minutes going to town for fuel, pick up a torch from my friend Adam's house, head back out

>Head back, everyone slightly on edge but not really scared yet (nothing's really happened, just a weird old man following us briefly)

>Come to the car park, intending to pull in, but we drive past when we notice that the old man's car is back, parked next to, what is unmistakably, a hearse.

>Nope.

>Gemma is freaked out, but we're able to convince her to turn around so we can get a better look

>Drive past the car park again, it's clear that the lights aren't on in either vehicle

>Eventually, we talk her into driving into the car park

>We turn in, very slowly, it's extremely dark, and the silhouette of the old house ruins are visible, just poking over a wall of enormous evergreen trees

>We're certain now that the vehicles are empty, though we can - distinctly - make out a coffin in the back of the hearse (the hearse is really old, very rusty, definitely not something you'd be happy with, even at a budget funeral - the license plate belies its old age even further)

>I offer to get out, explore with the torch. Neither of the other two males in the car are willing to join me, nor are the three girls

>I get out, shine a torch into the hearse (identify the coffin for certain, but there are no flowers, wreaths etc.) then the old man's car - I see the map, but little else besides

>I begin to walk down the old, muddy path which leads from the car park down to the ruins of the house - it's pitch black on either side, on account of the shadows of the trees

>I hear a loud, definite 'clank' (like a saw, or some other thin metal sheet, dropped on concrete) some way into the distance - approximately 100-250 metres - it's dead silent otherwise

>I go back to the car, convince the other two guys to come out down the path with me

>We start on our way, the torch letting out a fairly feint light that scarcely illuminates ten metres in front of us, and certainly can't penetrate the dark woods that line the path

>We are, by this point, quite a distance from the car

>Hear a screech, a sound that is either animalistic (though not

suitable for anything you'd find in the area: far too loud, too ferocious) or from a human in a heightened state of panic, pain or distress

>We all look at one another, as if for 'permission' to run, then sprint back to the car.

>Our friend starts the engine as we approach, and as we get closer we see the confusion on the faces of the watching girls turn to actual concern, though we're not sure why

>We turn around to see two torch beams, hastily approaching and not all that far behind us

>We jump in the car (one in the boot) and drive off quickly, the two men now visible (and visibly agitated), one of them carrying something in his hand - we could only make out the long, metal pole in the centre - it could have been part of a shovel, mallet, etc.

>We see them both get in the older man's car (the original 'map guy') and turn around swiftly to follow us

>We speed off down the main road, away from our town but towards a larger road with a higher speed limit

>Her new, powerful car quickly puts a fair distance between us and his rustbucket

>Eventually, we can no longer see him in the rear view mirror

>As we headed back into town we drove past the car park once more

>It was completely empty

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [8]

> Be up late at night on my computer which is placed near a window.

> Suddenly something crashes out of the tree outside that is over my car, branches hit my window and whatever it is scream this awful human scream

> Freak out, jump up to look out window  
> All I see is some HUGE human-like shape stumbling around my car.  
> Another car drives by and illuminates the...thing  
> It's all...shimmery like an oil and bumps against the car in reaction to the light.  
> It takes off running because of the headlights, screaming as it runs  
> AWWWWWWW NOPE OUT  
> Sleep with lights on  
> Next morning my car has a huge dent on the trunk and bits of tree branches broken all over my hood.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [9]

> Be the night Transformers 3 came out in Aus  
> Family are die hard fans, went to go see it. I decided to stay home because I felt sick.  
> Sitting in my room with a big glass door in front of me that looks out onto the front lawn area and front door with the light on.  
> Dogs start barking, suddenly stop.  
> 5 minutes later, they start barking again. This time my cat runs to the door, ears up, staring outside, doesn't respond when I call him like he always does.  
> Been looking outside the whole time, no one's come to the door and I haven't heard any cars or anything  
> Notice it's like 11 o'clock and family aren't home yet  
> Dogs start barking for the third time, louder than before.  
> Hear my laundry door knob moving (it's loose so it kind of clicks when it's being opened)  
> Suddenly quiet for 5 minutes  
> Hear laundry door slam, dogs aren't barking anymore but cat is still at the door  
> Hear hallway cupboard door hinges start creaking and moving  
> Realise all these noises are getting closer and closer to my bedroom door

>Nope  
>Hide under blankets until I fall asleep

>Be a few days later  
>On my mobile talking to my boyfriend  
>Talking as usual, never had problems with my phone acting up with calls, never had a problem after this happened either  
>He tells me he's had some idea, asks me to guess  
>"I dunno, what?"  
>Silence  
>Look at my phone, call still connected, full battery, reception was fine  
>Finally, "you there?"  
>Tells me he told me his idea but I didn't answer, thought he'd offended me, said he could hear me breathing the whole time I wasn't talking  
>I didn't hear a thing he'd said, he didn't hear what I'd said, the phone wasn't near my mouth (dunno how to properly explain this, I was holding it so the mic was below my chin sort of but the speaker was up to my ear)  
>NOPE.JPG

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [10]

>be 14 and moved to new house  
>house is relatively small for me, my mom, my dad, and brother and sister.  
>get attic since oldest  
>unpack everything and and set up my play station  
>bout to play mortal kombat when I hear someone whisper my name  
>decide to go check it out, it sounded like it was coming from the corner of the attic  
>get there and see crawl space.  
>open up crawl space and see dead cat and claw marks on back of door

>nope.avi

>run down stairs and sleep in the living room for several months

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [11]

>be home for the summer from college

>all alone, my siblings are still at school, parents at work

>start mowing the lawn

>pass by my bedroom window, see a hand pull back the curtain  
and then disappear

>don't care, probably my sister

>continue mowing, ignore my dog barking, figure it's my sister  
messing with him again

>get inside the house, it's 1:30, school is still in session

>confus, walk downstairs to see my bedroom door closed

>I always leave my door open. ALWAYS.

>panic, collect dog, run out of house, call dad

>goes through entire house with bat, finds nothing

>sleeping on couch now

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [12]

>Paint a white-faced guy with red eyes last year

>Mom hangs it on the wall a week ago

>Step out into the hall to get a drink and turn on the light

>The eyes are staring at me, practically straining to keep me in  
sight from the angle of the painting

>NOPE the hell back in my room

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [13]

>my friend has a big red barn in a field behind his house  
>the first floor was furnished for us to hang out in  
>the second floor was a storage area totally full of random crap.  
You couldn't even see the floor.  
>we'd always sleep there in the summer.  
>about 1:00 in the morning, we're starting to fall asleep on the  
ground floor  
>suddenly we hear the sliding door on the second floor open  
>hear voices and a lot of movement  
>suddenly a lot of voices  
>people are talking, sounds like a full on party up there  
>suddenly we hear freaking big band jazz start playing and  
people dancing  
>the music gets really weird and surreal  
>sounds like it's underwater  
>the songs start to completely fall apart  
>shrieking saxophones and crap  
>the dancing people start screaming  
>dead silence  
>we went up there in the morning  
>all the stuff stored up there was moved against the walls

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [14]

>four years ago  
>put a mirror under my lamp facing upwards, hold camera above  
lamp and point it downwards at the mirror  
>move it around a little  
>a smiling woman is clearly visible in the LCD of the camera  
>throw everything down, run around of the room in tears

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [15]

>be 17 at the mall  
>riding down an escalator just taking in the panoramic view  
>looked at this mannequin and he turned his head and winked at me then he smiled  
>thought it was a joke of some sort, like a candid camera sort of prank, or maybe the store hired a mime to make things interesting for the customers  
>After I reached the lower floor I went up to the mannequin expecting to find a real person, but it was only a dummy  
>stare at it for the longest time

I still don't know what happened that day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [16]

>When I was little I had this imaginary friend, "Lilly" and she was the same age as me, but female and had long black hair and was very shy of other people.

>I forgot about her when I turned like 6ish but every now and then I'd remember her, but I couldn't see her any more.

>I go to the local creek one day and I see a kid drowning, I try to save him, but he had already been under too long, he died.

>I can't sleep that night, I go to the fridge, and Out of the corner of my eye I see something

>suddenly feel very very sick

>Look out the window, she's there, same age as me, same clothes, she screams so loudly it hurt my ears

>I Fall over backwards out of shock, get back up and lock again, she's gone

>Talked to the school counsellor about it, he tells me it's just my subconscious way of dealing with it

>Go to best friend's house the next day and sleep over

>Turn the bathroom light on, it flickers and I see her in the mirror

>feel sick

>Friend say "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT IN THE MIRROR?! IT

WAS LIKE A DEMON GIRL, HOLY CRAP, DID YOU SEE THAT?!?"

>I say, "You can see it too?"

>YEP

>screw staying at his house, go back to mine

>she keeps appearing to me and him, terrifying us, but she never appeared to him when I wasn't recently there

>One night I'm riding my bike home and I see her on the side of the road

>I pretend like I can't see her, ignore she starts screaming and runs at me, pushing me off my bike

>I'm on the ground, bleeding and I look up.

>she's standing over me, I look into her eyes, they're pure black and (have you ever seen dried mud? like all cracked and falling apart, well around her eyes looked like that)

>she screams at me "DON'T IGNORE ME!!!"

>I'm terrified and she just stands there, silent until a car's headlights shine through her and she disappears

>I start to fall apart, my grades drop, I fight with my parents, and even my best friend distances himself from me.

>Just when I feel Shiite I get a girlfriend and things look up

>One night when we're together I see "her" and get spooked

>long story short I was pressured into telling my new gf some stuff about what had been happening

>she doesn't believe in that stuff and it doesn't bother her

>The next night I get a phone call from her, she breaks up with me, doesn't say anything other than "I saw her, I saw her and she hates me"

>start to see less and less people

>find 4chan

>find /x/

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [17]

>was on trip with school (dunno, I was 17 or 18 I guess)

>tired, I take a nap in the early evening

>wake up, everybody else is outside (it's about 11pm)

>go down some hallway and look outside the window  
>see a large gym  
>theres a woman walkin around with a dog on leash in that gym  
>turn around again head back to room  
>it comes to my mind that there was never a gym at that hostel  
>look out window again, everything is pitchblack  
>wtf? made reality check, it was not a dream  
>just go back to room and sleep again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [18]

>9 y/o  
>playing with lego  
>doot doot doot I love lego  
>look up because I dunno  
>watch myself walk into bedroom  
>we both stand there aghast  
>terrified  
>I actually wonder which one of us is real  
>he walks back out of the room  
>too scared to move  
>never tell a soul  
>except for today

Well, maybe I'm crazy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [19]

>be 9 or 8 years of age  
>getting my school bag out from under stairs  
>look to my right towards kitchen and see pair of red trainers on floor  
>see movement out kitchen window

>huge raven sitting on fence in garden staring at me  
>12 years later  
>be about 21 years of age  
>buy pair of red trainers  
>place them on floor in almost exact place as where I saw them  
12 years ago without thinking about it  
>look out window  
>huge raven sitting on fence staring at me before flying off

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [20]

>Be 15  
>Take a walk in woods with some friends  
>we go on blue trail  
>pass old and creepy house.  
>Looking around for way in.  
>been abandon and boarded for years  
>Screwit.mp4  
>go to look through broken window  
>see woman in dirty white dress laying on floor  
>yell "oh crap"  
>lady looks up and gives blood curling scream  
>NOPE.JPG  
>Never went on blue trail again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [21]

>be 7  
>on a family trip to the UK  
>taking a tour of some medieval ruins  
>wander off from family without really noticing what I'm doing  
>come across an old well - stone, three feet high, opening covered with a locked grate

>about to go back when a woman's voice comes from below  
>being 7, think little of it and respond  
>voice asks for my name, gives her own as Mary  
>Mary asks if I won't keep her company  
>tell her that I will if she comes out of the well  
>says that she can't, that she's been down there for a long while  
>tells me that I should join her at the bottom, so that we can  
play games for as long as we want  
>notquiteNOPE.jpg  
>locked grate swings open. Upward. Against gravity.  
>"Come down here, anon. Come down here now."  
>NOPE.jpg  
>jog-walk back to family  
>ignore the unearthly screaming coming from behind me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [22]

>Be 12 or so  
>Live in country  
>Have 3 cats because cats are awesome  
>Share room with brother  
>Cats used to sleep with me on occasion, it was cool as hell  
>One night, trying to sleep  
>Feel movement around my feet on my blankets  
>Figure it's a cat pawing at the covers about to lie down  
>Movement continues  
>Continues  
>Continues  
>Eventually, notice that this same, almost mechanical movement  
has been going on for way too long  
>Sit up to find out what the hell cat is doing  
>BS you not, a freaking baby doll is on its back on my bed, arms  
and legs in the air, moving them slowly back and forth  
>ohgodimhavinganightmare.jpg  
>Watch it for a second  
>Its head turns and looks at me

>Decide I'm out, gonna try to scream so I can wake up  
>Try to scream  
>Actually do scream  
>Huh, this is real life  
>Practically go into convulsions to kick the thing off of my bed  
>Screaming my head off the entire time  
>Blankets fall on to ground  
>Dad runs in in his underwear, turns on lights  
>No cats in my room  
>No baby doll

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [23]

>Be child.  
>Be 4th of July.  
>Roaming cousin's neighborhood with him.  
>"A gangster lives there, me and my friends have seen him walking around with guns."  
>Said he dead.  
>Said we gotta do a certain thing to respect his spirit.  
>Pretend to load gun and do Christian cross heart thing when walking by.  
>Do that.  
>"Do you hear that? It was like \*ptchoo\*, \*ptchoo\*"  
>"Dude shut up you did that with your mouth-- \*PTCHOO\*  
\*PTCHOO\*  
>Nope all the way out of the culdesac.

The obvious explanation is it was the 4th of July, but I dunno man.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [24]

>Be about 8 or 9 years old

>Be playing hide and seek with my little sister (6 or 7 at the time)  
>See her clear as day peak out from behind a chair, she smiles at me, then ducks back behind the chair  
> I run over and yell "Found you!"  
> No one's behind the chair  
>Turn around, see my sister walk into the room through the only door, on the opposite side of the room from the chair.  
>Nope.

It was broad daylight, I saw her clear as anything behind the chair, there's no way she could have gotten past me without me seeing her.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [25]

>Babysit for this family that lives in ancient house  
>All going well, family out to dinner, 9 o'clock-ish rolls around  
>All hell breaks loose  
>Sounds like someone is running up the stairs, falling down them, then running back up and falling back down them  
>Only me and an infant baby mind you  
>Crazy static comes on baby radio  
>Run for the stairs to get to baby room  
>Banging and running upstairs noise stops  
>Eerily quiet while I go up the stairs  
>Here animals go crazy downstairs  
>OH FREAKING NOPE I CAN'T JUST NOPE OUT OF HERE I HAVE A CHILD IN MY CUSTODY  
>Spend rest of night in babies room, lights on and clutching their bible I stole from their room  
>Creepy scratching noises in hallway until family comes home  
>Tell them about noises  
>"Yeah sometimes we hear weird things too"  
>MFW they are completely cool with what on.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [26]

- > Be a nurse
- > walking down long hallway in the basement, did awkward halfshift overtime so leaving at midnight
- > No one around.
- > Hear loud shouting from in front of me.
- > WTF? Run to end of hallway thinking it's someone in stairwell.
- > see no one.
- > hear laughing from immediately behind me.
- > NOPE.gif
- > book it up the stairs out the door and to my car. Drive fast.

Actually I have a lot of really screwed up stories from working there. Will post some later.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [27]

I have one

- >Be 15
- >Staying in Hotel with a couple of mates
- >away from home for the weekend
- >around 9pm at night
- >friend thinks he's edgy as hell
- >spits in a bible (Hotels always have bibles, not sure about anywhere else - UK)
- >sleep
- >wake up around 7am
- >there's a mirror on the front door to the room
- >clear as hell hand print on the door
- >smaller than all of our hands
- >we tried to mimic the handprint, but ours just disappeared
- >wasn't that bad, but still creepy as hell

>was something in the room with us that night?

I have another

>Be around the same age

>Be night

>Downstairs playing vidya

>From where I am sitting, I can see a little of the kitchen

>Suddenly an empty milk bottle falls on the floor

>nope

>Force myself to ignore it

>Continue playing vidya

>Go upstairs to bed, around 4am

>Feel a distinct poke in my back

>Spin around, thinking it was my brother

>Nobody there

>NOPE

That house gave me some weird feels.

I'll post more.

>Be middle of the day

>Playing vidya in my room (Xbox 360)

>Don't have wireless, so I have an Ethernet cable running up the stairs

>At the time, have a little brother (2)

>Have one of those stair gate things, to stop him going up stairs

>In upstairs hallway, going to toilet

>Suddenly loud bang

>Ethernet cable is shaking violently

>Hitting against the stair gate

>Horrible metallic clanging sound

>NOPE

>If I was about 10 meters ahead, I could've seen down the stairs to see if something was shaking it.

>I was the only one in the house, at the time.

- >Move to a new house (new country in fact)
  - >Sleep in until around 4pm
  - >Just woke up
  - >Here a distinct knocking from my closet door
  - >Like, it wasn't a straight knock
  - >It almost sounded as if it was a pattern
  - >Hopefully it was just me dreaming
  - >Still creeped me the hell out
- 
- >Move into another new house
  - >First night there
  - >Laying in bed
  - >Suddenly overcome with extreme fear
  - >Cannot move
  - >Sweating
  - >Feel an extremely strong presence move past my door
  - >I can feel it
  - >It goes
  - >Freaking scared
  - >Too scared to look
  - >Lay in bed waiting for it to come back
  - >Eventually fall asleep
  - >Nothing becomes of it
- 
- >Be now
  - >In same house as above
  - >Every other night hear something moving in my attic
  - >Like literally, running across the length of the house
  - >Parents have heard it too
  - >Thinking about recording the sound
  - >Thinking about investigating by actually going up and looking
  - >Probably just an animal, still creepy though

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

Didn't happen to me but it happened to a friend of mine.

- > go see Paranormal Activity 2 with mates
- > movie finishes and part ways
- > get home and get in bed
- > turn on tv and put a movie on
- > just about to fall asleep at tv falls over
- > NOPE
- > get up and fix the tv
- > turns off tv but leaves speakers on
- > speakers start making random sounds
- > NOPE.jpg
- > next morning
- > walk down the stairs and the wall has the big scratch marks from the top of the stairs to the bottom
- > NOPE.jpg.gif
- > dad asks if I had been in the manhole cause it was open
- > NOPE.jpg.gif.exe.bat.mp4.mp3

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [29]

I'm back /x/philes.

- >Be around 18
- >Out with 3 friends, the two from my original posts, plus one that was a new friend that wanted to be part of our paranormal investigation team.
- >Decide to go to an abandoned hotel, used to be an Executive Inn.
- >Go into the main dining hall where they held parties for wealthy folks around here
- >Hear the distinct sound of a cocktail shaker coming from behind the bar
- >I NOPE hard, but for some dumb reason, everyone else is still gung ho
- >Look behind the bar, find a 24 piece set of engraved shot glasses and high ball glasses.
- >New guy wants them, I tell him to screw off because we're

explorers not burglars.

>We continue through the decaying hotel and find rooms left untouched by the fire that caused the place to close

>So far so good

>Find the pool, dried up of course

>Find the front desk, empty, slightly charred.

>We split up to cover more ground

>I hate splitting up on investigations because it invalidates some findings

>I get a call some minutes later

>"We're all waiting in the van"

>I GTFO

>Find out that new guy went back for the glasses and legged it

>Hasn't investigated with us since.

It was clear that someone had been living on the top floor for a while too. Loads of porn, syringes. What gets me is that there was no shaker behind the bar. Just he glasses and two white rags.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [30]

>On a store run with buddy one night

>Rain coming down hard and thick

>Turn on to main road to see a huge animal on its side in the middle of the road

>We were in a pickup and I could have reached my hand out the window and touched it it was so huge

>Dirty white/gray fur, four legged, like a mutant sheep dog

>Obviously dead

>People are driving around it like it's nothing

>Buddy doesn't say anything

>Finally, when were down the road a mile or so I ask If he saw that huge freaking animal in the middle of the road.

> I saw it. I don't want to talk about it.

>WTF?!?!

>Refuses to talk about it whenever I bring it up.

>Had werewolf nightmares for a week after we saw it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [31]

- > be 14 or 15 years old
- > driving home from somewhere with my pops
- > driving down a fairly rural road, both sides are tobacco fields
- > suddenly, out of nowhere, cop car comes flying by with sirens and lights
- > see it veer off into one of tobacco fields
- > has it's spotlight on something white
- > looks like a white rhinoceros or something
- > cop gets out of his car
- > rhinoceros-thing charges him
- > cop runs back in and peels out of there
- > rhino was taller and bigger than cop car
- > could have easily crushed it
- > instead, went running into woods
- > I live in New England; rhinos wouldn't survive a week in our climate
- > ask dad if he knew what that was
- > says he had no freaking clue (first time I ever heard him swear, too)
- > drive home
- > he calls police (this was before cell phones, mind you)
- > they say they have situation under control
- > he asks operator what that thing was
- > they say situation is under control and thank him for contacting them
- > they hang up on him
- > nothing about it in the papers, nobody else around to see it
- > dad still brings it up every time I see him
- > at work, he calls a really difficult engineering problem a "white rhino of a problem"

sucks that I'll never know what it was...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [32]

>Passing through small New England town  
>Locals aren't friendly, all look like inbreds and/or fish  
>nope'd on outta there, after sleepless night  
>Certain I was followed on my way out of town

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [33]

> godfather's 98-year-old mother died about four years ago  
> didn't know her that well  
> at her wake, talked to my godfather about her  
> his brother loves to talk about how she was the only one who could beat my godfather at scrabble  
> my brother reminisces about how we used to get a grape soda for visiting her  
> I recollect how she used to give me a 2-dollar bill when I was good  
> my dad remembers when she reached her 80's, she used to complain that crows would ring her doorbell  
> sad event, but get over it  
> later that night, go over my friend's house  
> he asks what we wanted to do that night  
> another friend comes over with a board game  
> it's scrabble  
> think nothing of it  
> start playing  
> friend plays the word "crow"  
> think nothing of it  
> later in game, I play "door" and another friend plays the word "bell" off of it.  
> start to get a bit freaked out

- > order pizza
- > friend picks it up at door
- > walks in with a 2-liter bottle of grape soda because they were all out of orange
- > Gives us all our change
- > says pizza guy gave him something weird
- > it's a freaking 2-dollar bill
- > gives it to me and says, "You should have it."

NOPE NOPE NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [34]

- >Walking down country lane
- >Weather's crap. Thick fog, drizzles
- >Hear a roar across the countryside
- >Instantly more paranoid, as the fog's thick
- >Keep walking
- >Silhouettes become noticeable in the fog
- >Men, and women, grouped together in the dirt trail
- "Good afternoon."
- >They turn at my voice
- >They look like they were attacked
- >Ragged clothes, unkempt hair, scratches all over them
- >I keep walking
- >Footsteps behind, begin running
- >Don't stop until the next town.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [35]

- >Trying to AP one night.
- >Body twitching. ignore.
- >twitching gone. body tingling and heavy. ignore.

>lose sense of hearing. Everything goes blank.  
>lose sense of self. so what?  
>psychically connect with a being that feeds off of fear  
>OH CRAP  
>wait...  
>I had a dream. it looked like a pathetic attempt to arouse me, using symbolic images and conjuring up feelings.  
>I wake up 6 hours later like wat  
>the connection was still live for a few more minutes, so I said "that was your attempt? It sucked pretty bad."  
>it chuckled and said "I know right?"  
>noped the hell out of the day

I will admit, the dream was pleasant.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [36]

>Be 9  
>Over at best friend's house  
>Sleeping on top bunk of bunk bed  
>Window above to look out at stars  
>Be almost asleep  
>See odd shadow walk past doorway, freak out  
>Hide under covers for twenty minutes  
>Poke head out cause it was hot as hell  
>Look up at window, see something odd.  
>Focus harder, see horrifying face with blood red eyes  
>Face starts screaming and pounding on window  
>Scream with ear shattering proportions while pissing pants  
>His parents come in, face is gone  
>NOPE.  
>Find out years later guy killed himself in that room  
>NNNNOOOOPPPPPPEEEEEE

Bumping with moar.

>Me and best friend are like brothers  
>Even did the blood brothers pact  
>Look out for eachother like bros should  
>One night, watchin movies in his basement, 15 at the time  
>Already have fair share of paranormal experiences  
>Out of the corner of my eye, keep seeing white blur float by  
>Ignore it  
>Keeps happening.  
>Look over at bro who had just gasped  
>Face is sickley white, staring at something behind me  
>Turn around, see woman in white dress staring at us from distance  
>Nope the hell out of there cause she has no eyes  
>More crap happened that night, even more screwed up

Shall I go on?

Bumping with more to kindle the fire.

>Same night as no eyed lady incident  
>Man the hell up to get a drink with bro  
>Everything to drink is in garage  
>Walking through hallway to get to shortcut to garage  
>Me and bro still really spooked  
>Trying to keep it together  
>Start hearing whispers in hallway, bro does too  
>Fight or flight, both choose to fight  
>Turn corner, see black eyed lady literally inches from my face  
>Suddenly starts screaming, can smell the fires of hell coming from her mouth  
>lolnope, flight it is  
>Turn around and board up door to friend's door with furniture  
>Stake it out until the sun comes up  
>Could hear crying coming from hall all night long  
>Nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [37]

If I have a story that's not exactly NOPE, should I still post it in this thread? I will anyway.

This gravestone, which is pictured from different angles here, is located in my local cemetery. It might be hard to tell from this picture, but the top has skeleton-like hands carved into it. When I showed it to my sister, and when I showed her that if you laid your hands over one another they'd fit perfectly, she nope'd out of there.

## **[Image too large. Search GraveStoneHand.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [38]

>not sure how old, but young, just got new dog  
>playing with it outside  
>hear my name called  
>ask my mom what she wants (other side of the yard)  
>she said she didn't say anything  
>nope the hell inside with puppy

>years later, brother sleeping in living room  
>wakes up to a voice calling his name and telling him to open the door saying it's his girlfriend  
>thinks about it, doesn't seem right. nopes back to bed  
>calls girlfriend next day, didn't come over at all

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [39]

>be 15  
>out with some cousins in the country side

>we're exploring the woods and crap cause I live in the city and I never get to do that

>we come across a river and it's extremely fast moving pretty deep so we walk along it

>we meet a man that says he's a hermit and tells us that there's a bridge about a half mile down

>we walk and find the bridge and decide to cross it

>we get to the other side and the same hermit guy is there and looks pissed, but waves at me

>we keep walking

>look back and he's chasing us

>tell my friends to run

>they look back

>no one is there

>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [40]

Mum won the lottery 6 days after I was adopted, been set ever since.

>Be 24, just about finished getting doctrine in english

>Tutoring some froshes about Beowulf outside near the woods on campus

>Weird stories about those woods passed around occasionally on campus

>Some bum supposedly was too doped up, killed some people, brought their bodies to the woods

>Offed himself after he came down cause of what he did

>Everytime I tutor out there, hear screams and sobbing, then a gunshot

>Nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [41]

>Be 13  
>Parents go out on date night  
>Be all alone in my house with my dog  
>Midnight rolls around and I decide to get some sleep  
>Lay in bed and dog hops up with me  
>5-10 mins later hear 3 faint knocks, dog pops her head up  
>Lay in bed ignoring it  
>3 more knocks a bit louder sound off'  
>get out of bed, go into hallway and turn on light  
>cautiously look out peep hole to front door, no one there  
>turn off hallway light and get back into bed, dog still in bed  
>5 minutes pass once again  
>hear 3 knocks coming from other side of my wall  
>Dog starts growling, I NOPE the nope under my covers  
>sounds stops for a good 15 minutes  
>get out of covers and lay normally..  
>Knock sounds off right as I do so  
>sit there for a second and then decide to knock back  
> Knock wall slightly three times  
>3 Loud knock sound back and I feel walls shake  
>Dog hops up and starts barking at door, growling  
>Nope the hell out of my bed, turn light on and retreat to the far corner of my room  
>Three more Pounds sound off on walls and dog is still tripping the hell out  
>I Nope the hell out in the corner until my parents return to find me in the fetal position crying and my dog sitting alert in front of my door.

Ha, my parents thought I was just super paranoid because I was by myself... but my dog knows what went down... I'll tell you what.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [42]

>Be 20  
>last month I had to watch an old lady while her Neice went to the store.  
>was told about her husband dying  
>don't much but send my regards  
>Neice has been gone for almost 30 minutes  
>Hear car parking up the driveway  
>See that it's her neice  
>Go back to old ladie's room  
>some dude runs into the closet  
>I have a small freakout  
>Grab broom stick  
>angrily march to the closet and I start poking the clothing  
>Hear steps in the hallway  
>run towards the hallway to see old guy with exposed lungs  
walk across the room I was facing  
>nope the hell out  
>Neice walks in as soon as I head down the stairs and asks me what the hell had just happened!  
>mfw I started to think I was on Scare Tactics!  
>that feel when she said "RUN!"

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [43]

>A few days ago.  
>Talking to my sister about Slenderman.  
>She tells me that a week before, when I was at a friend's, she looked into my room and saw a tall, black shadow standing by the wardrobe.  
>Assume she's BSing me.  
>See her serious face.  
>She's not BSing.  
>Remember a few weeks ago when I saw a dark shadow sitting on a chair in her room.  
>Tell her.  
>She gets scared.

>Tells me that she sometimes sees the shadow lying on Mum's bed.

>I thought I was the only one that saw it there and that I was just being paranoid.

>NOPE.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [44]

>Be 17

>Watching season 2 of Marble Hornets with m8

>Decide to ask brother if he wants to watch

>Walk to his room alone

>No lights are on

>See him just freaking standing on his bed

>Ask him if he wants to watch

>He starts snickering

>I give up and walk to the bathroom to crap

>Hear what sound like sweeping

>It's coming from his room

>Flush and head back to my room

>On the way I look inside brother's room

>He isn't there

>We finish watching MH

>Decide to drive me and my buddy to town

>See brother walking FROM town

>We NOPE all over the car

>Pull over

>Ask him why he is walking from town

>He got in an argument with Mother

>Tell him about what I saw

>He NOPEs the hell out

>We go to see Captain America

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [45]

I think I've posted this before. Can't remember. But her and I are no longer friends.

>elementary school, sleepover with best friend in her house for first time  
>explore house, she say I'm not allowed in the room before the bathroom since her grandfather lives there and doesn't want to be woken up at night  
>after the lights are off, I'm not allowed to leave the bedroom  
>lol whatever, I'll be sleeping anyways  
>naturally wake up and really have to pee, try to wake up friend to show me back to the bathroom  
>she doesn't wake up, go on my own, accidentally open grandfather's room  
>grandmother is still awake in her rocker, I apologize  
>relieve bladder, go back to room but get stopped in kitchen by grandmother  
>"You really shouldn't be out here."  
>go back to room, get really weird feeling  
>wake up, tell friend what happened  
>her grandmother has been dead for years  
>the porcelain dolls that line her room were from her grandmothers collection  
>look at walls, realize what creepy feeling was  
>all dolls were all facing me  
>noped so hard I never slept there again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [46]

Happened a year ago and I can't be certain it actually happened. I might have been sleeping, but whatever.

>fall  
>working outside of my house raking leaves and generally

cleaning the porch  
>bought new phone earlier to replace my old phone which broke almost entirely  
>placed the old phone near the trash  
>heard texting noise, grabbed my new phone  
>new phone won't turn on  
>pissed  
>see old phone turned on  
>it's almost broken in half and cracked everywhere  
>tries to put the phone together to see text  
>text reads some jumbled text that are not possible on a phone  
>old phone turns off and new phone turns on  
>new phone receives call with unknown caller ID  
>answer call anyway  
>no answer  
>look back at old phone which is now in pieces only connected by the wires  
>old phone is calling new phone  
>no  
>put new phone up to ear one last time  
>hear heavy breathing  
>smash old phone and end the call

Ever since I believe it was a dream. Is it because I want it to be a dream?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [47]

>Be 7  
>Live in the country  
>Have woods behind our house  
>Decides to go exploring  
>Gets hopelessly lost  
>Getting close to dark  
>Starts to cry  
>Sees a man walk by in a dark green robe

>Ask the man for help  
>The man turns to me slowly  
>Can't see face because of the hood  
>"Why are you out so far away from home, little boy?"  
>Voice is very creepy yet oddly comforting  
>Tell him I was exploring  
>He laughs and tells me to follow him  
>Follow him to my house  
>Turn around to thank him but he is gone  
>NOPE

No idea what that was. Of course my parents didn't believe me and I ended up getting grounded for three weeks.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [48]

>be 20, waiting in hospital lobby for dr's appointment  
> raining pretty hard  
> reading a book they had there  
> weird article said 5% of people we see aren't really there, people like passersby that we don't pay attention to  
> effect most likely to occur when static noise is constantly heard  
>more unstable minds experience more vividly this type of phenomenon  
>look up  
>it was just me sitting in the lobby  
>I swore the room was full of people  
>skip doctors appointment

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [49]

Here's some OC.

>be a few months ago  
>hike up a mountain for camping with 2 of my best bros  
>snowy as hell (canadian)  
>arrive late to campsite, find shelter  
>too late to dig door out, pitch tent instead  
>eat crappy food, go to tent  
>talk about girls, life, other crap finally go to sleep  
>around 2 am wake up to piss  
>hear shuffling sounds in snow  
>friends wake up cause it's loud  
>we are unreasonably scared, it's too early in the season for bears, probably some small mammal  
>start to freak the hell out  
>eventually sounds go away  
>all three of us bust out of the tent in total darkness screaming and brandishing makeshift weapons  
>all go to piss shaking with fear and adrenaline  
>go back to sleep  
>wake up 7am  
>step outside tent  
>look around tent  
>I'm no Bear Grylls, but even I can see the tracks  
>holy sweet hell bare human feet  
>NOPE  
>all to a different campsite  
>meet other campers  
>they experienced same thing.  
>all 5 of us tent together in 3 man tent  
>stay up all night  
>go home and get a and w with new bros

>scarier then it sounds

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>be 20  
>be in the marines, deployed to Afghanistan  
>region the Soviets fought in like 30 years earlier  
>walking back to my platoons tent from phone center to talk to family, it's like 11:30 at night  
>hear some people talking, think it's just some other dudes  
>notice that they're speaking russian  
>know some Russian, kinda make out what they're saying  
>just normal conversation, nothing strange about the context  
>realize there's nobody else around me  
>getting kinda weirded out  
>say "privet" (hello in russian) for the hell of it  
>hear someone ask how I'm doing (in Russian, of course)  
>hear second voice tell first voice to 'stop talking to the american'  
>NOPE all the way back to the tent  
>mfw I talked to dead Russians

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [51]

>be 19, still living at home but housesitting for a family friend one night while they are on vacation  
>about 9 pm, I can't sleep  
. >suddenly overcome with this weird mad rage like I had never felt before in my life  
> pace back and forth through the house with nervous energy  
> have this overwhelming urge to go back to my parents house and take all of the firearms and ammo in the house  
> I have no idea what I would do with it, but the compulsion is incredibly strong and it scares me  
> I hear this voice of intuition in my head, telling me I will know exactly what to do with a firearm when I have it in my hands  
> and telling me that consequences don't matter anymore  
> keep pacing the floor, thinking about it all night  
> it really disturbs me, so I just keep pacing, hoping it will go away

>around 4 am, I suddenly get extremely tired and suddenly stagger into bed

(cont in next post)

>wake up around 7am with sleep paralysis

> I can hear the dogs at the house and all up and down the street barking and howling and growling like crazy , all at once

> I can hear the neighbors outside yelling for their dogs to shut up

> I think I should get up and check to see why the dogs are freaking out

> but I can't move. I am awake but I can't move.

> I start to panic

> then I hear my mother's voice whisper in my ear, telling me

>"It's ok. go back to sleep, honey."

>just like she used to do when she would kiss me on the cheek to say goodbye before he left for work early in the mornings

> (I was a latchkey kid)

>stop panicking

> fall back into a deep sleep.

> wake up around noon

> there's like twenty voicemail messages since 7:30 am and the phone has been ringing off the hook

> I slept through all of it

> check messages, find out my mother had comitted suicide that night and was pronounced dead around 7 am

>she got up that morning around 4 am, like usual, to get ready for work

> she dressed and put on makeup

> then she went through the house and collected all the guns, cleaned them and laid them out on the coffee table

>and shot herself in the face with a 44

>my brothers still live in that house

>they say that the toilets flush and the faucets and showerheads turn on when they are out of the room

>if mom is haunting the place she's not very scary

>just sad. and wasting water.

>she used to turn the faucets on when she didn't want us to

hear her crying

> after that night I've never had another urge to touch a gun

> mfw I would rather be haunted by a bro ghost

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [52]

This is a pretty good one

>Went to a sleep away camp every year from the ages of like 10-15

>Camp has its own classic ghost story (Crazy Annie)

>Counselors tell us she lives in the abandoned cabin way back in the forest (called it the rusty knife)

>Blow it off as just a story to scare kids away from the cabin, as it was falling apart

>Last day of last year I could go to this sleep away camp

>See that I have about 10 pictures left on my disposable camera

>Surewhynot.jpg

>Walk out to rusty knife (all the counselors were busy organizing the kids as it was move out day)

>Don't see anything weird, just looks like an old cabin

>Use the remaining film to take ten pictures of the cabin, all from different angles

>Weeks later

>Mom gets film developed

>Looking through pictures

>All of them are crystal clear

>Get to rusty knife pictures

>Hmm that's weird

>Strange orange blur

>Next picture

>Same blur (at a different angle)

>Noway.jpg

>Next picture

>Same blur

>All of the pictures of that cabin have the same strange blurry swirl running through the cabin so that you can't see it clearly  
>Nope the hell out and hide those pictures

Freaking creepy yo.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [53]

> staying with my aunt and uncle in a small redneck town  
>everybody knows everybody else  
> uncle Bob works nights at a warehouse  
> one night my aunt wakes up suddenly in the middle of the night feeling strange  
> she walks out to the car wearing just her pajamas and slippers, like a sleepwalker  
> she gets in and drives to the nearest medical center about an hour away  
>she sits down in the lobby of the emergency room, waiting, but she doesn't know what she is waiting for  
> a few minutes later a team of paramedics bring my uncle Bob in  
> he had been crushed under a shipping crate that fell when the cable on a crane lift broke  
>this was in the days before cellphones  
> the town is small and rural enough that everybody knows everybody else  
> the paramedics, the night clerks at the medical center - they all saw my aunt walk in the door in this weird trance state before anybody knew her husband was coming in  
> the whole town is kinda creeped out by her now

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [54]

>live in a crappy low-rent neighborhood that was full of crack addicts  
>through my window I heard the crack addicts shuffling past in their urine stained rags, groaning and muttering madness and coughing as their minds and lungs rot away  
>it sounded like the audio track to a zombie flick out there  
>this went on for years - some died, some disappeared  
>now the crackheads have been replaced by younger kids doing bath salt and crystal meth and dirty coke cocktails in the alleyway  
>now they stalk around all night making weird animal noises and clawing at the walls and bickering and threatening to kill each other

All I can think, when they wake me up at night with those feral noises, is that someday, one of those kids is going to chew somebody's face off, and I will be the first one to hear it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [55]

>Be 11  
>Playing outside  
>Hear odd noise  
>Don't give a hell  
>Hear noise again  
>Look around  
>See furry thing like Cousin It  
>NOPE.avi  
>Tell friends next day  
>We name it the Yam and assemble a hunting party  
>See nothing

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [56]

>be a year back  
>decide to go hunting in lush area near Canadian border  
>about two hours past during hunting  
>see some house abandoned  
>broken windows and can see the house interior through them  
>"well, nobody is living here, might as well check it out"  
Normally I wouldn't do this but that day I was in a happy mood  
cause I found a hidden box in the woods a day earlier with a  
nintendo 64 in it and some games

>check out house looking for any loot  
>average house, nothing too peculiar  
>go down stairs into basement  
>real dark  
>turn on basement light  
>fear ensues  
>stairs collapse when I try to run back up  
>take closer look at basement where I see red substance dripping  
from ceiling and pink fluffs or possibly meat on ground and a  
skeletal pig head in the corner  
>NOOPENOPENOPE  
>hear steps from upstairs  
>NOPE!  
>freak the hell out and get my gun  
>pointed at basement door which is about to open  
>friendly park ranger  
>sigh of relief  
>ranger asks what I'm doing here and I explain my intentions,  
except the part of looting things  
>ranger is shocked about this house almost as much as I do  
>he says he recalls some story about a guy who used to live here  
that was real skinny and tall  
>he drives me back home and says he'll get somebody to destroy  
the house

Not very paranormal, but I guess it can be considered.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [57]

> 10  
> Parents decide to move to country cause city is too violent  
> Move 30 miles to nowhere missouri just out side odessa  
> Hickville, nothing to do.  
>Living there for a few months decide one day to explore woods near house.  
> Enter woods and find old path follow path.  
> walking for like half an hour path dumps into small clearing.  
> In the middle of the clearing is the shell of an old house.  
> Cool  
> I get excited run up and start looking at house.  
> rusty old junk and debris pile everywhere 10yo.  
> find a shiny old coin worn and gold  
> ohh get excited even more start looking for more coins.  
> suddenly I feel a strong hand grip the back of my neck  
> hear voice it says "Boy wotcha doin har, this not no place fer a little fellar to be playin at. You run on home boy."  
> Hand lets go of neck, get pushed from behind.  
> Look behind noone there.  
> nope out.  
> run all the way home  
> get home not tell parents vow never go in woods again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [58]

Not an image but something that happened to me last night.

I haven't slept since Thurs (I lay there and think) and I may have manic depression. Anyway it's extremely humid in my apt. and all I have is a Vornado fan I put on my bed (I sleep in the living room). I usually pitch my heaviest blanket like tent using my office chair and my backpack. I left the window open because I wanted some oxygen.

Around 1:00 I heard a banging against the window. I thought might have been a bird (my room faces a building so it's not wind but there are a lot of perches). I shrugged it off and laid there thinking. In the background I could hear some party down the hall and some drunken laughter.

I heard a loud scratching at the door and thought it was my roomie's dog needing to piss but I didn't see anyone open the door but the door opened and I felt a weird weight on my foot. It wasn't the dog because he sleeps beside my feet and when the cat sleeps on my feet, she paws it.

About ten minutes in, I stare up and see something push down on my blanket. This is when I freak out and get up. The door slams shut and weird thing: is it was locked when I got to the door.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [59]

Freaking bump in hope of a proper nope thread.

- >Doing work experience at a school
- >mixing bleach and other crap to get blood stain out of a linoleum floor
- >crap, ammonia
- >breathe in fumes by accident
- >Panic, kick bucket in fear
- >run like a wimp, didn't know why so scared
- >face first into something really hard, probably a locker
- >wake up 2 in the morning
- >look around, freaking cold
- >hear sound of running
- >look down hallway, it's too dark to see
- >flashlight time
- >see a kid, probably about 8
- >mental blank
- >isn't this an adult education centre?

>kid runs off  
>decide to follow, thinking he's a thief  
>turn down hallway, dead end  
>no where kid could've run, he's gone  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>run the hell out of there, didn't do ANY cleaning  
>still got payed \$500 for job  
>everythingwentbetterthanexpected.jpg

Later on that day I see on the news some cop found new evidence leading to the arrest of a man who killed an 8 year old boy in that exact building.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [60]

>16 years old.  
>Parents tell me they are going to New York for the week, bought me plenty of food and drink, plus the new (at that time) Halo 3  
>They leave  
>Ohhellyes.gif  
>Moday, tuesday pass. Halothon making me exhausted.  
>Go to bed.  
>Get woken up by loud as hell noise similar to a door slamming.  
>WHAT WAS THAT?  
>Peek outside my room to investigate. Walk into main room.  
>Saw a shape run past the doorway.  
>Must be seeing things due to lack of sleep  
>Turn on TV  
>Loud as hell static. Turn it off.  
>Room becomes completely quiet, not even the constantly running fish tank filter makes noise.  
>Goosebumps.png  
>Hear very clearly, as if right in my ear.  
>"I'm in the house."

>Nearly craps myself. Sprints back into bedroom.  
>Spend all night clutching my dad's revolver (he taught me gun safety and crap.)  
>Morning comes. Leave the room, revolver in hand.  
>A freaking dead squirrel on coffee table. Fresh.  
>NOPENOPENOPE  
>Call parents.  
>"You're fine. Just get some sleep. Have to go now, toodles."  
>What the hell mom?  
>Clean up. They come home a couple days later. Go to McDonalds.  
>Every single light is burned out when we get back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [61]

>be 8  
>eating dinner with my family  
>not paying attention  
>start looking at open door to my kitchen for no reason  
>suddenly a dog passes by the open door and continues down the hall  
>Don't have dog  
>No one else seemed to have seen it  
>excuse myself to the bathroom to look at what was there  
>Can't find any dog  
>Hallways extends into my mudroom so there was no way the dog could have came back without me seeing  
>Nope.jpg  
>Forget about incident  
>Be 12  
>Be buying a dog for my family  
>We find cute dog that we buy  
>Nothing happens for about a year  
>Be 13 sitting eating dinner with parents  
> Suddenly see same dog pas by the open kitchen door as the one I saw when I was 8

>Excuse myself quickly to look  
>This time find my dog in the mudroom  
>Realize that my dog is the same exact dog I saw in my open kitchen door when I was 8  
>Nope.jpg  
>Never ever able to look at my dog the same way again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [62]

Here's a story my Grandma told me once

>Her and my Grandpa sleeping  
>She wakes up around 3, Can't go back to sleep  
>Wanders out to the kitchen and sits around smoking and whatnot  
>Hears something in the backyard  
>Loos out window  
>Motherflipping guy standing outside her window with glowing red eyes  
>NOPE!  
>After being spotted guy walks away from the Window  
>She never seen or heard anything else  
>Next morning my Grandpa gets up  
>Grandma tells him the story  
>"Did you invite him in for coffee?"

Freaking Grandpa.. I love you man

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [63]

>Today  
>Walking down a few blocks to local grocery store  
>Have my camera with me and start taking pictures of random

things to test out my new phone.

>I go through my photos and notice this photo

>Too beta to go look for the house I took the picture in.



\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [64]

>be about 5

>having bad dreams about owls watching me outside my window

>theyre freaking distressed over something, keep scratching at the window and stuff

>wake up scared and run into mums room. she calms me down and I go back to sleep.

>repeat

>she tells me I was saying that the owls are in danger

>after falling asleep again I dream about the owls all flying away peacefully

>go in and tell my mum this

>in ye morning she gets a call about my aunt who is obsessed with owls and collects figurines of them and crap

>she died in her sleep that night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [65]

>Waking up in the morning  
>Hear something like people talking/whispering in my room  
>Think it is my radio alarm clock  
>Wtf stupid alarm GTFO  
> Slam the snooze button repeatedly  
> whispering continues  
> Now fully awake, look at alarm clock  
> Alarm is not on  
> NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>freaking terrified, sitting in my bed  
>whispering continues for about 3 more minutes before fading away  
> YES THAT IS RIGHT GTFO  
> didn't sleep in that room for a week

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [66]

>be 10  
>late saturday night  
>dad comes bolting into room  
>WTF  
>dad: "I thought I saw... nevermind."  
>15 minutes later  
>dad bolts into room again  
>dad: "Did someone just leave your room?"  
>me: "No, why?"  
>he invites me into the hallway  
>wait 30 minutes  
>shadow runs from room across mine into mine  
>dad: "Let's go."  
>Screw that crap ima chill

>he goes into my room again  
>shadow runs out  
>he doesn't notice  
>nope.jpeg  
>go down stairs  
>turn all lights on  
>get on comp  
>look up realtors  
>sleep in living room (It was freaking worse!)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [67]

>be 16  
>having awesome sex dream  
>lady turns into putrid corpse with very little neck flesh remaining  
>wake up  
>go into bathroom  
>wash face  
>return to bed  
>putrid corpse on bed cracking own neck bones as if trying to remove head  
>wake up again  
>dream within dream  
>faith in reality shaken  
>too scared to sleep  
>stay in bed hoping you are awake

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [68]

>be 13  
>only chore is to feed outside cats  
>located 50 yards behind house with no lighting  
>always forget to do it until late because lazy 13 year old

>have to go out and do it and it is mega dark  
>get food and start walking out  
>someone walking behind me?  
>turn around, nothing, probably a cat getting some food  
>get to food area to dump food, see figure in moonlight 100 yards or so, tree  
>look down to dump food  
>look up figure is 50 yards closer, tree  
>start walking back to house  
>hear foot steps, look back  
>figure is 20 yards away and staring at me  
>run begging to get into light of porch

cats got fed at 3 pm every day from then on

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [69]

>be 11ish in bedroom  
>wake up at like 3 am need to piss  
>already noping hard out  
>get to door look out down dark hallway  
>see smiling head peak around the corner at other end of hall  
then moves back out of sight  
>HOLY MOTHER OF NOPE.jpg  
>close door jam toybox in front of it  
>spend whole night with light on holding power ranger toy ready to fight to death  
>we moved out about a month later

Asked dad about it last week and told my story he said he had been seeing similar crap ffor over a month decided screw this crap and moved us out made me hope even harder.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [70]

>Be twenty minutes ago  
>Talking to couch surfer staying at my house  
>Hear massive crash/bang from upstairs, sounds like someone knocked a freaking dresser over  
>Start to go investigate  
>Roommate comes down the stairs  
>"Did you hear that?"  
>"Yeah, did you knock something over?"  
>"No. I thought someone was trying to break the front door down."  
>nope.jpeg  
>Search house inside and out for any clues, ask other roommates. No one has any idea, but everyone heard it.  
>Give up search  
>Get on /x/  
>Start to put it out of my mind  
>Happens again ten minutes ago  
>Repeat search, nothing found  
>allofmynope.jpeg

What the heck is going on?

Me again, I tried to catch some sleep in the living room literally right after I posted.

>Be laying in living room  
>Headphones on  
>Geelstiredman.jpeg  
>Fall asleep  
>Ten minutes later giant crash again  
>Wake up  
>Can't get up or talk  
>nope.jpeg  
>Roommate comes to see if I heard the noise  
>My girlfriend says she heard it  
>Still can't talk  
>Start freaking out  
>Thrashing around on  
>Girlfriend asks if I'm ok

- >Suddenly can talk again
- >Explain what happened
- >Everything calms down
- >Go back to sleep
- >Horrible nightmares
- >Wake up again
- >Make sandwich and calm myself
- >Post about it

Gonna try to go back to sleep again, still kind of noping out

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [71]

I've told this one before but it was a while ago so screw u guys.

- >be about 2 years ago
- >sitting in room on 4chan or whatev
- >Parents are both in living room watching TV, living room is literally right next to my room
- >hear sound of young woman coughing or vomiting pretty harshly, but sounds like it comes from the TV
- >mom comes into my room aprox. 3 seconds later asking all concernedly if I was ok, she heard me choking badly
- >Tell her it wasn't me, thought it was the TV
- >She says it wasn't the TV
- >noped.avi all night
- >stirr unexplained

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [72]

- >Be 10
- >Parents going through a violent divorce
- >Was made to stop at my crazy nan's house, which even for the 80's was a very outdated old home

>She would never speak to me, but would always go to sleep way before it was dark by taking a lot of sleeping pills, leaving me to do what I want at night

>From the first night and every night on, from her room I heard foot steps and and the cupboard door banging very loudly

>Nope.jpg

>Each night I was too scared to check, until one night I plucked up the courage

>Walking down the corridor

>As I approach the door, I hear the cupboard door open and foot steps towards the door, it opens slightly

>An old ladies face, same as my grandmas but bold slowly comes through the door staring at me, mouth opened but made no sound

>I screamed and ran as fast as I could

>Got next door neighbor to phone police, they found no one

>I got taken to my aunties instead

>About 8 years later at my mom's funeral, whilst drunk she told me about that night

>She said since she had a stroke, every night her twin that died at birth visited her, walking around her room, hiding under the bed and in the closet like a child, which is why she takes sleeping tablets every day

>I pooped a little

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [73]

>be 18

>freaking tired from work

>go home

>crash in the bed

>wake up many hours later

>it's night

>home completely dark

>child laugh in the living room

>wait... what?

>must be dreaming  
>start getting up  
>more laughter  
>wtf  
>laughter, sound of a kid running around  
>coming towards room  
>passes straight through my the door and into the bathroom  
>Bathroom door's slammed  
>WTF  
>Jumps from bed towards door, close it and lock the hell up  
>a little more laughter, this time just outside my door  
>NOPE.jpeg

Took a few minutes to build the courage up and check the house, bathroom door was still closed, no sounds, nothing...

That Freaking house, had several Nope moments there...  
I don't even live there anymore and I'm still paranoid about locking doors and cheking every corner before going to bed...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [74]

> Be 17 (2 years ago)  
> Wake up in middle of night  
> Look at bedsheet  
> Bed is covered with a black crawling mass  
> They're spiders, 100+ spiders  
> They're crawling over my pillow and over my whole bed  
> Run out of my room, screaming through the hallway to get away from spiders  
> Realised I was behaving irrational (this is the part where I fully woke up)  
> I've never even been scared of spiders, I keep insects as pets  
> Probably had some weird sleeping hallucination

I was literally there, screaming at night, in the hallway of my house.

I don't believe in ghosts or paranormal things but it was screwed UP.

It's amazing what your brain can do. It can change your reality.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [75]

>Be last Saturday night.  
>Chatting with girlfriend on Skype.  
>Showing me music box her late grandfather made. It was a model banjo on a spinning base, and it played Oh Suzanna.  
>She winds it up a little bit. It plays for about five minutes.  
>Think to myself, "Good craftsmanship to be able to do that!"  
>It stops, we resume our shooting the crap.  
>A few minutes later, it starts to play. It plays through the song about two or three times.  
>"...femanon, did you touch that?" "No...what the hell??"  
>I can confirm: she, indeed, did not touch that.  
>Stops finally.  
>We're WATting our pants.  
>She picks it up to examine it.  
>Starts playing, but only for a few seconds.  
>I assume, "Oh, it's a loose gear! That explains that!"  
>She shakes it vigorously to test this. No innuendo intended.  
>Doesn't play at all.  
>Continue the WATting of the pants.  
>She sets it down. Doesn't play.  
>Testingly pokes it. Plays.  
>O \_\_\_\_\_ o <--- ofw  
>Continue trying to think of logical explanations. None are found.  
>Pause discussion so I can use the can. She takes this opportunity to go, too.  
>She puts the banjo and a bracelet she was wearing on the floor.  
>We both return. The bracelet is around the banjo, and the banjo is on her coffee table.

>WATting of pants ceases. Wetting of pants engages.  
>She's freaked out, so she books it to her bedroom.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [76]

>be watching videos on synchtube  
>have bathroom light on, was about to take a shower  
>someone posted an uboa video  
>"brb gonna take a shower" in chat  
>look at bathroom, light goes out  
>NOPE  
>I was the only one awake at the time  
>I go to check if the bulbs had burned out  
>they work just fine  
>someone/ something turned off the lights

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [77]

>be little kid  
>live in a trailer park  
>not that bad of a place  
>could have sworn my great grandma would visit us sometimes  
>once or twice from what I can remember  
>first time I remember seeing her  
>I woke up in the middle of the night for a glass of water from the kitchen  
>and noticed the tv was on full blast  
>static was playing  
>confused  
>go into the living room to turn it off  
>get half way there when an old woman sits up from the couch  
>says hi  
>don't freak out

>too young to register this event was abnormal  
>she says she was my grandma  
>ask what the hell was that, not in those exact words  
>we call my actual grandma mime(mee-mee)  
>she says it's my mom's mom's mom  
>we exchange a few words and she plays with me for a little bit  
>go to back to sleep after a while  
>never turned off the tv  
>a few days later fall asleep on the living room couch  
>wake the hell up  
>she's standing over me  
>more like freaking hovering  
>once again don't register the freaking weirdness of the situation  
>tells me to go back to sleep, iv apparently had a long day  
>tv is blaring static once more  
>fall asleep  
>wake up  
>tv blaring static  
>mfw a few years later I learned my great grandma had been admitted to a hospital before I was born due to cancer  
    >mfw realizing that the woman couldn't have been related to me in any way, we looked nothing alike  
    >mfw she couldn't have broken in  
    >no windows were broken and all the doors were locked those nights

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [78]

>Be like 15 or some crap  
>Sitting at computer  
>computer is next to bedroom door, which is wide open  
>see something in the corner of my eye, leaning up against my computer desk  
>looked small and black, but couldn't really tell  
>think "oh I must've left something leaning there and I just

noticed it now."

>for some reason, I couldn't bring myself to fully look at it  
>my head refused to leave the computer screen  
>pay no attention to it  
>suddenly I heard it slide down, like it just slipped and fell over  
>I sigh and reach over to pick it up  
>nothing there  
>nope.jpg

I was home alone at the time with the exception of my Rottweiler, whom was very old and overweight and asleep in the kitchen.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [79]

> be 2008, roughly 19 at the time  
> chilling at a friend's house, playing vidya and eating pizza  
> decide to leave at 4am  
> car breaks down halfway  
> no phone  
> forced to walk two miles back to my house

> walking by an old house where this ancient woman and her  
ogre of a son live  
> oh hey, someone is sitting on the porch  
> oh hey, someone is sitting on the porch at 4:30 in the morning,  
what the hell?  
> chills. chills everywhere  
> get closer, now right in front of the house  
> look to the right  
> oh crap that's not a person  
> whatever it is, it's freaking huge but frail as hell  
> pale as hell  
> nothing even remotely resembling eyes, just black pits  
> looks ill, which somehow makes it worse  
> stare at it for freaking ever, frozen in place

> suddenly regain control

- > NOPE.JPG like I never have before
  - > bolt for my house
  - > just my luck, it's locked
  - > beat on door for what felt like hours
  - > brother opens the door finally
  - > totally slept in the same bed as him, no homo
- 
- > went to get my car the next day
  - > on the way back, see it again in some woods
  - > not so afraid anymore, it seems rather pitiful
- 
- > never saw it again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [80]

- > downstairs one night while the wife was in eastern shore visiting her friend
- > finish making food and go to go up to my room
- > on the landing after the first flight of stairs is a room to my right
- > stop at landing hearing wifes voice to come out into the pitch black room to kill a bug
- > NOPE.jpg my a\*\* up the stairs and locked my door.
- > she got home around 1:30 the next day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [81]

- > be around 4 or 5
- > Mother and siblings upstairs
- > Father is at the pub
- > Waiting under the table for him to come home (always had chewing gun in his pockets)
- >Waiting forever.
- > Dad comes home, puts coat over the chair by the table
- > Steal gum from pocket
- >Score

- > go to move out from under the table
- > Crap it's really dark
- > Hear something groan
- > Look into the abyss of living room
- > See something that looks like Simon Weston (pic related)
- > what
- > It keep staring at me
- > Like a puss, I scream and run
- > Get in trouble

What the hell was that thing? haunted me for years. I learned from my mother later that she and my father had some ghostly experiences with a similar figure. Turned out the house I was living in (newly built) was on the site of an old paper mill that burned down in like 1912.



\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [82]

- >be 10
- >at grandpas house
- >downstairs playing games
- >hear grandpa yell
- >ohgod.jpeg
- >run upstairs
- >grandpa left for work an hour ago

>then who was phone  
>hear high pitched scream downstairs  
>nope.jpeg  
>no one downstairs all the doors are open  
>turn the lights off  
>all doors slam shut  
>250%NOPE  
>here my grandmothers voice whisper in my ear "Where am I?"  
>MAXIMUM NOPE  
>hide in garage until grandpa gets home

My grandma died almost exactly a year earlier.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [83]

>get home from work at 10 PM-ish  
>feel restless  
>decide to go for a late-night jog  
>just keep running and running  
>GPS on my phone says I've been running for almost three miles  
>dafuq  
>decide to turn back to avoid exhaustion  
>still looking at phone  
>screen goes blurry, random colored lines suddenly appear  
>stop in my tracks, try to fix phone  
>screen goes completely black  
>battery was charged, but it won't turn on  
>hear a car engine turn over behind me  
>oh hell man, just when I don't have my phone there's a rapist killer stalking me  
>run run run  
>see headlights behind me  
>turn  
>see nothing  
>dafuq2.0  
>run faster than I ever have in my entire life

>hear a child humming  
>OH CRAP I'M PASSING THE CREEPY PLAYGROUND  
>thisisn'thappening.gif.png.bmp.mp4  
>hear giggling  
>IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION  
>keep running  
>hear something scraping the chain-link fence  
>suddenly hear a demonic voice pathetically yelp, "STOP"  
>appease the demon and stop  
>turn to fence  
>see glowing eyes  
>throw water bottle at eyes  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE

And that was the story of how I never went there again. I posted this on /x/ when it happened, but I'm still creeped the hell out.

My phone was fine when I got home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [84]

>live in los angeles  
>went to disneyland around late 80s with family  
>went to haunted house  
>exit haunted house, sis was crying  
>we ask why she says she felt a bony hand on back of her neck  
>she said she immediately turn and saw no one  
>we all laugh at her  
>she still said it happened to this day

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [85]

>be 5 or 6  
>chillin' in bed

>there's a dollhouse parallel to my bed  
>suddenly bright lights come on inside the doll houses's tiny windows  
>they blink and crap  
>some unnamable jingle starts playing pretty loudly  
>I don't have any electric toys or anything, pretty much all I have is this stuffed dog thing  
>flip the hell out  
>yell  
>mom comes in  
>tell her what happened  
>she looks in the doll house  
>there's nothing in there that could have made the sound  
>It couldn't have been something projected from the windows either, because I had a tiny room that didn't even have any windows. The door was cracked.  
>mf the rest of the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [86]

>Be around 10, first time going to a scout camp.  
>Old-ish amusement park and bunker near it  
>Explore with the Scout Leader and the rest of the scouts  
>Inside bunker that has what seems like a labyrinth of caves with tons of cave crickets and ankle-deep water  
>I get seperated from the scouts and I shout constantly for them, eventually giving up after fifteen minutes of yelling out names.  
>Crickets are constantly making noises, until they eventually stop and the only noise left is me sloshing through the water, trying to find the other kids.  
>Eventually, I hear a loud splash and a high-pitched scream.  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>Keep running and I have the balls to look behind me  
>Crickets are falling off the walls and ceilings behind me as if they're dying.  
>Hear odd breathing that sounds like someone is gurgling on

something.

>get back, never tell anyone until years later.

I still don't know what the hell happened there, this was an abandoned concrete bunker that was broken down. When you went inside the hatch at the top of the hill that concealed it, after a few feet it went straight into a bunch of caves, It was somewhere in either deep northwest Texas or Oklahoma, I didn't pay attention to where we were for the two days. I've been absolutely terrified of caves ever since this entire experience has happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [87]

>Be 11  
>Friend sleeping over  
>Be wimp with door open looking down hallway  
>See Beethoven bust on top of statue  
>Friend and I talking about crap under a fort we built  
>Look down hallway, see Beethoven head turned towards us  
>Look at friend, he saw it too.  
>Nope.jpg slept with the door closed for the first time ever.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [88]

>one year ago  
>Sitting on bus only me and bus driver  
>get off on my stop  
>start walking home from shopping with friends  
>leave friends, start to walk alone  
>see people walking toward me  
>I avoid them

>I start listening to music  
>notice everyone is sad, like in my music  
>starts to notice people don't even care that I'm walking  
>keep moving past them  
>a man grabs me by the solider and turns me around with the world most demonic eye  
>he says "Kid, look stop walking like there are other people here, it's 11 at night, go home  
>flips out and yells  
>he looks at me and says "[Blackness] don't forget our deal"  
>turned back no one walking past me  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>it was 3pm when I started walking

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [89]

>A few years ago  
>have a house in a private neighborhood  
>house is by the lake, really nice view  
>find a cat outside the house in the middle of the night  
>this is actually really strange nobody around us had outdoor cats  
>decide to check where the mailboxes are to see if someone posted a "lost pet" poster for the cat on the bulletin board  
>drive up to it, light turns on since it has a sensor  
>see only one missing pet poster for a cat, no picture, says call whenever if found  
>Call number, get "this number is no longer available" lady  
>Mid announcement, heavy static cuts in and a deep voice says, "I don't know what you think you're doing, but you need to STOOOOOOOOOOOP!"  
>Right when he yells "stop," the filament burst in the light  
>NOPE.dec  
>High-tail it to my car and drive the hell out of there.  
>cat still at my house  
>doesn't leave until morning  
>phone breaks a week later

That was longer than I thought it would be...sorry about that

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [90]

Before I tell you my tale here's some backstory:

- >Urban legend in town of crybaby alley
- >Alley located behind abandoned apartment complexes, abandoned in 1970s
- >Alley leads into dead end squared off area with overgrowth and graffiti of children crying
- >Graffiti looks like 30 years old, very weathered
- >Depicts what looks like people on roof having fun and child crying in pool of filth
- >According to myth one of the top level apartments was inhabited by strange woman who never left
  - >One night hear screaming from house
  - >Police are called
  - >Find woman crying in corner holding newborn baby
  - >Blood everywhere, placenta on floor, woman bleeding, must be taken by force to hospital
  - >Woman was pregnant but never told anyone
  - >Nobody ever finds out how she got pregnant
  - >Never tells anyone, apparently thought doctors would kill baby, wimp might've been bonkers
  - >Never leaves house with baby
  - >Frequently has fits of rage after baby is born and leaves it locked in closet when it won't stop crying
  - >Halloween night, party on roof above her place
  - >So much noise, baby crying, locks baby in closet, party still making noise, baby crying louder, freaking out occurs
  - >Storms upstairs with crying baby and starts screaming at people
  - >Freak looks like she has never showered
  - >Baby won't stop crying

>People laugh at her tell her to get the hell off the roof and take brat with her  
>She throws baby off of roof in front of everyone to get them to stop  
>suddenlywaytooreal  
>Woman is institutionalized  
>Myth goes on to state that anyone who goes into the alley on Halloween around 2-3 a.m. will encounter the sound of a baby crying

>Hear it for first time. Shrug it off.  
>Mom works at old folks home. Decide to ask elder locals about it  
>Never answer directly, some seem uneasy  
>One lady gets angry and doesn't answer, just throws random fit that makes no sense and Im asked to leave  
>Friends bring it up on halloween night months later  
>Decide screw it, let's go to the place  
>Have no idea where it is, but gf of the time does  
>We go there  
>See the path to alleyway leads into absolute darkness  
>Starting to nope hard but want to impress gf  
>"Let's check it out." I say cautionsly  
>Slowly all start heading into darkness  
>Step on fallen twigs from overgrowth  
>Somehow scariest sound of my life  
>Keep moving forward at snail pace  
>Gf grabs hand, all friends behind me following closely, I am pack leader  
>Get into the closed off area at end of alleyway  
>Can't see a freaking thing  
>Cell phone light to the rescue  
>Trees and bushes casting ominous shadows  
>Enveloped in absolute darkness, the darkest dark  
>Start to hear strange mumbling sounds  
>It's not the leaves, it's not the wind, there is no wind, only the weirdest freaking sound ever  
>Nope.jpeg.gif.avi.mov  
>All stumble around to find exit

>Hear bushes rustling hard as if theres something in there that was sleeping and just woke up  
>Cracking sounds  
>SCREWITIMOUT  
>Running past old garage door that I didn't notice before  
>Suddenly BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGABNGBANGABNG  
>NOPENOPENOPEIMOUTTAHERENOPE  
>All scream for our very lives and run as fast as we can  
>Don't stop running until several blocks away  
>All look at each other  
>whattheheckjusthappened.jpg  
>Never tell anyone, never get answer, never go back to that place

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [91]

>Old vcr is in basement  
>dad says it doesn't work anymore  
>plug it in anyway, hit power button  
>vcr doesn't come on  
>clock radio sitting on top of it starts playing music  
>clock radio isn't plugged in...  
>unplug vcr and run upstairs  
>didn't go back in the basement for a week

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [92]

>me and my cousin (about 6 or 7 years old) in the woods behind my grandma's house  
>we used to always play hide-and-seek there  
>go deeper into the forest than usual  
>find a camping tent with clothes, blood, and fur everywhere  
>smell is freaking grotesque

>start walking back, nervous  
>hear rustling in the bushes about 20 ft away  
>stop and listen for a second  
>ohgodwhy.jpg  
>hear the most high pitched, terrifying scream freaking ever  
>NOOPENOPENOPE  
>book it back to grandma's house  
>never speak of it until 8 years later

Then came the discovery

>now, 8 years later (about 14 years old now)  
>on youtube looking up cryptozoology  
>click on "Bigfoot in Arizona"  
>watch the video, no biggie  
>until the end part  
>lady on the video says "We even have audio of the creature.  
Wanna hear?"  
>SAME FREAKING SHRILL, TERRIFYING SCREAM  
>NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOPE.AVI.JPG.BMP.MOV.BAT  
>close youtube  
>run outside  
>hair standing up on the back of my neck  
>heavily breathing

I still cringe and get INSANE goosebumps everywhere when I hear that god forsaken noise.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VsoTUy0-BjQ>

2:50

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[93]**

>few years ago  
>only one home wit dog

>live in 2 floor house

(Basement is living room/parents/laundry room)

>watching tv downstairs with dog

>hear exact sound as if my dog was running thru the hallway upstairs

>no one else there

>sprint outside wit dog and wait hours for mom to get home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [94]

>Be 21-ish

>Living in Mayport, FL

>Supposedly haunted by dead pirates

>Late night on computer

>For no reason, I look at the entrance of the room

>See figure of a man

>pirateghost.wma

>Turn on light in room

>Nothing

>Turn on light in hallway

>Nothing

>Turn on light in bathroom

>See shower curtain move

>Man up, open shower curtain

>Nothing

>Every light in the house stayed on until my wife came home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [95]

Alright, I don't know what it could be. A demon? A guardian? A ghost that's trying to communicate? Slenderman?

>be yesterday  
>family and I going to the Cheesecake Factory  
>gotta go out of the way to pick up brother from friend's house  
>we get there  
>see the dog, like usual, go to front window, push the curtains away on the left side of the window and just stare at us out of curiosity  
>call bro to come out  
>finally he opens the door  
>notice now that the right side of the curtain is open  
>as he's getting in the car I ask "Who's standing there?  
>he must have not heard me correctly because he replied "oh that's just Pedro (the dog)"  
>I get a little confused because that's not what I meant  
>as we're slowly driving off brother mentions how he was home alone because friend went to work and mom as well  
>Nope  
>in shock I say "What?!"  
>"then who was standing near the curtain looking at us?"  
>this... thing, was in full black but I couldn't make out the face because of the glare on the window  
>mom says "maybe it's Thomas?"  
>bro says "no, I know for a fact I was alone".  
>joke about it and try and scare ourselves  
>drive off like nothing happened

I pretty much just now realized how freaky this was. Why did I make it off like it was no big deal. I should have went in the house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [96]

Ugh, I'll give it a go...

>be taxi driver in rural town

- >be working night shift
- >need to lay a cable
- >I live out of town so no chance of making it home to crap in my own toilet
- >local cemetery has nice toilets
- >park the car
- >go to toilets (they are actually some distance from the road)
- >avoid turning on lights in the toilets so I don't attract any attention
- >use mobile phone as light source to make sure all is clean and in good order
- >sit down and appraise the situation, listen for noises, voices and stuff
- >pppppffffftttttttfloppsloppffffdflkgscrea
- >finish up
- >wash hands
- >walking back to car with a spring in my step
- >turn around to look back at toilets
- >lights are turned on
- >ok.betamax

Not really a nope story, but just odd.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [97]

Quick backstory:

Navy, Deployed to Iraq in 07, working on a shipboard system that was being used by the Army. Most soldiers know it as C-RAM (Counter-Rocket, Artillery & Mortar). Basically, it shoots at incoming rockets/mortars in the bases. 2 people stand watch at the mounts for security reasons. One person watches the gate at the compound, one person mans the console in case of incoming.

- >Standing watch at the gate
- >Get a call to support repair or another mount
- >Tell my other watchstander what's going on

>Take off, he locks up behind me  
>I come back 15 minutes later  
>Honking horn so he can open up  
>Get pissed off, jump out of the HMMWV  
>Start shouting to get his attention  
>He rounds the corner of a wall looking the complete opposite direction as me  
>Yell at him to open up  
>He breaks neck, double takes, confused  
"How did you do that?"  
>"Do what? Open the freaking gate!"  
"You were just in here! How the hell did you do that?"  
>"What are you talking about?! Unlock the gate and let me in!"  
"I just saw you in here! You were hiding behind the fuel tank. I came around this way so I could get the jump on you!"  
>"You're seeing crap. Stop screwing around and let me in."  
>Lets me in, park the HMMWV  
>That's when I tell him that I've seen the ghost of a little Iraqi kid running around the compound.  
>Ghost doesn't just run, he spies on us from around corners, darts from structure to structure  
>Ghost gets surprised when we see him and hides.  
>Me and him both described him exactly  
>We both saw him at the same time later on that night, hiding behind the same tank  
>Didn't leave each other's sides the rest of the watch after we BOTH saw him

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [98]

>freshman year  
>residence hall is right next to major freeway  
>midnight  
>hear an enormous explosion  
>windows rattle  
>run outside

>tanker exploded on the freeway and took out a couple cars with it  
>4 people died  
>days pass  
>sleeping fitfully  
>hear talking in my room  
>figure it's my roommate sleeptalking; he had done it on occasion  
>look into mirror at his bunk  
>he's not there  
>NOPE  
>under covers for the rest of the night until I managed to fall back asleep from exhaustion  
>month later  
>wake up  
>two figures standing in room, shuffling back and forth  
>door was locked, roommate fast asleep  
>nopenopenopenope

Weird crap eventually just stopped happening. Left for Christmas break, came back, nothing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [99]

>Be a few months ago  
>have a crappy apartment living with wife and 2 kids  
>always felt a creepy vibe coming from the kids' room  
>one night both kids start screaming like they never had before  
>their ages were 1 and 6 months so they can't run to mommy and daddy  
>I rush to see what's going on  
>the bathroom is right next to the room and the bathroom light was on when it shouldn't be, I payed no attention  
>go to open the door and can't  
>push really hard and get it open

>something had pushed a little wood table completely in front of the door, not like it just slipped over, but literally moved a few feet over and blocked my entry

>Nope.mp3.jpeg

>grabbed the kids and went to Indian neighbor and had him sage the house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [100]

>17

>Sleeping

>Wake up for some reason

>Notice that my dog isn't in bed with me

>Look around room for her

>See someone sitting in my desk chair

>"Mom?"

>No answer

>I can hear it breathing

>Suddenly become so terrified that I cannot even move

>The figure begins to turn toward me

>Pass out from fright (I guess...? I'm not really sure)

>Wake up in the morning

>Remember it all very vividly, and go about my morning routine while trying to figure out what happened

>On the way to school, screw around with my cellphone

>Not much to do with it (it is 2003, and cellphones can't do crap)

>Check my recordings, since I sometimes record silly crap with my buddy

>Recording I haven't seen before

>Listen

>Sounds like heavy wheezing followed by hysterical laughing

>I can hear a pounding sound followed by the sounds of someone screaming

>Time of recording was last night

>Mfw it was my voice screaming in the background

Weird crap started to happen in that house after that... Always considered it to be some kind of Chumash magic, since I was working for a medicine man at the time who had a few enemies.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [101]

- >Stormy night
- >power is out
- >Light some candles, and start playing my DS, since it still has a bit of battery life
- >A knocking sound comes from the loft that overlooks my living room
- >Pay no mind, and continue blowing dudes up in Advance Wars
- >A few minutes later, a large thump comes from the loft
- >Pretty used to strange entities hanging around the house at this point
- >Jokingly ask "Who's there?"
- >See a head pop out from the trap door-type hole that leads to the loft area
- >Hear a distorted sounding voice (As if a male and a small child were speaking at the same time)
- >"WHOOOOOOO'S THEEEE-EEERE???" It asks
- >Another loud bang
- >All candles go out
- >DS Turns off
- >hear intense thumping from the loft, that sounds like 3 people are up there walking on their knees and elbows
- >I run out the door and hang out at the neighbor's for the night

Next morning there was a dead vulture on my doorstep with a marble placed in its beak...

Old medicine man I was working for tells me that marbles are supposedly able to transport curses and evil spirits

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [102]

>be young, probably around 9 years old  
>At grandpa's house, in living room with him watching television  
>Sofa is positioned between two open doorway leading into hall with stairway to upstairs  
>Hear scraping sound, look back to see hand jutting out from the doorway  
>Point this out to grandpa, he say it's my aunt (who lives upstairs) trying to scare us  
>I innocently smile and get up to go scare her back  
>Hand retracts as I'm approaching  
>I jump into hallway  
>mfw there is no one there  
>mfw go upstairs and my aunt is asleep  
>nope.z64  
mfw I have no reaction folder on this computer

Lots of weird things happened in there. This is the most significant one that I remember.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [103]

>Be 8  
>Home alone, in scary house  
>Live in a room that circles the stairs to the upper floor  
>8-9 PM Friday  
>Playing some Spyro the Dragon  
>Hear creaking sound from stairs  
>Pause game, slightly unnerved, but decide to check it out anyway  
>Creaking gone, nothing there  
>Decide "Heehehh... Just the house settling..."  
>Go back to the TV, and continue my vidya james  
>Creaking comes back, even louder

>Toss the controller aside, and run the railing looking down  
>See stairs bend  
>Stairs are 6-7 inch thick, made of wood  
>Stairs keep bending until a cracking, as if they started to splinter  
>Hurry back to my bed, and pull duvet over my head  
>Cracking and creaking stops  
>Stay up until brother comes back home at 7-8 AM the next morning  
>Cry in front of him telling him what happened  
>Brother is somewhat drunk, but still dismisses it as me being overimaginative and a crybaby  
>1 month later  
>Return home after spending a weekend at my dad's place  
>Brother tells me the same thing happened to him  
>It happened once after that, and never again.

The stairs were, as I said, friggin' 7 inches thick, suspended between two handrailings up to my room, going down to the entrance of the house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [104]

>be about 13  
>getting ready for bed, go to shut my curtains  
>as I do, I notice a man in a suit standing completely still down the street.  
>it's sort of strange, but thought nothing really of it.  
>I look the other way, and notice another guy standing there the same way.  
>I couldn't really make out any details other than the suit and dark hair  
>stare at them for a little bit before going to bed  
>go to school the next day, nobody there  
>about a week later, I check outside

>HOLY CRAP HE'S RIGHT IN MY FRONT YARD  
>I remember him facing forward, but don't remember any facial details  
>the next thing I remember is waking up  
>please ignore the massive cliche, it's truly what I remember  
>I look outside the night after, and I see the man walking away

Nothing interesting happens after that. I really wish I could report something interesting happening, but after the last sighting, absolute nil.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [105]

Not your casual nope story I guess and nothing really dark but here I go.

>Work in a grocery store stocking crap in the frozen section  
>Casually stocking things and greeting customers who pass by as I stock crap  
>One certain man comes out of nowhere, I didn't see him but I "felt" him come up to me. I instantly turn around kind of in a defensive stance.  
>all of my internal systems where literally screaming "THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS STAY AWAY"  
>TBH he looked absolutely like any normal person would in nice clothes  
>He comes up to me and asks me if I was doing alright, and then goes "Are you tired?".  
>I was at that moment I had been working 7 hours and I was so close to finally going home.  
>My body was still screaming for me to get away from him, and so was my mind  
>I casually dealt with him like any customer going normally "No sir, I'm doing great today do you need help finding anything?"  
>He smiles and creepily says "No. Thank you, have a good night now." and starts to walk off

>I turn around to go back to stocking  
>I look over my shoulder to the end of the aisle and I see him looking at me as he's walking away  
>My body was taking initiative and I couldn't help myself but give him the most killing glare I could give, I don't even know why.  
>he smiles and walks off.

I think it was just a primal instinct in me but I honestly for no reason felt I had to... do something I don't even know.

That was less than 5 days ago

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [106]

>be walking through the park  
>begin to have what I can only describe as disjointed de ja vu  
>my thoughts are identical to the original de ja vu scenario, but my visuals don't match  
>in fact, I realise, I am walking the wrong way around the park.  
The opposite direction to how it should be  
>I keep thinking my trail of thought (inspired by very specific events from earlier that day) and it all continues to be encompassed by the de ja vu sensation for around a minute  
>I realise that I'm not only walking the wrong way, but the people are appearing in the wrong order too.  
>obviously I don't know what's going to come next because that's not how de ja vu works, but as soon as it happens I recall it  
>see 2 people working out around a corner and I recognise them.  
It's confirmed for me that this is de ja vu, but I should have been walking clockwise around the trail rather than anti-clockwise

I have never come across this before. Does anyone else have any experience of a de ja vu where something is off? Normally it's just exactly as it should be.

Also, it should be noted that I almost always walk clockwise when

I walk around a trail or pace around a room (always have done), and when I walked into the park that day I was consciously aware of heading the wrong way, but then I just went ahead with it. Did I accidentally break reality?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [107]

>Be in forest with 3 friends walking around  
>Stumble upon abandoned house  
>"LET'S GO IN HURR HURR"  
>It's creepy, your typical abandoned house, boarded up windows, no doors, falling apart etc  
>Be paranoid cuz it's starting to get dark so we each pick up a big stick  
>Go inside start checking out rooms  
>One room filled with razor blades, another filled with bones of we don't know what another filled with fresh mattresses  
>Get a creepy feeling, decide it's time to leave  
>We leave from a broken window because we wanted to get out fast because really bad feeling  
>All of a sudden hear someone yell "WHO ARE YOU"  
>screwed.JPG  
>Dive out of the friggin' window and run around the house to the other side to go back where we came from  
>We pass a boarded up window and hear a loud SLAM like someone just threw themselves against it  
>Voice continues yelling "WHO ARE YOU"  
>Run back to the road  
>Next day go back to the forest in broad day light with 3 other people  
>Can't find the house  
>What.exe

Asked around the area if anyone knew about a house in the woods. No one knew anything. Freakiest moment ever.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [108]

>Camping with buddies in home's surrounding wooded hills  
>brewing coffee over campfire  
>screeching noise spooks us  
>"Must just be a train whistle from the train yard"  
>Hear a train whistle, sounds nothing like the screech  
>"Wanna go in the tent?"  
>Go in the tent, friend plays his guitar, everything okay  
>Screeching comes back when we try to sleep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [109]

>be 12 sitting at the coffee table doing homework with the tv on.  
>Mums at her desk with her back to me doing work.  
>Suddenly the place goes dead silent  
>hear a bell ring as though it was struck once  
>see the lower portion of a body run across the room and through the front door  
>NOPE back to Algebra  
>sip on my chocolate milk

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [110]

/k/ here, gonna share one of my good ones from Boy Scouts.

>group of us going to Philmont (scout camp for extended hiking through the Southern Rockies, treks of hundreds of miles over a couple weeks kinda stuff)  
>group goes on a hiking trip before as prep for philmont

>they nominate me as leader of the group for the trek  
>adults don't do anything so I'm in charge of basically everything and the 9 other guys in the group  
>we get to our camp late after a 10 mile hike, it's almost dark  
>half get camp set up, get a few of the guys to start cooking the food, me and one other guy go off to set up the bear bag  
FYI: a bear bag is a bag you hang from a tree branch so that bears and other critters don't get into your food over night. There were no bears in this area, but it was practice for the Rockies  
>we get them ready to pull up for before we go to sleep  
>go back to camp  
>eat, by the time we're done it's dark already  
>everyone's tired and wants to go to bed  
>I tell the two guys on clean up to stay and help me clean the last of the stuff and tell everyone else they can go to sleep  
>they do, we get the stuff cleaned, figure I can handle the bear bags myself and tell them they can go to bed  
>the bear bags need to be kinda far from camp to keep animals from going through camp  
>about 200-300 yards from camp in the now dense and dark forest  
>sack up and bring my flashlight and head on over to the bear bags with our food and cooking equipment  
>when I get there I smell something that I hadn't smelled only a couple hours prior

>when I get there I smell something that I hadn't smelled only a couple hours prior  
>put the stuff down and start searching with my light  
>see some kind of limp mass on the ground  
>shine light on it, looks like a dead deer  
>but it was a fresh kill, no rot, but the thing had been cut open and the organs around it, looking like they had been placed there strategically  
>get kinda creeped out, but have a job to continue  
>get the bear bags up and tie them off when I hear something behind me  
>turn around toward the hill behind me, and camp is now facing my back

>see a silhouette on the hill of a person  
>think it's one of the dudes in my group  
>call out to them, no response, still looking at me  
>realize I would have heard if one of my guys had gone past me  
>look at the tree near for some reason  
>see a dead squirrel on it pinned there with a nail  
>ohgod.jpg

>the silhouette has disappeared from the ridge, but I can hear what sounds like someone running toward me  
>turn tail and thank Allah that I was a runner  
>trip, drop my flashlight, forget it get up and keep sprinting  
>make it to camp  
>stop and listen, no noise  
>go into tent, grab stool and my fixed blade Ka-Bar knife  
>sit outside and watch over camp for a few hours until I felt it was safe for me to go in and go to sleep  
>wake up, me and another scout go to get the bear bags  
>look for squirrel on the tree, not there  
>look where the deer was last night  
>the carcass was there, the meat that you'd eat was still there, but the organs were gone and the meat had been stripped and all the bones were gone  
>there was also drag marks that lead over the ridge, like the deer had been dragged from over the ridge  
>don't tell the other guys about it and go on the rest of our hike, no further trouble that weekend

Man that was friggin' creepy, but I looked over the ridge in the sunlight and I felt like I was being watched as soon as I got over it. Couldn't see anybody, but it was spooky.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [111]

>a few years ago  
>staying with grandparents for holidays

>they own friggin' 10 hectares of farmland  
>one day grandparent's friend's grandchildren come with them,  
become pretty good friends with most of them  
>they start telling these stories about these abandoned house a  
few miles away in the bush (forest, this was in Western Australia  
btw)  
>decided to check it out, we left at about 3.30PM  
>arrive at it about an hour later  
>go inside, just your average abandoned house  
>enter a living room sort of thing, has a fireplace  
>holycraptheresadeadkangarooonthefloor  
>we start getting worried, considering the kangaroo had a  
mutilated corpse  
>start checking out other rooms  
>more friggin' dead animals  
>girl who I liked started freaking out  
>she ran back, her other sister went after him  
>me and this buff guy, 19 years old, have stayed  
>look in the bathroom  
>holy freaking crap what is that  
>bathroom floor is covered in bones and blood  
>we hear noises, grumbling and moaning if anything  
>we freaking run faster than the speed of light

I'm going back there in a few months. Not sure if I should check it  
if it's been changed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [112]

>having a terrible sleeping pattern all month  
>sleeping comfortably  
>mom walks  
>tells me to get up  
>open eyes and see here walk out of my room  
>follow her  
>can't find her anywhere

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [113]

>Working as a security guard for an amusement park  
>be 3 am, nine degrees outside, checking a house miles away from the park which has some offices  
>all the other guards think it's haunted  
>whatever  
>check house, nothing, same as the last hundred times.  
>come back out, start getting into my truck when I hear something  
>sounds like two small girls laughing, coming from the treeline  
>shine my light at the treeline  
>laughter stops  
>starts as soon as I turn off the light  
>start walking to the wood to check it out  
>laughing gets louder, deeper  
>NOPE  
>Screw this!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [114]

You thought night terrors were bad, wait until you see them in the daylight.

>Went to bed late and woke up early so taking nap before work.  
>Watch a black figure walk from my door to me and lean on my chest.  
>"She" talks to me for a minute while leaning on me. I can't move but want to swing on her so bad.  
>"She" obviously loves it.  
>Compose myself close eyes regroup and jump up swinging at nothing.

Screw that. I've had every different form of night terror. And until

you see how they move in the day light....

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [115]

>about 7 years old, 17 years ago  
>parents on holiday staying with uncle in ~100 year old house  
>wake up randomly in spare bedroom brother asleep beside me  
>look into hall and see older woman probably 80's with grey hair  
and long blue dress on holding what looks to be a candle  
>she's not transparent but has no feet  
>turns to me, smiles then walks out of sight  
>figure it's a dream then go back to sleep

Now for the NOPE

>2010 at family reunion 15 years later  
>same uncle tells ghost story  
>older woman in blue who smiles then walks down the hall

That's when I started believing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [116]

>Be 14  
>parents finally trust me enough to leave me home alone for  
the night  
>watching TV, start hearing loud banging noises from outside  
>turn on back porch light, nothing outside  
>back to TV, banging starts almost immediately  
>"Screw this," turn off inside lights so I can see things outside  
better (moonlight)  
>see nothing

>about to stop looking and banging starts again  
>oh crap crap it's coming from my treehouse across the yard  
(30ft or so from back door)  
>decide to ignore and go to bed  
>lie in bed for an hour, non stop banging from outside  
>BE A MAN!  
>grab flashlight and baseball bat, banging stops as soon as I open the back door  
>run towards treehouse screaming, expect to find an animal of some kind  
>climb up, open floor hatch to enter treehouse  
>empty except for a small, perfectly formed pile of leaves in the centre of the floor with a stone on top  
>NOPE  
>run to neighbours house, they didn't hear anything

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [117]

>Be 4  
>Constantly have nightmares about a man in a mask  
>Mask resembles an elephant's face, tribal in nature  
>As a result, Zupps Used Car commercials scared the crap out of me (just pointing that out)  
>Every single dream, I'd hear the man with a mask calling me from bed  
>I'd go out to the balcony  
>There he was  
>Just staring  
>He never did anything but stare  
>Every single time, standing on the exact same spot  
>At the end of every dream, I'd collapse, then wake up  
>Parents divorce and they decide to move out  
>The house was rented, so neither could stay and afford it  
>The day we move out  
>Mum takes me with her  
>As we're driving away, I see the man with the mask on the

balcony

>Still staring at me  
>Still in the same spot  
>This wasn't a dream  
>I say nothing to my Mum  
>I should note at this point, that I never dared speak a word while in the presence of the man in the mask  
>Dad has part-custody so I see him on weekend  
>I tell him about my dream and the day Mum moved out  
>Dad reveals he had recurring nightmares about his house burning down when he was young  
>He returns me to Mum that Sunday evening  
>That Monday morning, I overhear my mum on the phone talking to dad  
>Our old house had burned down

I've yet to have another nightmare about the man with the mask.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [118]

>Be a few months ago  
>Be lying in my bed at around 4am on iPhone  
>Suddenly hear a soft woman's voice say the word 'Zozo' just to the right of me  
>Proceed to Nope.com.au  
>Turn on lamp and check all electronic appliances are turned off  
>They be off  
>Google search 'Zozo' on Iphone  
>Find out Zozo is apparently a nasty demon that is tied in with the use of a ouija board  
>Remember using a ouija board for fun with a friend a few years back  
>Remember the word 'zozo' being spelled out and us thinking it was gibberish and didn't work

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [119]

not really a nope but creepy  
>few years ago, daytime  
>look out window  
>see guy in gray hoody standing there  
>keep staring at him  
>half hour passes and he still hasn't moved a freaking muscle  
>what the heck?  
>check later that night, he's still there!  
>come back next afternoon to see if he's still there and HE'S  
STILL FREAKING THERE, not moving  
>check later than night, he's gone  
>haven't seen him since

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [120]

I just remembered this one:

>be at home  
>watching movie on lapdog while in bed  
>-BEEE-wrr-BZZZ-wrrrrrrr-Zweeeeeihrrrrrr (sound of desktop computer turning on with its 12 bazillion hard drives)  
>"dafuq?"  
>turn it off  
>back to bed  
>5 minutes later it happens again, then twice more in the next 10 or so.  
>figure it's electrical noise on the grid, shut down main desk power  
>it boots up again 5 minutes later  
>"WHAT?"  
>think the switch is broken

>physically remove the power cord  
>computer still running  
>stare at the pc and at the disconnected cable  
>see a shadow moving behind me  
>turn so freaking violently  
>nothing  
>turn around again  
>weird crap on monitor, in some alphabet I didn't recognize  
>say "Ok, this is really really wrong, what is happening?"  
>everything shuts down immediately  
>flip light switch  
>nothing  
>lights in street are one  
>flee  
>check primary power switch  
>it's on  
>wait outside house  
>after a while power comes back on its own  
>go back  
>never happened again

There was no one at home except me, and I live in an isolated area.

I still have no freaking clue if it was real or a very vivid dream, as when I woke up the next day everything was back to normal.

Since then, when I nplug something from the power I always wait for the capacitors to discharge and try turning it back on...

Never worked so far.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [121]

>be in bed  
>dog is sleeping next to me  
>hear her growl like someone's in the house

>sit up, look around  
>pitch freaking black  
>look to my left, shutters are slightly opened  
>confused because lights are usually on outside  
>think it's a blackout  
>lay back down, dog is quiet  
>hear "anon, WAKE UP" in a raspy voice  
>almost crap myself, stay still  
>dog is going insane at this point  
>still hearing voice rambling in some other language, right in my ear  
>whisper to dog "attack" (trained dog)  
>hear screeching, sit up  
>light is back to normal, dog is on bed  
>get dog and get out of there, sleep in car

I've had multiple experiences since then, but nothing that bad.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [122]

>be last month  
>be walking girlfriend home, 2am  
>abandoned house, see it everyday  
>2 stories high, windows shut and boarded.  
>front door blocked by newly built brick wall.  
>gf sees the middle window of 2nd floor open  
>that was boarded shut 8 hours ago  
>keep looking  
>see an old lady, nothing weird.  
>she looks down, goes back in.  
>well what was she doing in there.  
>go to mentioned brick wall and tap  
>shout "Excuse me... are you ok in there?"  
>open window on 2nd floor starts banging, no drafts.  
>banging around 2nd floor at what seems like furniture  
>freaking sounds like a tornado in there

>banging comes down to 1st floor  
>banging moves towards brick wall/door  
>NOPEd outta there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [123]

I don't see a lot of weird crap, but when I do... I remember it.

>State Police Officer  
>Graveyard shift  
>Around midnight, get a report of a 10-50 on one of the back roads, and I take the call.  
>Turn off the highway and end up in the middle of nowhere, and the road is turning from paved into dirt.  
>Find the area where dispatch said the wreck was  
>Nobody around  
>No car  
>No accident  
>Not even a cow.  
>Ask dispatch if they gave me the right address, and they did,  
>Decide to drive another mile or two  
>Come upon a guy walking into traffic with a gas can  
>Spotlight him and get out of the vehicle, notifying dispatch.  
>He explains he ran out of gas and his vehicle is on the side of the road just up ahead  
>Check his ID through dispatch, and he comes out clean  
>Ask him to get into the back for me, and I'll give him a ride after I check for the previous accident.. if any  
>He obliges and I get back in, he starts talking about what he does, his family, etc.  
>I explain my family, school, etc.  
>When I catch something red in my headlights  
>It's the wreck dispatch was talking about  
>It had gone into a ditch and rolled over after clipping a boulder  
> Flip my lights on and turn around to ask the guy to stay in the car for a moment.  
>He's not in the back

>mfw  
>Look around outside with my flashlight, he's not anywhere around, doors are still locked  
>Investigate the crash, notify dispatch for ambulance and tow truck  
>Look in the cab, the guy on the side of the road was the driver  
>Died on impact  
>Nope.avi

Only ghost story I've had.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [124]

>be out vacationing/traveling to random places (extended road trip)  
>pull in to stay at old lodge type place  
>that time of year is off-season so hardly anyone is there  
>go to check out gift shop up the hill  
>guy in truck drives by on the dirt road that goes up there  
>truck drives past building which obscures it  
>wait for truck to reappear on other side  
>nothing  
>get there, no truck  
>no forks in road  
>road dead-ends at gift shop  
>no truck anywhere

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [125]

not that thrilling/exciting...granted, it's true ;-)

>be 16  
>working part time job at local optometrist's office

>it's summer time  
>optometrist's office is in giant hospital, no windows in office  
>walk into office from parking lot, where the sun is shining, birds are chirping, etc, typical summer  
>near the end of my shift, I'm in the back in the kitchen trying to kill some time before I leave (so I don't have to do anymore work!)  
>turn around, look in doorway  
>can only see an arm waiving at me. . . as if to say "Come here."  
>arm looks black and white and transparent  
>look around the corner past the doorway and there's a transparent man standing there, dressed like charlie chaplin, with the cane and all  
>blink  
>he disappears  
>nope  
>run out to the front of the office.  
>remember the secretary talking about a ghost everyone sees around the office a few weeks ago  
>ask her to describe the ghost again  
>says he dresses like he's from the 40's, has a cane, and is very friendly.  
>I say 'I just saw him.'  
>she's like 'Okay.'  
>thisisnormal?.jpeg  
>she says everyone sees him, but it's odd that I just did, because he only comes out when it's raining outside  
>think that it's weird considering it was sunny when I came in to work  
>clock out to leave for the day  
>walk out to parking lot  
>it's pouring down rain  
>NOPE.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>just happened  
>be working night shift in hospital (uk)  
>empty wheelchair just rolled out onto ward  
>old lady died in that room two hours ago  
>room empty atm  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [127]

>Be in forest a night  
>Had a bad day, be walking around  
>Try and clear head  
>Sit down on an old tree stump  
>Kicking around dirt and crap, decide to make fire  
>Make fire, sit around for a couple hours, had mp3 player,  
listening to music  
>mp3 player suddenly dies with a full battery  
>Get out phone, look at time, it says 9 am, but it's still night  
out  
>Figure friend messed with phone and screwed up the time on  
it  
>Hear bustling in bushes in front of me  
> "Oh well, probably a deer"  
> Branches begin to break, then I hear one of the large logs  
behind the bush snap  
>Something darts out and no crap, flies over my head and  
inhuman speed  
>Look behind me, see nothing  
>Nope.jpeg  
>High tail it home, find out it's 3:00 am  
>MFW friend tells me later that day that people have died in  
those woods from getting lost, falling down a steep part, etc.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [128]

Here's one.

>be sitting in bed  
>lights off  
>screwing around on various websites  
>suddenly get terrified feeling  
>turn around expecting to see a monster  
>just wall  
>ha ha  
>Just a freaking wall.  
>shine the computer screen on it and everthing  
>few moments later the feeling returns  
>get brave  
>DIVE FOR THE LAMP ON THE DRESSER  
>fight to the death with seemingly nothing  
>light is on now  
>push back against the wall and look around  
>nothing  
>not a freaking thing  
>sigh in relief  
>after a few moments I hop up to go brush my teeth and prepare for sleep  
>jump off the top bunk  
>kick off the lampshade in process  
>Whatever, I'll get it later  
>close door  
>nope my way across the hall and into the bathroom  
>quickly turn the light on  
>get tooth brush in hand  
>alright.  
>commence teeth cleaning in-  
>sister wakes up and starts screaming  
>apparently the bright light from the uncovered lamp woke her up  
>the lazy freak yells at me to come fix it  
>casually open the door to the bedroom  
>eyes trail up to the top bunk

>see someone sitting there  
>little kid in pink pajamas in a white freaking mask  
>NOPE  
>NOPENOPENOPE  
>SLAM THE DOOR  
>NOPENOPENOPE  
>sister screams  
>ignored  
>there's a loud thump from the room  
>ignored  
>sit on the living room couch and watch netflix for the rest of the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [129]

>Working the midnight shift as a security guard at an outlet mall  
>Doing so because a bunch of rednecks have "Attempted" to steal electricity somehow.  
>Wandering around listening to some 80's rock.  
>Head over to nearby 7/11 for some coffee  
>Head back  
>Notice a bunch of small men fiddling around the back of a Macys.  
>Call in other security guard.  
>Start walking over waving my flashlight around like I'm the boss.  
>"Hey! The mall hours are closed, you are trespassing and loitering-blah blah blah"  
> Realized that every time the light hit against the silhouettes of the small men the light would go through.  
>NOPE.  
>Pal arrives, then freaks out.  
>supposed shadow men start to spread out.  
>I lose my crap.  
>Never happens again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [130]

>on phone with friend late at night.  
>friend says she can hear my mom yelling.  
>"my mom's sleeping"  
>"well then turn down your tv."  
>"I don't have a tv"  
>slight nope as I turn on light  
>friend starts flipping out. Tells me she hears voices saying "get out"  
>nope  
>call gets cut off. My moderately charged phone had died.  
>hide under my blanket in 90 degree room.  
>plug phone into xbox that'd been conveniently within grasp  
>fap to mobile porn  
>forget about incident. Figure my friend was screwing with me.  
>about a week ago trying to call my mom from inside my room  
>static. Hear deep voice "get out"

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [131]

>be 5-6 months ago  
>at friend's house  
>my friend had to go out for about 10 minutes to do his mom a favor  
>I'm just sitting there  
>toddler walks in, wtf  
>stare at him for a few seconds before he walks into my friend's room  
>friend comes back few minutes later  
>I say "Did you see the kid that walked in?"  
>"What kid?"  
>we search his house, don't find him, never see him again

>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [132]

>Down stairs playing Nintendo 64.  
>Hear some creeks and foot steps up stairs.  
>"Oh that's just the old floors."  
>Foot steps get heavier/louder.  
>Nope! Nope!  
>I remember I had left my window open in my room.  
>Go into basement kitchen find the sharpest knife.  
>Solid Snake up the stairs.  
>Check all rooms, nooks and crannies. Nothing thus far.  
>Hear whispers in my room that I can't make out.  
>Nope!  
>Open door let out a war cry I'm ready!  
>Black shadow zooms past my bed out the open window.  
>Nope!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [133]

>be 5 or 6  
>be at my old school in Texas  
>be outside having recess or physical education.  
>get strange feeling and look towards a window to a classroom  
>see something but not sure wat it is.  
>move closer  
>see what looks to be a small child  
>move closer again  
>barely make out features. looks like a skeleton with clothes.  
>nope  
>start walking around the track again  
>sneak a peek every time I pass room and see the thing and feel

crazy fear.

>pass by the room inside the school as it was a few doors down from my room

>look and nothing is in front of the window

A few years later we had like scary story time in my 4th grade class and the teacher told a story about her seeing something like what I saw late one night as she was leaving. Some kid died in the school or something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [134]

>be me at 14

>living in a house with my room upstairs

>bedroom window facing neighbour porch

>presumably old man living there alone. in my 14 years I never saw him

>house looked abandoned. I doubted he was even real

>late winter night around 2 am and I can't sleep.

>look through my window. neighbour sitting in the chair on his porch looking straight at me

>I'm frozen in fear, afraid to move

>unfreeze, nope away from the window, too afraid to close curtains

>lay in bed for about 10 minutes, then peek through the window again, hoping he was gone

>nope, still there, looking right at my window.

>nearly fainted from the fear. close curtains, put some comedy on tv, trying to forget about all this.

>still only fall asleep at sunrise when I felt safe

>wake up, don't dare look through the window.

>usual day

>come home later that day, see ambulance, and immediately know it has something to do with the neighbour

>parents tell me neighbour died sitting on the porch

>chills down my spine. Did he die while looking at my window?

Was he dead the whole night?

>glad I didn't look through the window in the morning. At least I can pretend he didn't die while looking at my window.

>never told my parents what I saw that night. Too freaked out. Could barely sleep for the whole week after that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [135]

Finally something I can contribute to!

>in 5th grade

>be on an overnight field trip to Savannah GA

>eat at Picadilly Cafeteria for dinner

>go down to bathroom in the basement to take a piss

>while pissing, hear groaning and chains dragging, seemingly from through the wall

>NOPE up the steps back to my group

>be on ghost tour later in the night

>MFW we stop in front of the Picadilly's

>Haunted basement used to be a place where they imprisoned and held slaves

true story. I'll never forget it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [136]

>be may of this year

>walking from apartments to old house (custody issue)

>take shortcut through my elementary school and see bathroom open (bathroom is inside with two sliding fence doors)

>be like wtf? it's 12am tf is this

>trash can propped both boy and girls door

>have sudden urge to piss

>look around for janitor but no one there

>go in and pee  
>pee like ninja so I can hear if anyone is there  
>finish but still no one  
>field with track is parallel to bathroom and it's dark  
>start walking home but I hear a homicidal maniac laugh  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>SPRINT BACK TO THE PARKING LOT where there are lights  
>call my friend because I was confused from what just happened  
>he's laughing and keeps saying what  
>screw that hang up on him and ponder  
>decide to sprint to old house

I don't know if someone was joking around or if someone had some grudge against the school but that crap was freaking scary.

Also:

>be same school  
>me and a different friend are out for halloween  
>walking and we reach double doors that lead into a hallway  
>hallway has music room next to it  
>we hear kids freaking singing and it's 11pm  
>NOPE.JPG

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [137]

>be living in apartment and such  
>going to work  
>see golden retriever / german shepard mix dog running around, with collar and loose leash  
>try to approach it  
>It allows me to get near, but when I get too close it barks ferociously  
>every day I see this dog sniffing around my back window/front door  
>every day I try to catch it. It tries to lure me further and follows

me when I dismiss him, but tries to attack me when I get too close.

>a week later, dog is barking at my front door  
>I come out with food  
>It accepts my food, I finally pet him.  
>very well trained, and friendly  
>I take his leash  
>I follow him into the woods  
>step in several spider webs as the dog is leading me  
>he runs free of my grip and goes towards a different property  
>there are about 10 bearded men in a yard outside of the woods  
>they are bowing and praying over a pile of about 30 bowling balls  
>WAT SO HARD.JPG  
>dog runs up to them, one man gets up and starts petting him  
>the dog starts grunting and half howling  
>all the men stop their ritual and stare at the dog/straight ahead (at me)  
>NOPE.JPG.GIF.EXE  
>sprint back home with the forces of 1000 suns.

I am convinced they are a hippie cult of some sort.

There is a landfill behind my apartment and one day, I had seen one of the bearded men. . . . crabwalking in a diaper, picking up a tire, and crabwalking away. IN A DIAPER.

They also have a line of bowling balls (maybe some sort of wall) to mark of their property. (it is visible from my house)

The dog still wonders free, barking and scavenging for food.

I don't try to feed it anymore.

Wait, I have more. . . .

>walking outside apartment, across the road, is a cemetery  
>there is a residential house in cemetery walls, with barbed wire fence and a row of rotting trees in front to hide the house  
>be walking to work one day  
>stare over, notice there is a farm of some sort  
>see man with a tool, mowing his land  
>he looks up, sees me staring

>his face is half burnt from what I could tell, and had no hair  
>looked like the humungus from mad max  
>stare for a good 10 seconds  
>his grey eyes glare at mine  
>I look back, frightened  
>he points at me  
>NOPE SO HARD  
>quickly walk away  
>glance back, he is still staring at me and pointing at me as I walk  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPENOPEN

Well, anons, I am done for the night.

I have recently come to the realization that my life is a horrible interpretation of a Stephen King novel.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [138]

>a few months ago  
>in my friend's basement, we're working on a bunch of stuff, eventually it gets really quiet because we're all busy  
>hear this really faint music, can't tell where it's coming from  
>there aren't any radios or TVs on in the house, and we're home alone  
>figure I'm just freaking out and go back to work  
>a few minutes later, it gets louder  
>one of my friends says "Hey, where's that music coming from?" and the rest of them hear it too  
>NOPE.jpg  
>the kid who owned the house thought we were all nuts, but the rest of us definitely heard the music  
It was this strange, tinny sounding music, kind of like the lavender town music from pokemon. like someone was playing a music box the wrong way

A few nights later the exact same thing happened in my living room with the same music.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [139]

- >be about 3 years ago
- >live within walking distance of abandoned shopping complex
- >me and 2 friends walk to said complex
- >start throwing rocks at the windows
- >thrown rock at the windows on the second floor
- >rock goes through glass
- >shatters
- >see a dark figure in the window
- >hear a deep yell/scream
- >crash a brick
- >nope out of there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [140]

- >normal day
- >it is getting late
- >time to go to sleep
- >bro is downstairs. he was eating at the table
- >we have this sliding door downstairs
- >if you slide it open you can hear it
- >if you sit at the table you have to turn around to see the sliding door
- >lie in bed try to sleep
- >hear the sliding door
- >"Oh, so my bro is done eating huh?"
- >don't hear any footsteps

>thinking "What is he doing?"  
>he comes up some time later  
>in my room he asked me if I was downstairs  
>tell him no  
>he looks at me and starts saying that I am lying  
>think about the situation  
>start saying that I was indeed downstairs  
>he does not believe me  
>I went to sleep after that  
>wake up and hear that he did not sleep that night

Here is one more:

>it is late  
>acquaintance walks in the room  
>he never ever has done this  
>ask if the window is locked  
> I say yes, he leaves  
>2 hours later it is still night  
>time to sleep  
>open up the window  
>hear this breathing sound  
>NOPE NOPE  
>>window closed

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [141]

>be about 13  
>lived in a house that was haunted until we had the house blessed  
>running up to my room, swing the door open  
>feel the door HIT something/someone, couldn't get it to fully open  
>here "UGH" from other side of the door, suddenly door could open fine.  
>look behind there, nothing to be seen.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [142]

>be around 13-14  
>the only people in the house is me, my little sister and my grandma who was babysitting us  
>playing catch with sister with the basement door open  
>ball rolls down the steps, I run down to get it  
>bend down to pick it up, and sense something next to me  
>I look to my right and there's a woman standing there, white dress and all. I couldn't get a good look at her face. I didn't wanna loook her in the eyes, but she had long brown hair.  
>NOPE'd out of there  
>tell my grandma about it  
>tells me she's seen her a couple of times, too

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [143]

>Be 10-11  
>on vacation half way across country With mom and family.  
>staying at hotel late at night, go use hot Tub and pool with family  
>me and mom last ones to go back to hotel room  
>outdoor swimming pool door locked  
>Wtf? But oh well, just walk around  
>go out gate start towards hotel front  
>guy with a freaking hook for arm walks out from the woods, starts slowly walking towards us  
>look at mom, she's giving me same "oh crap run" look  
>both run towards pool door, both pound the crap out of door  
>hear freaking hook scraping against side of building  
>oh god nope  
>door opens right as guy gets to the gate

>holy crap savior  
>see the guy staring at us as we leave next morning from the woods  
>haven't used outside pool since

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [144]

>In the kitchen, there is a whole in the wall that opens up to the dining room to pass food through and crap  
>We are all sitting at the table  
>My mum suddenly says "Anon, while you are in the kitchen can you get me a drink?"  
>"Mum, I'm right here"  
>She looks at me  
>Looks back at the kitchen  
>Does a quick head count and then runs into the kitchen  
>"I SWORE I saw you in there. I swear to god I saw you getting a drink."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [145]

>Be a week ago  
>Visiting at dad's house  
>Can't find him  
>Yell out through house  
>No answer  
>Yell outside  
>Voice from shed 'Yes anon'  
>Half way to shed Dad steps out the back door  
>Was inside the whole time  
Nope.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [146]

Heres one that happened a few days ago

>Be 16  
>Playin some video games  
>No ones home  
>Hear weird laugh in the other room that seems to get higher pitched and faster as it went  
>Wtf was that?  
>go out into living room  
>T.V's on  
>Oh must've been the t.v  
>Rewind it  
>No laugh  
>NOPE.jpg

It was on the baseball game, and the volume was pretty low which is why I noticed the laughing in the first place

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [147]

One time, when I was about 14, I woke up with blood on my hand. It was in a drip pattern, as if during the night I held my hand out and blood dripped all over it. Checked myself for wounds that morning, nothing. No idea where that crap came from.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [148]

>Be 20  
>Be up north in Michigan round about Grand Traverse area (Fife Lake to be specific)

>Be walking in woods near family house  
>See dead deer  
>JK not whole deer, just the leg  
>Look for rest of deer  
>Dog goes nuts, tries to run away from clearing  
>Pick up dog (6 months old) and go into clearing  
>Find rest of deer, propped up on tree, gutted like a fish  
>Deer head missing, sitting in center of clearing looking at me  
>Hear rustling in bushes, heavy breathing  
>see patches of black fur sticking up through the bush  
>too small for bear  
>no bears or wolves in area  
>coyotes aren't black  
>Dog barks for first time in his life  
>Nope like a wimp to my car and drive home

Family later told me that the land I was on (we own a few dozen acres randomly) got vacated by our ancestors a few generations back because their pets/livestock kept turning up dead, almost on a cycle (every 3 months, another few dead).

Never went back to that property again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [149]

>sister is about 4, in preschool  
>preschool assignment for the day was to draw a picture of your house  
>average preschoolers draw a square with a triangle roof  
>sister draws freaking floor plan, almost perfect  
>there is a red corner scribbled deep into the corner of parents room  
>mom asks "What is this red corner for?"  
>sister replies "That's where the dead people are."

Also:

>be 6 or 7  
>playing Nintendo 64 and talking to imaginary friend in my bedroom  
>mother and older sister are outside my bedroom talking in hallway (door is wide open)  
>hear me ask "Do you want to play Nintendo?"  
>sister and mother hear in a voice that isn't mine--nor could be mine say "I've never seen one before."  
>rush in the room  
>see nothing  
>scared as hell with NOPE.jpg expressions.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [150]

>be about 11  
>middle of night having nightmare  
>hears banging  
>wakes up in cold sweat  
>hears banging at bedroom door  
>everyone in the house is asleep  
>gets out of bed and walks to the door  
>slowly turns handle  
>peers out of door into hallway  
>cold draft wooshes past me  
>noone is there  
>gets back to bed unable to fall back asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [151]

>Be 6 months ago.  
>Take Daily walks around my house since live woods with big yard.

>One day look over and there is a HUGE white ball (6ft all around) floating in the woods.

>Think it's a trick of my eyes until I notice that it was actually blocking some of the trees where it was floating but others I could still see in front of it.

>Stand there staring until it slowly fades away.

>Go in thinking I'm dehydrated and seeing things, drink water and lay down.

> A good bit later laying in bed when I start to get a feeling of dread.

>Look over and there is this tiny (about 1 foot) dark humanoid figure peeking around the corner.

>Blink and the figure is gone.

>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [152]

> be 12  
> one evening, home alone, in the living room  
> want to go to bed, turn off tv  
> hear noise from upstairs right above me  
> someone's singing  
> nearly crap my pants  
> turn tv back on to have some noise/distraction, singing seems to have stopped  
> wait until dad gets home, too scared to go upstairs to bed alone

Don't know what the hell that was. Never talked to anyone about it

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [153]

> Last week  
> About to take a shower  
> Idiot little brothers always leave the shower head pointing straight out so it shoots water everywhere  
> stick hand behind curtain to adjust shower head  
> hand is grabbed by someone else  
> "Oh crap, sorry, didn't realize someone was in here."  
> Shower isn't running, lights were off when I came in  
> someone is still holding my arm  
> pull curtain back  
> No one there, arm is fine

I'm going crazy, I think.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [154]

>Be a few years ago  
>Live in alone in rather secluded cabin in the woods  
>Just me and my dog  
>Decide to take dog out for walk before it gets dark  
>Never lock door because no one is around for miles and I was walking on the only path to and from the house  
>Go on walk  
>Everything normal  
>On our way back  
>Dog starts going crazy  
>Have to drag him up to the front door  
>Go to open door  
>Door is locked  
>Theheck.jpg  
>Dog desperately wants to leave  
>Look in front windows of house  
>Everything looks normal

>Get axe from wood pile and do a search of the surrounding area  
>Nothing  
>Whatever, get spare key I keep under the welcome mat and go inside

>Few hours later  
>Sitting watching TV with crappy reception  
>Hear foot steps above me  
>Grab my axe again and go upstairs  
>Search every room and find noting  
>As I'm going back down stairs dog starts going crazy again  
>Quickly come down stairs and grab dog and quiet him, seeing if I can hear anything  
>Suddenly hear scratching sound  
>Can't find source  
>Say screw it and go to bed

>Sometime before the sun comes up  
>Be awoken by dog barking again  
>Grab axe that I brought upstairs with me  
>SomeonelsGoingToDie.gif  
>Go downstairs  
>Freezing  
>Front door is wide open  
>Dog is outside, somehow got out of the fence that surrounds the house  
>Get dog back in and close door  
>Door is violently swung wide open  
>Actually start to get scared now  
>Get dog, jump on my 4-wheeler, and nope out of there for the rest of the night  
>Come back the following night  
>Nothing ever happens again  
>Move out a few months later for unrelated reasons

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

> Be 12.  
> Be watching a TV show about ghostly apparitions with nanny  
( she was a cook, turned maid, turned nanny, that everybody  
loved, that lived with us even after we were grown up because  
she was a second mother to everyone.)  
> Her name is Maria.  
> Show is very unsettling, one of the few shows that aren't full  
of scams and stupid crap.  
> Getting nervous, afraid, so I make fun of the show.  
> Maria turns to me.  
> "You know, when you were young a lot of strange things  
happened in this house. You should be more respectfull of the  
paranormal."  
> Nah, just continue to make fun of it so I can at least not be  
afraid at night  
> Suddenly door right next to us EXPLODES OPEN  
> I hear someone yell "COME HERE."  
> NOOOOOONONONONONOPPPEEE  
> Me and Maria flee like crazy

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [156]

>be twelve  
>live in guest house and have my own room  
>what eva win on my book  
>covered hole going into crawl space on side of house.  
>weirds me out but what evs always watched too many horror  
stories anyway  
>start having nightmares. demon diseased raccoon attacking me  
in sleep.  
>wake up screaming, inconsolable.  
>mom doesn't understand, I never had nightmares, never so  
much as cried as a baby. why nightmares all of a sudden  
>spend the next two years constantly sick  
>nightmares and illness don't stop until shortly after moving

out...

two years later, moving out  
>look in hole out of curiosity.  
>find dead raccoon  
>scream for mom  
>pest control inspects house, can't figure out how of got there.  
No drafts, no holes big enough  
>sure as hell hadn't open the hole the hope time living there  
>but....  
>estimated amount of decay only two weeks??

so that explains why I was sick constantly. breathing in all that nasty...yuck.

looked up why it might not decay normally and air and temperature control might lead to mummification but not lack of decay. there were bugs in the crawl space but none on the corpse. found out a year and a half ago that corpses refusing to decay is a big sign of devil worship, but that these things are typically buried, not stuffed in a wall. I think previous owners were stupid angsty teens trying to summon some kinda demon. didn't find any other kind of markings or anything.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [157]

> be seven  
> one of my old brother's friend stays home.  
> he was like eighteen, I guess  
> Not enough beds, so my mother and I stay in one.  
> Aprox. 3AM  
> This guy step aside of our bed. Pitch black.  
> "Hey, hey little girl, hey. Let me sleep with your mom"  
> "what? wah? go away"  
> that's not the voice of the guy, nor my dad or big bro.  
> "Pretty please, let me sleep here, go with your brother, you

like sleep in bed with him"

- > "NOPE"
- > "Please"
- > "NOPE, NOPE, NOPE"

> I was scared, I was of back, actually never saw this weirdo.  
> Prettending fall sleep.

- > "little anon, are you awake? anon? \*grumble\*"
- > the weirdo leaves, I actually sleep.

> No more memories here.

--

> 16 years later

> I remember, tell this to my mom.

> She said she never gave permission for my brother to invite friends to sleep.

> Nobody remembers this guy, neither my big bro

> Not a dream, pretty sure.

> Still NOPE of that voice "hey little girl~"

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [158]

I have two, but they're more scary situations than paranormal.

>Be 12

>It's a lazy Saturday.

>Lay down in sofa and chill out watching TV.

>Fall asleep on sofa.

>Wake up a couple of hours later.

>Stranger (lady) is standing on back of sofa staring at me.

>It takes me a while to register that I don't know this lady and somehow she got into the house.

>My mind is in Nope mode but my body is paralyzed in fear.

>My Grandpa walks into the living room and tells the lady to get out of here.

>She keeps staring at me and just says "naa".

>I'm confused as hell and my Grandpa pulls me off the sofa and away from the lady.

>He then escorts the lady out of the house.

Turns out she was a drunk as hell and thought she lived in our house. Since we don't lock the door in the daytime she just walked right in.

>Be 16

>Great-Grandmother dies.

>A couple months later Great-Uncle moves in with us.

>Every night he would go into the kitchen and stare into the area with the dishes while nodding his head.

>I tell my Grandpa about what he does.

>He tells me Great-Uncle is living with us because he lived his whole life with my Great-Grandma and when she died he became a wreck. He suffers from depression and psychosis.

>See him in kitchen again another night.

>He's holding a knife and saying "no" to himself repeatedly.

>He turns around and stares at me with knife in had.

>Nope

>Run back to sleep.

>I tell my Grandpa about what happened.

>He tells my Great-Uncle that if he ever touches any of us he'll kick his butt to kingdom come.

I freaking love my Grandpa.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [159]

>14

>wake up at 10 am

>Home alone, doors locked, everyone is working

>start cleaning the kitchen

>A quarter of the way done when I hear the front door open.

>"Hello?" expecting my cousin or someone.

>nothing.

>Calls mom to see if someone was coming over.

>she says no.  
>Checks the front door.  
>Unlocked  
>Say hello again waiting for response.  
>Nothing.  
>grabs a knife and checks every room.  
>nothing.  
>Continue to clean the kitchen.  
>flinch to every noise I hear that day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [160]

We were living in a house in town one time. We were the only 2 at home.

>is 14  
>sitting in the computer/study area on the net  
>mum laying down in back room  
>hear a young kid scream and giggle up the hallway, along with hearing the footsteps  
>thought it was my nephew so I called out to him  
>remembered he wasn't at home  
>mum heard it too.

Not really creepy, just really weird.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [161]

>About 12  
>Hanging out home alone in the basement  
>Hear something crash up stairs  
>Nope nope nope  
>Grab nearest object to beat robbers to death

>Crawl up the stairs look around corner and see this old style wall hanging candle holder thing lying on the ground  
>Nope nope nope  
>Doors and windows are all locked  
>Search through the whole house and find nothing  
>Still feeling uneasy  
>My face when I looked to see what I had grabbed for a weapon  
>Plastic lightsaber

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [162]

>a few days ago  
>with my friend in her woods, she has 140-some acres of land  
  
>decide to walk on the train tracks to the gas station to get some food  
  
>we're about halfway there when we hear a noise behind us  
  
>a freaking black car driving kind of swervy half on the track, with illegally tinted windows  
  
>friend yells "IM NOT OK WITH THAT"  
  
>we both run like hell into the woods, and theres a rusty barbed wire fence  
  
>we hop it, my skirt gets caught so it rips  
>we're in a cow pasture, theres a line of cows just staring at us  
>friend notices a coyote staring at us  
>nopenopenopenope  
>getting even darker  
  
>we hop the fence, there's gunshots and ATVs in the distance, getting closer

>friend starts crying, calls her dad to come get us

>we're sitting against a tree, she's crying but I'm not, too busy thinking about how I might get murdered and/or raped before her dad gets there

>he finally reaches us, tells us the gunshots, screaming, and ATVs were some dumb rednecks having a birthday party

>nobody can explain the black car, but there are tracks where it was sitting and watching us

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [163]

>be 16 having band practice with my two other band members

>play drums

>dad kicks me and the band out of his garage because we don't speak

>our first practice session in our bassist's second house, which belonged to his dead grandparents that his family rents to foreigners

>the house is cold

>it's dark and damp

>we take a break for a few seconds

>"hey what's that noise"

>we all go quiet

>hear classical violin

>it sounds like it's coming from the speakers

>it isn't

>it feels like it's in the room, like it's coming out of the walls

>the classical music gets mixed in with whispers and gets more distorted

>we all get freaked out

>it stops

we never practised there again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [164]

>be 8  
>be at parents friend's house at night  
>all the parents are being irresponsible in the basement, all the other kids are younger and asleep, I'm in the living room by myself  
>their dog is scratching on the glass door to get in  
> I go to let him in  
> see glowing green semi blurry figure far in their yard  
>stare, it's getting closer and I can begin to make out a face  
>slam the freaking door and run

I still don't know what I saw and I don't know what I think about the existence of ghosts, let alone a green one.

My parents told me it was probably a light shining from the neighbor's yard, but what kind of light is human-shaped and walks toward you?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [165]

>Be 15  
>Walking home from friend's house around 8pm  
>Walking along the road  
>One side of road is a cliff going down to the loch  
>Other side of road is a cliff.  
>Note: No space for people to hide either side  
>There is a gate going to grass with drop down cliffs to loch, noisy  
>Suddenly, 2 grey figures walk out about 20 meters in front  
>They move silently through gate. No noise.

>I run to wear they were about 10 seconds later  
>they are now down by loch, below cliffs  
>that's impossible  
>nope.jpg  
>run back home and never walk that way again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [166]

>be about 30 minutes ago  
>be 3 in the morning  
>be reading this thread on my laptop  
>reach bottom of thread  
>see post pointing out face behind girl  
>feel an intense urge to look at the clock  
>3:33 AM  
>suddenly the radio in itunes turns on  
>some woman speaking  
>leave the house  
>don't come back for 30 minutes  
>come back and computer is off  
>turn it back on  
>this thread is still on the screen

goodbye /x/  
I'm going back to /mu/

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [167]

>Be home in bed at 3 am  
>Parents are gone on a Caribbean cruise or whatever  
>Wake up for no reason in the night  
>Go downstairs to get some water  
>Grab cup and see someone looking through the opening in the blinds

>Whatever it is walks over to the door and turns the knob  
>NOPE.JPGPNGAVIGIF  
>Look to see that it's locked and then run up stairs, hide in my closet  
>20 minuets later still no sound  
>Don't sleep at all that night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [168]

>be 2 AM  
>be in bed on my laptop  
>hear noise from window  
>\*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK\*  
>walk over to open the curtains  
>remember that I live on the 5th floor  
>NOPE.jpg  
>grab gun  
>sit with the shotgun in one hand and the laptop in the other  
>continue screwing around online  
>hear knocking again  
>ignore it  
>knocking returns around 30 min later  
>LALALALA, I CAN'T HEAR YOU  
>nothing after that

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [169]

Somethings in the woods. I know it.

>Be like a couple months ago to now  
>Really rural Georgia  
>Recently moved into pieceocrap trailer in middle of the woods, have to drive like a mile through the woods to get to it.  
>Mom is a whore, refuses to get curtains or blinds because "We

don't need them."

>Quickly nail blanket to my bedroom window, already have mass hallucinations and nyctaphobia

>Almost every night my dog wants out, I have to piss or something, but I have to get up

>Walk through house, past about 5 solid black windows

>Don't look out them as much as possible

>Every time I do, I can barely make out something, not right up to it, but in the distance

I'm keeping my crossbow next to my bed every night. Christ, it looks like a large humanoid I don't know but it freaks me out, I'm pretty sure my brother's room is also haunted, I swear I'm gonna freaking go insane.

Also, forgot to note. Somehow my blanket keeps falling down, no matter how many nails I put in it, it just falls off. I've even tried bending them upwards.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [170]

>Coming home from work

>Early evening, still light outside

>New house, modern

>Remote location, nearest neighbor > quarter mile away

>Haven't finished unpacking yet and house mostly empty

>Electrical wiring not even finished

>Walk up to door, take out keys

>Hear very clearly and distinctly a man and woman chatting and laughing

>Voices coming from right behind front door

>Me = pissed off!

>[whoisinmyhome.com](http://whoisinmyhome.com)?

>Guys are about to catch a freaking bullet

>Unbelt my pistol and open door in one motion, ready to shoot

>MFW no one there

>No TV or radio in house

>Blood freezes  
>Spend the next few nights with my ex-wife in her condo

Finally moved into my home. It's been several months since that incident and I haven't heard or seen anything strange since then.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [171]

### [October 2012]

An experience which happened to me about 3 months ago

>lying in bed with headphones on  
>trying to induce a lucid dream  
>my cover slowly slide off me  
>imagine that it's part of the experience  
>cover are almost off me  
>screw this  
>open my eyes and look at the bottom of my covers to find old looking hands with pointy fingernails painted purple pulling my sheet down  
>freaking nope it out of my bedroom  
>sit in my living room thinking about what I should do  
>hear an old womans laughing quietly coming from my bedroom  
>sleep in the kitchen that night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [172]

My dad told me this, but I'm going to tell it from his point of view.

>be at friend's house a few years back  
>four or five other friends there  
>hey let's take a picture  
>they take the picture  
>look at the picture on the camera  
>guy has his arm around my dad

>nobody knows who the guy was

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [173]

>Be around 8, sleeping  
>Wake up, want to check what time is it  
>Notice some kind of weird fuzzy spot next to the clock (my clock was over the closet)  
>Some seconds later, it starts to clear  
>It's some kind of screwed up rotten head, looked kind of like a really ugly man with wolf teeth and ears  
>Stay there for like 10 minutes, not daring to do anything, not even stop looking at it  
>Finally, call my dad and ask him to open the window  
>See the head slowly making a really pissed off face  
>The moment my dad comes in, I go out the room  
>Come back when the window is open, nothing there

Might have been a dream though. I used to have a lot of weird dreams back then, there were a lot of dreams where I actually dreamt of waking up and seeing myself exiting the room, only to wake up and find that I was still in the bed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [174]

Too many, I can't...

>Be 5  
>Great-gma dies  
>2 months later, be on trampoline  
>Great-Gma comes and has a chat with me  
>Two years later, remember  
>NOPE

- >Be 8
- >Go into woods behind gma's house
- >Skeleton with dog head, human body
- >NOPE
  
- >be 9
- >Go to girl-scout camp
- >Cabin mate has penny-sized lights travelling up and down her body in straight lines.
- >Scratching at window
- >NOPE out of there
- >Sleep in mess hall
- >IT WAS A FREAKING BEAR APPARENTLY
  
- >Training cadets to read maps like a freaking pro three years ago
- >Sitting by wall, no one can get on right side of me.
- >Feel pain in leg
- >Go to bathroom and check
- >Hand print on leg, bleeding where the nails would be.
- >NOPE.WAV
  
- >Be 18
- >Having amazing dorm room sex
- >Guy is so good
- >Three shadows in room
- >NO MORE SEX NOW
  
- >Be Thursday night
- >Roommates won't shut up
- >Leave
- >Walking to late night study
- >Shadows everywhere
- >Voices
- >"When will you die?"
- >"Car!... Car!... Die!"
- >"Throat... slit..."
- >NOPEITYNOPE

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [175]

>late teenage years, living in parents' basement  
>other than my room, there is only one light in the basement and  
only one light switch, at top of stairs  
>no windows so pitch dark when light is off  
>get pissed whenever parents forget I'm down there and turn the  
light off, I'm afraid of the dark  
>be home alone  
>3am  
>in room 4channing and playing vidya  
>need to use bathroom  
>light got turned off somehow, flashlight up the stairs and turn on  
>go to bathroom  
>go back onto the stairs, start heading down  
>light turns off and door closes behind me  
>door locks

I never stayed home alone at that house again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [176]

Actually, it's a story that happened to my best friend several years ago. About 14 years ago her hubby was worked for the air force and they were stationed at Edwards Air Force Base (where the shuttle lands). Anyway, her Mom had come out to visit and they were driving off of the base pretty late at night. Well, according to her, at Edwards in order to get off the base you have to drive for miles and miles through the desert and it is, of course, very very dark at night. So, they're driving through the desert she and her Mom and her son is in the back of the car when her headlights light up a guy walking on the side of the road way up ahead. He's got on a flight suit and he's carrying his helmet in his hand down next to his body. When they're getting closer to him,

her Mom turned to her and suggested that maybe they should pick him up. My friend agreed and when they both brought their eyes back to the road he had vanished. She said it was the weirdest thing that has ever happened to her. They both just kind of looked at each other with shocked faces. The thing about Edwards AFB is that they do a lot of test piloting for planes out there and several planes have gone down in the desert killing men over the years.

Anyway, that's just another story to scare you before you go to bed tonight.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [177]

>be 18  
>go on hunting trip with brothers (21 and 24)  
>get to favorite spot in the middle of wyoming  
>set up tent for the night  
>build fire and pass around the shine  
>go to sleep around 11pm  
>wake up around 4am to head to hunting spot  
>notice our packs had been moved from the tree we put them in  
>think nothing of it  
>hunt for the day and get nothing  
>head back to camp  
>find a hand written letter in tent  
>"We are watching you"  
>nope all the way back to our truck  
>never go back to hunting spot again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [178]

>home alone 3 AM

>watching saturday night live  
>see white crawling figure by couch  
>hear door slam shut  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [179]

>lie in bed, half asleep half awake  
>alone in my room  
>suddenly something hits my neck  
>muscles twitching, can't move for a few seconds  
>take a look behind me  
>IT'S A FREAKING WALL  
>get up  
>examine neck in mirror  
>freaking bruise on my neck  
>NOPE.jpg.exe.bin.rar.zip.sav

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [180]

>be every night  
>be going through house  
>turn off all light  
>look out of windows  
>see crap appearing in every single window  
>think about \x\  
>nope.www

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [181]

> happened to my uncle  
> be 25, back in 75'  
> grandpa told him to go live alone (fight and crap)  
> Uncle asked friend to lend him the keys of his parents  
empty house (they had 3 houses)  
> friend delivers keys for him to crash a couple of days and  
jokes him about the house being haunted for the "hottie"

now here is where you might post BS, supposedly, that house  
was habitated before they bought it and a girl was killed there,  
supposedly you can't see her face but everyone that saw her  
claims she is HOT and wearing a blue dress, that's the only  
features everyone identifies

> uncle sleeping  
> wakes up, feeling unease  
> uncle facing wall, door at his feet, open  
> he feels someone standing at his back  
> shrugs it and tries to sleep  
> suddenly...feels sheets being pulled...  
> he only thinks in hold sheets  
> pulling continues, sheet is tense where he is grabing it and  
the other thing is pulling  
> pretending to be asleep, yawns and yanks the sheet and  
covers all up to the head  
> hears giggling  
> he NOPES the crap out to funky 70s music  
> feels that someone moving to his feet  
> feels where the sheet is lifted, and a slowly advance of  
something wanting to grab his feet  
> he pulls his feet higher, avoiding to be touched  
> no more room, he gets angry and stands up, turning lamp on  
> he glances the end of a blue dress and, according to him, a  
very fine pair of calves making a turn in the door  
> nopes out...not interested in meeting with Hottie Ghost

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [182]

>be at summer camp.  
>legend has it cabin 16 is haunted.  
>spend the night there with friends.  
>at around 2am hear screaming from the second floor.  
>wake up my friends.  
>they say they didn't hear anything.  
>we all go to the second floor.  
>>window shatters.  
>NOPE.jpg  
>noped back to the first floor.  
>in the wall writen in black: 'GET OUT'  
>run out of the cabin with my bro's.  
>sleep outside

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [183]

>go ghost hunting with my friend's who have a paranormal team  
>they're going to a Shawnee Indian burial ground  
>tell them I'm half Shawnee Indian and ask if I can tag along  
>they agree  
>get out to site  
>they start asking questions  
>crap goes crazy  
>shadows everywhere  
>voices everyone  
>loud shout of "GET OUT"  
>finally I speak up and say that I'm member of the tribe because of my bloodline  
>everything calms down  
>everyone nopes out of there

Then:

>a year after that incident  
>wake up  
>Indian watching me sleep  
>yell "Who are you?"  
>Indian vanishes  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [184]

>Be 15  
>Go to allegedly haunted house  
>I mean, it's an old as crap house, freaking huge. Near a place in Wales called Pontblyddyn or something like that.  
>Anyway, a few friends and I decide to spend the night in this place.  
>Go into one of the bedrooms  
>Keep the doors open so we can see stuff (the unacknowledged reason was so we could run out as soon as anything happened).  
>Light across the hallway in another room keeps flickering on and off.  
>Just flickers there  
>WTF man?  
>My best friend and I decide to go outside into the courtyard (I said this place was old, think 18th century manor house).  
>Look up into the window.  
>Lights flicking on and off.  
>Can see a figure standing there.  
>Screw it, must be our friends screwing around.  
>Go back up to the house  
>Friends leg the hell out of there, saying they're not going back in there.  
>We walk up  
>I'm basically crying and pissing myself  
>We walk up to the room before.  
>The door is flung open, the bed has been flipped over  
>Okay, screw it, our friends have done something to piss us off.

>The flickering light room is visible as we start to walk out  
>See a woman in a wedding dress there  
>NOPE out of there.  
>Does it end there? Nope.  
>We're trying to run out.  
>Doors keep opening and closing behind us, around us.  
>We get lost in the freaking house.  
>Things are thrown at us  
>We race into one room, and hide in there  
>Look out the windows.  
>Our friends are still running down the road, little specks.  
>Something on horseback is chasing them..  
>My best friend turns to me and says, "We're getting out."  
>Couldn't agree more  
>Fling the door open, freaking race around the house.  
>Crap has stopped now.  
>Manage to find our way out into the front.  
>We start running away, turn bac.  
>The light is still flickering on and off with the figure there.

Three months later I convinced my family to move back to England. My friends were okay; they didn't realize they were being chased. I don't talk to them anymore, though. I don't know if they had done something to drive me and my buddy off or not.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [185]

>Be 12  
>Walking down the street with mom  
>Big white van drives down road  
>See person tied up sat next to the driver  
>Ask mom if she saw it  
>"No? I wasn't looking"  
>Keep seeing the same van for the next couple of weeks  
>Nope  
>See person who looks like the dude driving the van one night

>Start walking faster  
>He's right behind me  
>NOPE  
>Run home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [186]

>At supermarket  
>This guy, about 35-40, overweight, balding comes up to me  
>it's a small town, I think I might know him, not by name, just seen him once or twice  
>"Are you still scared Daniel (my name)?"  
>wat  
>"Are you still scared?"  
>nope'd right out of the store

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [187]

>be a while ago  
>sitting with my two friends, waiting for parents to pick us up from school  
>various people walking by  
>out of no where, a man runs up to us  
>shouts "WHO YOU WITH, BABY GIRL?!"  
>all attention on us  
>I look absolutely stunned and at a loss for words  
>he repeats himself  
>my friends and I all look at each other  
>"Jesus Christ, babygirl."  
>mumbled some sort of answer to him, me and my friends all ran to the convenience store down the street  
>think we're safe, try to buy some soda  
>hear his voice outside talking to a guy about 'three young

girls'

>freaking noped all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [188]

A met a peculiar man earlier today.

>sitting on a bench, smoking, chillin

>an older man with an umbrella walking in front of a younger couple

>he "pulls over" to let them pass

>really anxious; stepping in place and whatnot

>after they pass he looks at me and says

>"I should just beat the crap out of them"

>while patting his hand with his umbrella

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [189]

My great grandmothers experience.

>Be I guess 120years ago or something no clue

>Live in very undeveloped part of Alabama or Arkansas don't remember

>Live next to railroad, edge of very small town with train station

>Trash is on porch, great grandmother is home alone with my grandma (baby)

>She sees something walking along traintracks

>She thinks it's a monkey

>Takes my grandma and goes inside

>"Monkey" is on their property now

>He gets on the porch and goes through their trash

>She realizes that it's a person, dragging his arms around in very grimy clothes

>He notices her and starts banging on door  
>She hides in closet  
>He bangs on door for 2-3 hours or so  
>Leaves  
>Great grandfather comes home from work  
>Never see monkey man again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [190]

Not really paranormal, but still creeped me out.

>Mexican me gets a new job, so need work boots  
>go to Walmart, since I'm low on cash and ANY work boots will do  
>in the shoe aisle looking at the boots when this 50-something  
y/o white guy in camo clothing comes up to me  
>sees that I'm looking at the boots and stands right next to me  
and looks me in the eye  
>"Wou know you don't wanna buy those boots right?"  
>me: "Uh, why not?"  
>"Well those there are Chinese-made boots, see they're made so  
that when the Chinese start invading us and we try to march  
against them, our boots will fail and they'll win."  
>me: "....."  
>"Yeah man, but we're gonna kill them, just like in 'Nam, and then  
you gotta screw them in their eye sockets."  
>I'm creeped out by this but I want him to just be on his way, so I  
chuckle and say "Yeah man, sure."  
>"Yeah man, yeah! But you gotta do it real quick, right after you  
kill them, that way the body is still warm and it feels great all over  
you, and then you penetrate right into their brains. Oh yeah  
man!"  
>I'm just standing there thinking is this really happening right  
now  
>"But yeah man, don't get them chinese boots, get some  
American ones and we'll win it, you'll see who laughs last, see you  
around man"

>and just like that he's gone

Like I said, not paranormal, but still creeps me out that an individual like that is out there in the general public. I'm pretty sure that guy was like a war criminal or a murderer or something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [191]

>walking my dog in the middle of the night  
>I come to a 4 way intersection right when a black car does  
>car slows down and stops  
>wave them it's okay to go ahead  
>nothing happens for a moment  
>they begin turning left but halfway into the turn they stop completely  
>stand there for about 10 seconds waiting for them to go  
>nothing happens  
>I try to see into the car from my spot on the sidewalk but it's too dark to make out anything  
>...  
>awkwardly turn around and speed walk home

No idea what was going on there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [192]

>be 8 or 9  
>best friend has crazy old man as a neighbor  
>every day when she gets off the school bus he's there waiting at the stop (doesn't have kids, or any family for that matter)  
>has a dog, a pitbull  
>doesn't just wait at the bus stop. He waits at the bus stop with his finger UP HIS DOG'S BUTT

>just smiles and asks my friend how she's doing  
>does this every day

Or another time

>friend was younger, 3 or 4  
>her and her twin sister were playing in front yard  
>old man comes up, tells her about great toys in his house  
>her and her sister go with him  
>they start playing with toys, old guy starts taking off his clothes  
>their mom saw them go in his house (thank god) so bursts in  
after them  
>sees old guy taking off his pants, girls playing innocently  
>she knows dude is crazy

I saw the guy once when I went to her house. Scared the hell out  
of me. She had about a million and one stories about him, the  
creepy old goat.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [193]

>be walking in crappy part of town  
>see white male with dirty clothes and a huge black beard  
>probably homeless  
>he runs up to me  
>ohcrap.jpg  
>hurriedly mumbles a couple sentences I couldn't understand  
while making the football goal sign with his hands  
>I play along and nod  
>he staggers away like he could barely walk despite running a  
few seconds ago

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [194]

>be 8 or so years old

>at toys r us with mom, leave and get in the car

>mom realizes she left her wallet in the store

>tells me to go get it for her

>get out of car, run back in store, retrieve wallet

>on way back get distracted by toys, wander down hall looking in all the aisles

>come to an aisle and see a dude in his 20's near in a large trench coat sort of hunched over, dirty, hair unkempt

>I BS you not, this guy was full on masturbating in toys r us

>stare at his thing which he has out of his sweatpants

>he notices me, leers at me while continuing to masturbate (not that I knew what that was at the time, I was kind of shocked and couldn't figure out why he was tugging his penis) his eyes are crazy

>eventually snap out of shock, flee to car

>don't speak entire car drive back

Seriously who the hell just goes to a toy store and openly masturbates in the aisles?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [195]

>be walking around town center with friend

>walk into apple store to troll around, see shady looking middle aged mexican guy watches us as we go in

>walk out of apple store, guy still there, just standing outside the store

>we start walking again, notice guy is following us

>get to empty alleyway, no one else in immediate vicinity

>guy picks up pace towards us

>have a harmonica necklace, loudly announce jokingly to friend how it could double as a rape whistle

>blow on it

>man suddenly turns around and books it out of there

>allofmynope

Strangers are scary

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [196]

>walking to art class  
>listening to my ipod to the creepiest song in the Iain ost  
(which is also conveniently bg music for every weird scene in the series)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xyNzQs-3mXI&feature=share&list=PLC82A807CBA68BFB7>

>cloudy, no one's in the street, no cars around etc  
>white van passes by, and I see three guys inside in devil

masks looking straight at me  
>nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [197]

>be home alone  
>stereo starts playing downstairs  
>walk downstairs  
>stereo stops playing before I reach the final step on stairs  
>walk back up and go to bed

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [198]

I have told this one before but it is really the only one I can think of.

I went to a taco shop for some carne asada. Inside I see an employee trying to shoo out a guy that is clearly retarded and crazy. He is just babbling random crap in a retarded voice so I don't pay him much attention. They finally get him out.

I get my carne asada and head out the door. The guy is standing right by my car. I try to ignore him and open my car door. He grabs my arm, looks me in the eye, and says "this isn't real life. you need to wake up cuz you ain't livin' brother.". It creeped me out because when he said it, all of the retard and crazy was out of his voice, it was normal.

He let me go and I drove home. Never saw him again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [199]

ITT: We post about creepy/weird/scary moments with strangers. I'll start

>Be going home late one night, walking  
>See this man in the middle of the road.  
>No cars, the place is dimly lit and he's doing something weird.  
>Squatting then standing upright again in continuous motion with his hand on his side.  
>Wut  
>Look at me, smiling. Full Grin mofos while still bobbing up and down  
>Get creeped out, run away.  
>Look back and he's still doing it

Pic kinda related, that's all I think of whenever I remember that night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [200]

>Around 10 years ago  
>be 11/12, live in big old house  
>only people at house are me my parents, guinea pig and tortoise  
>house is big so all of us spend nights upstairs  
>to add to all of it house is in middle of nowhere  
>like 100m from house someone was killed and buried, but they found it out and it was in news like year after we moved to flat in city  
>Middle of a night I hear creaking from downstairs  
>turn on radio  
>creaking and few other quiet noises are little bit more loud  
>I go out of my room, check all of rooms upstairs  
>it's clear  
>creaking stops.

>other night  
>same stuff but when I go back to room creaking is back.  
>take flashlight and go downstairs  
>everything is dark and creepy  
>get scared run upstairs go to sleep with pillow on head  
>things happen often  
>finally feel slightly more brave and try to check everything  
>check whole upstairs and downstais  
>clear  
>still hear noises  
>they go from garage/basement  
>garage and basement got tons of rooms and is dark  
>open door to staircase  
>imagination full on  
>hear all those creaks, noises and breathing like sound  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE.jpg  
>run to sleep, never check house again.

>Actually asked my mother few years later did she heard all of those, and she said yes, and she was also little bit afraid of that house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [201]

>be 6  
>at grandparents place  
>area know for witchcrafting and other sh\*t  
>driving my bike in front of house  
>see man coming towards me  
>man with goat head  
>NOPENOPENOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [202]

>be 17  
>taking a stroll at night on a golf course near my house  
>a lot of trees  
>see shadow move  
>aim flashlight, it's gone  
>"hmmm weird" keep strolling  
>20 minutes later  
>see shadow, closer this time  
>hear faint laughter  
>NOPE  
>run a fair amount  
>slow down  
>start heading towards home  
>half mile away  
>see shadow right near me, hear laughter  
>random dog runs out to yard, barks  
>NOPE  
>run home, hear dog bark then wimpier, then silent  
>get home, lock door, keep lights on  
>no sleep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [203]

>1:30 am.  
>Walking home from work.  
>Walking by car lot.  
>Old timey model in show room.  
>For a split second see a man in the driver's seat smile to me, tip his straw hat and vanish.

Actually not a nope moment, as I thought it was pretty freaking awesome. But I never saw him again. I would look in that window over and over every night I passed the place. No sign of BroGhost :(

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [204]

>Be around 13ish  
>Riding my bike to my friend's house  
>Afraid of the dark like a little wimp so I'm always paranoid  
>At night I always just put my bike into the final gear and go as fast as I can.  
>Pull into said friend's driveway  
>Notice very large in-human creature behind his house about 150feet away  
>Almost like a tall bigfoot  
>Glares at me with yellow eyes  
>I burst into friend's house and proceed to nope.jpg on his couch  
>His younger brother says he's seen it before when he was younger.  
>Halloween that year or maybe the following  
>With friends at another friend's house  
>His backyard has a trail that leads to a junkyard  
>We're screwing around in the junkyard and decide to head back  
>As we get into his backyard we turn around to see where the friend that owns the house is  
>He must still be screwing around in the junkyard  
>Right as we're about to turn around and go towards his house a very large creature just runs past into the brush  
>Same white creature as before, except up close it seems like it's 7-8ft tall  
>We proceed to nope.jpg our way back to his house  
>Ask friends if they saw what I just saw  
>We all saw it  
And that was the last day I went outside at night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [205]

I wasn't alone but it was Halloween and I was walking with some friends.

- >Be young
- >Maybe around 10-13
- >Walking on grass next to road
- >Road is usually busy
- >I'm in the back walking with my two friends
- >We're talking and laughing
- >I feel something grab my shoulder
- >Nope and sprint ahead yelling
- >Turn around and nothing is there.

Pretty crappy story but sure was scary as hell.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [206]

- >biking...
- >biking on trail
- >stop to have to take a pic
- >still biking half hour later
- >get spooked since I am the only one on trail
- >keep going
- >keep going
- >almost there
- >get into neighborhood... I'm in the clear now
- >GIANT DOG COMES OUT OF NOWHERE
- >It chases me home
- >I bike like neil armstrong in the tour defrance with both nuts.
- >dog still running at me
- >get home, throw bike in driveway
- >unlock door as quick as possible
- >get inside...nope.exe

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [207]

>Be about 12 in Hillbilly Hell, Tennessee  
>Going trick-or-treating all by myself for the first time  
>Creepy house at the end of the road that I live on  
>Never seen the person who lives there despite all the crap strewn about the lawn  
    >Going door to door for candy, coming closer to the creepy house  
        >In viewing distance of creepy house, see decrepit old man rocking away in his rocking chair  
        >Blank-eyed stare. He's just rocking away like it's nothing out of the ordinary  
        >Feel creeped out and decide not to go any further down street  
        >Cut across other street nearby and visits the houses there  
        >Getting late and pretty tired. Lady that my parents know from church gives me ride home  
    >She cuts down the same road I decided to take to avoid the creepy ancient guy  
        >He is still on his porch rocking away  
        >Drive by his house all the time for years and never see him or anyone else who lives there again  
    >Nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [208]

>be 16  
>friend (let's call him Billy) suggests we check out the abandoned college in town  
>sure, why not  
>go there after school  
>it's a massive, four-story block building with various other buildings connected to it  
>wander around outside for a bit  
>"Let's go inside."  
>ok.jpg

>inside it's a total hole, like it was hit by a bomb or something, everything is all over the floors, windows are smashed, rubble everywhere, trashed furniture everywhere  
>wandering around the 2nd floor, find some metal sticks  
>pick them up, they're swords  
>go upstairs  
>wander around for a bit  
>get bored and decide to leave  
>going downstairs  
>hear heavy footsteps  
>ohgod.jpg  
>frantic whispers between ourselves  
>decide to call out  
>"H..Hello?" easily loud enough to hear  
>no response  
>Call again  
>Footsteps still coming, are close  
>NOPE.PNG  
>put down sticks and go upstairs, decide to go along and down the next staircase  
>do so, running along and over the crap on the floor making a load of noise  
>suddenly hear the metal stick we had being moved  
>OHGOD.PNG.GIF  
>get to the staircase  
>get down as fast as possible  
>run across rubble and crap on first floor, nearly slip and die on paint that had a some kinda crust over it  
>outside, sprinting and noping at the speed of SCREW THIS  
>climb over fence and run another two hundred-ish metres to safety

Never run so freaking fast in my life. No idea who/what that was. Gives me chills just thinking about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>Be 3 weeks ago  
>Live in Oklahoma between a city and a town  
>Extremely rural  
>Out smoking, hear noise out near road  
>Loud scraping, then CRASH  
>Hear sapling trees breaking and splintering  
>.nope

No idea what it was, those saplings were about 8 feet tall and a human couldn't have broken one like that. No bears or mountain lions around, what was that?

Also, no car crashes or anything. Went back out to the area next day and saw a few bushes trashed, couple shorter sapling broke, but the 4 saplings I thought I heard were absolutely destroyed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [210]

>be about 12  
>be staying at my aunts for a few weeks, can't remember why  
>she's super nice and lets me sleep in her bed while she sleeps in the basement  
>she also stays up very late at night listening to weird music in the living room  
>be Saturday night  
>she has some friends over  
>fall asleep easily to the sound of music and chattering  
>woke up several hours later because I had to pee  
>started hearing freaking weird noises from the living room  
>thought it was just some weird music but checked anyway  
>the stereo is off  
>No-one was there  
>noise got louder  
>it was some sort of grunge, cough and slithering sound

>sounded like someone was dragging themselves towards me  
>ran to the hall  
>it followed  
>nopenopenopenopenope  
>ran down stairs  
>heard thumping down stairs  
>ran inside the basement door, locked it and slept in my aunts bed for the rest of the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [211]

Alright, I'll share. I've got a few from when I moved into a house that was previously occupied by a crazy old woman.

First incident:

>have to scrub wall, this place is so filthy because old lady never cleaned  
>steam and vacuum carpets 6-7 times  
>home alone  
>step on hypodermic needle just laying on carpet  
>wat.

Second incident:

>helping friend color their hair  
>go to grab kit from bathroom  
>freezer bag FULL of syringes next to it  
>"mom, are these yours?"  
>"wtf no, throw those away"  
>nope.

Third incident:

>skyping with friend  
>normally at the head of my bed, urge to sit at foot of it tonight

- >chatting it up, laughing at 3AM
- >light fixture falls on my head
- >lump the size of golf ball
- >screw to fixture is completely stripped
- >"...mom, I'm bleeding...a lot. help."

Fourth incident:

- >dog goes missing
- >look all over neighborhood with friends
- >give up, leave food out to lure her home
- >find her in the middle of the yard, away from street
- >no injuries
- >post mortem cut from neck to stomach
- >nope

Fifth incident:

- >taking out garbage
- >smell something dead
- >call friend from inside to help me find it
- >we both realize it's coming from the attic
- >"Screw that noise, I'm not going up there."
- >"Me neither."
- >smell continues until I move out

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [212]

I had something weird happen a few weeks ago.

- >At grocery story
- >Sweet looking old lady comes up to me out of nowhere
- >"You should think about your future now."
- >"Uh, alright."
- >Promptly leave store
- >Get home

>Look in mirror for split second as I walk in  
>Old lady standing behind me in mirror  
>Blink  
>She's gone  
>.Nooooope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [213]

Man, I forgot to take a picture of it but here it goes anyway.

>Helping my parents move last week.  
>Find homemade toy in the garage.  
>Toy is made out of wire and is human shaped with long limbs and a white head.  
>"Hey dad, what's this?"  
>"That's Skinny George, you don't remember him?"  
>turns out he was my imaginary friend through most of elementary school.  
>parents tell me that I used to try and sneak out at night to play with him.  
>I don't remember any of it.  
nopenopenope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [214]

>few years ago  
>laying quietly in bed late at night  
>double doors at the foot of bed  
>doors are shut tight  
>doors suddenly crack open  
>feel cold chill in room  
>"hello"?  
>get up to check hallway

>pitch black, silent  
>lock doors get under covers  
nnnope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [215]

>be 7  
>move into new 3 story house  
>get new cat  
>cat is weird  
>cat just stares into space and scurries 5ft then stops and stares again  
>wake up one night with cat in my bed right in my face  
>looks at window and stares  
>nothing there  
>pick up cat and put it in parents room  
>back in bed  
>hear tap at window and something move away quickly  
>I'm on second floor  
>nope  
>run out crying into parents room

We eventually gave the cat to our friend because it was just a weird freaking cat. The cat was totally chill at the friend's house and still is. So, something was making that cat a little edgy at my old house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [216]

>4 years ago  
>Live on a cattle farm.  
>Cattle aren't coming in to the barn like normal OH GOD ARE THEY ON THE ROAD?

>Find them down by where I roll bales out crowded against the fence scared as hell.  
>Wtf they aren't eating their hay...  
>Investigate hay bale.  
>As I approach I all the sudden notice that a very large animal is eating the bale.  
>Animal is perhaps six feet tall at the back and has the head of a goat and the body some great shaggy gray fur and long legs.  
>Not very concerned about me being there, just regards me with it's glowing orange eyes while it eats my bale.  
>Cattle are on their own tonight, back to the house!  
>Next day all cattle are fine but part of my fence has been broken through much higher than cattle could.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [217]

>be 7-8  
>attic being renovated  
>no one in attic, completely cleaned out for renovation  
>go upstairs to play  
>single armchair in the room, with a wine rack built into the brickwork  
>few bottles of dusty wine in the rack  
>playing away with plastic soldiers  
>"change the channel please dear."  
>I freeze, it sounded like an old woman's voice  
>still frozen, turn around  
>no one there  
>peg it downstairs and never go back up until they'd finished renovating

My mother told me years on that a woman had died in that seat. The old lady drank herself to death, and watched TV the months before she passed away for days on end upstairs in her attic. During renovation the builders refused to move the chair after

hearing about the story as they got real creepy feelings when trying to move it, same for the wine rack.

She seemed like a nice enough woman from what I was told, but at the time I was frightened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [218]

>be 15  
>be around 3-4am  
>playing new gameboy in my room.  
>hear extremely loud crash from downstairs.  
>open my door  
>as I open my door, the rest of my family does also, all of us were upstairs.  
>go downstairs, all the china is on the floor shattered.  
>wut  
>all doors locked and windows are sealed.

Mom told me later that she used to be scared for her life some nights. We would constantly hear walking in the hallways and kitchen.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [219]

Here goes. To this I say I've only been back once...

>be throwing 12 year birthday party  
>live in backwoods town  
> have a dirtroad leading to a no trespassing sign and a abandoned sand factory  
>you used to hear mixing sand all night when I was 6 before they closed it down due to workplace injuries

> parents told me to never go there they really aren't religious or tend to give a crap very often so I listened  
> have my best friend and buddy I've known forever stay all night for the party  
>tell them about the story they wanna go I was a bit creeped out  
> were all guys btw  
>ask mom and dad if we can hang out with friends for awhile on our neighborhood  
>knock yourself out, it's your birthday, have fun  
> wave bye start walking down the road with buddies  
> never actually climbed a 10 foot barbed wire fence before so we used a shirt to cover our hands up the barbed wire  
> get to this factory it's huge  
>4 stories high ladder leading to the top  
>climb, me and my best friend are waiting on my buddy to get up, it's really high  
> one of the rusty ladder poles broke, buddy starts freaking out and climbs faster  
> get to the top and start freaking out  
>go inside main building at the top, all the mixers are beneath us  
>door is locked  
>see one of those fire axes kick the glass and break the lock off the door to open it  
>Inside the building we find something called "goetic"? Cult papers it was creepy  
>we hear a noise coming from the mixer  
>nope.jpg  
>my buddy runs for the ladder and we head down  
>I head down the ladder then my best friend but my buddy is frozen in fear, he sees something  
>we finally make it down we see my buddy head down finally but he's crying?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[220]**

>be 19

>be drinking/jamming out in the garage with a couple friends like any other day  
>got a little tipsy, feeling sleepy  
>starting to get dark outside, ask friends to take off  
>crash on living room couch  
>hours later, awake from slumber  
>no idea of the time, everyone must be asleep because the house is dead silent  
>next to the t.v, there's the hallway leading to all the rooms.  
>very first door is the guest bathroom  
>notice silhouette of someones head peeking over the corner from said bathroom, looking at me  
>thought it was my bro, called out  
>little response, flinched a little. like I scared him or something  
>got up, started walking over  
>when I got close, it abruptly shot into the bathroom  
>turn on lights, nothing there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [221]

When I was about 6 my great uncle payed us a visit.  
We didn't see him much because he lived in Devon. (I come from further up north)

He visited us, and we decided to go and stay with him and his wife for a week.

On the car journey their (which was long) I was playing on my old gameboy black and white for the duration of the ride as you'd expect a young boy to do.

Well, it got dark as we was driving through a wooded area up towards his house.

His wife looked really nervous and she was looking left and right every couple seconds.

We got up to the driveway and all the adults began shouting.

My great uncle said "Stay in the car, it's back again".

His wife, my mom and me stayed in the car while he and my 4 uncles (In another car) got out and began chasing something through the woods.

After half an hour they all came back as tired. (These were some pretty healthy blokes)

My great uncle told us to get into the house before it came back.

We obliged and he pulled the curtains over then deadbolted the front and back doors.

I didn't sleep that night because it felt like something was watching me.

My uncles refuse to talk about what "it" was and my mother down right denys it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [222]

- > Great uncle comes to visit.
- > Invites us to his, we accept.
- > Playin' on my black n white gameboy like a young boy does
- > About 4 hours later (Yes he lives that far away) all the adults in the car start shouting.
- > Something big ran infront of us on the road.
- > Only caught fleeting glimpse of the thing but it was about 7 foot tall, very muscular and covered with fur.
- > All the men from the car and the car behind us (Other uncles) get out and chase the thing.
- > Come back nearly an hour later as tired as .
- > Get to his and lock doors, pull curtains over.
- > Great uncle swears (which he rarely did) "Keep away from the b\*\*\*\*ding windows, that c\*\*t likes sticking its friggin' maulers in".
- > No body slept for the whole night and we left the next day.

None of the buggers like to speak about what they saw but I think it looked a little like a werewolf.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [223]

>7 years old, have imaginary friend named Ed.  
>Wake up at around 3:00am.  
>Tallish, young guy is standing over my bed.  
>Tells me Ed isn't real and there is a world beyond the one I have in my mind and then leaves my room.  
>Be about 15  
>Wake up at around 5:00am  
>Same friggin' guy is standing in front of my door.  
>As soon as I say "Hello?" he leaves.  
>17  
>Just woke up from my first bout of sleep paralysis  
>My dog is barking and growling at something.  
>The man is once again in my room watching me and leaves after about 20 seconds.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [224]

>me and some friends are alone at my house  
>it is dark  
>we hear the door downstairs being closed  
>someone's walking up the stairs  
>the one goes into my brother's room  
>we think my brother is back home  
>we go into his room  
>everything's dark and no one is there (in the whole house)

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [225]

>be like 3 or 4  
>have a swing set and mini jungle gym in backyard  
>go outside one morning to play  
>see three little kids playing on my swing set  
>they take off towards the side of my house as soon as they see me  
>try to run after them, turn the corner and they're gone  
>run to tell my mom that I saw "ghost kids" playing in our backyard  
>her face when there's a huge fence on all sides of our house that block entrance into our backyard  
>never lets me play outside by myself again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [226]

I've had so many things happen to me all my life. According to my mother, she thinks our family tree is cursed because of all the weird crap that's happened over the years. One of the earliest ones I can remember happened to my sister.

Be around 6-7, sis is around 4-5. We used to live in a 2 story house that was down a dirt road with woods around it. Nearest neighbors were about a mile or two away. House was pretty old but in really good condition. Had a barn in the back. We used to play outside and in the barn all the time. One time my sister went outside for a while before I did. I finally get outside and she's talking to air. I go up to her and ask her what's going. She responds by saying she's talking to a Soldier she met in the barn.

I just give her an odd look and blow it off. We run off and play but she's also talking to her "invisible" friend. This happens for a few weeks. During that time I start noticing that she's not sleeping

and hardly eating, looks sickly and tired. My great grandmother comes to visit one weekend and the split second she walked into the house she made an odd face. Later on I hear her talking to my parents about something being in the house when they thought we had gone to bed. Fast forward to a week later and great grandma comes back with some stuff that I didn't understand what it was.

Scented oils, candles, crosses, and tells us to come to her. She does this weird thing with an uncooked egg. She's chanting in and rubbing the egg over our bodies. She cracks open the egg she rubbed on me and yolk looks funky. Does the same to my sis and her's comes out even weirder.

G-grandma proceeds to walk all over the house spraying the oils EVERYWHERE in the house while chanting and rubbing some kind of smelly bush or grass also. She gets to my sister's closet and something growls? I couldn't tell what it was or what it sounded like. Suddenly my sister passes out with her eyes rolled back. I can hear my g-grandma arguing with something.

Hear the phrases "LEAVE", "GET OUT", and "SHE'S NOT YOURS TO TAKE". Power flickers and there's no storms or wind, no reason for it to go out. About an hour later she comes out of my sister's room and says "It's gone now" to my parents. Sister wakes up next day fine. Later on I found out that the house belonged to some old 'Nam vet.

After that my sister hasn't had crap happen to her but I've had more crap happen to me after.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [227]

>Going to my Lithuanian Sea Scout meeting area  
>It's pretty late  
>Had pretty scare dreams before that day

>After the meeting I start to leave  
>Just as I walk out of the building  
BAM  
>3 Lamps explode right in front of me

This crap happened to me 3 times, I can only remember 2

>Going to my Sprint canoe practice  
>Walking past a bar  
BAM  
>Lamp explodes again  
>Sudden flashbacks of the time I went to my Sea Scout meeting  
>Bar keeper starts yelling at me

Explain this to me /x/

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [228]

>be about 7 or 8  
>have a brother about 13 years older than me  
>all of his friends are really close to our family  
>go to a party at brother's friend's apartment with my family  
>really old building, 150-200 years old which had been converted into apartments  
>we arrive at the door, he lets us in  
>little girl around my age standing behind him, looking at us  
>later ask him where she went  
>he tells me there were never any other kids at the party

Then who was little girl? Obviously being a kid I wasn't really freaked out about it, just brushed it off. But now when I think about it it's pretty creepy, I remember it really vividly.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [229]

>be probably 16 or 17 at the time, hanging out with my little sister who was 8 while my parents were out on a saturday night  
>this was every saturday, we always got to have the house to ourselves and play video games and have fun w/e  
>suddenly I get a really bad feeling in my chest and I go to the kitchen to get a drink of water, and my little sister gets there the same time I do  
>she looks weird so I ask her what's wrong, she says she doesn't feel good  
>right across from the sink is a nook and a sliding glass door, and the blinds are pulled back  
>both of us see two glowing, floating blue orbs (almost like a concentrated ball of burning gas?) about 4 feet up from the ground outside the slider door, looks like it could be eyes  
>she asks me if I see the two "blue guys" too  
>quickly grab her hand and go upstairs to watch Scooby Doo and calm down because I have to be a brave big sister

I didn't want to freak out and scare her more, but both of our stomachs hurt really badly, and we talked about later and said it would almost be the same height and eye-width apart as if she'd stood there herself. She still remembers it and she's 13 now.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [230]

>Home Alone (To the best of my knowledge)  
>Go into kitchen to find the chocolate bar I got yesterday  
>Christ, Mom. Where did you put it!"  
>Search in all cabinets, where I put it last time, and fridge and freezer.  
>Angrily grab water and put it on the counter.  
>Hear movement in basement  
>NOPE  
>"Hello?"

>It is my dad "Hey kiddo just got home"  
> Disregard noping  
> Turn around to get water bottle.  
> THE FREAKING CANDYBAR IS LEANED AGAINST IT.  
>NOOPENOPENOPE  
>Nope upstairs  
>Nope into my room with the candy bar  
Should I eat it?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [231]

>be 18  
>sitting on my friend's bed leaning against the wall  
>late at night  
>something pokes me in the back  
>the wall has nothing on it  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [232]

>walking past wildlife park reserve or some crap like that at night  
>forest separated from sidewalk by large metal fence  
>street lamps end as park thing begins  
>complete darkness except for light from occasional cars  
>fence ends  
>clearing in forest, big tree in the center  
>entrance to clearing from sidewalk is a wooden gate painted white, missing the door, but the latch is firmly locked  
>gate stands apart from rest of fence, which is a completely different style from the fence  
>something wrong with that fence  
>realize I've stopped walking to look past the fence

>feeling increasingly paranoid, more and more convinced the fence is screwed up  
>brought back to reality by homeless man passing by  
>go on my way as calmly as possible

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [233]

>be yesterday  
>be on daily jog with neighbour and our dogs in marshy land, it's pretty dark  
>discussing NWO, illuminati and move on to creepy crap like this thread  
>suddenly hear rustling from bush, about 5m from us  
>stop for a second, but disregard it as a random animal, think nothing of it  
>be 5 minutes later  
>creepy rustling from forest to the right of us, also quiet growls and otherworldly screeches, getting quite loud now  
>slight\_nope.flv  
>getting really dark  
>rustling and screeching repeats twice  
>start jogging at faster pace, nope.avi  
>get to area with streetlights, as we approach the first one, it turns off  
>NOPENOPE.wmv  
>get about 5m away from it, slowly turns back on  
>every street light we pass on our way home flickers, noone around, but no rustling, fortunately  
>wascreepybro

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [234]

>16 years old, living with parents and 14 year old brother

>Went trick or treating for giggles, got tipsy  
>Came home, me and brother instantly start trading off candy,  
and arranging our candy  
>Starting to crash from sugar rush, maybe 2am  
>Tell brother we should crash in the living room  
>Brother on one couch, me on different couch across room  
>Slowly but surely pass out  
>Wake up at around 3am, have that gut feeling like something  
weird is about to happen  
>Sit up, scan room, nothing there but my brother  
>Glance over at brother  
>His eyes are as wide as can be, staring right at me  
>"Anon, what are you staring at?"  
>No reply, just a dead stare at me  
>"Knock that crap off before I smack you, anon."  
>Still no reply  
>Get up, start to walk around coffee table  
>Notice his eyes weren't staring at me  
>He was staring above me  
>Hear a THUD and what sounds like scampering feet go into the  
kitchen behind me  
>Whirl around, terrified at this point  
>Nothing there at all, complete silence  
>Turn towards brother his eyes are closed  
>Sit down, try to relax  
>Out of the corner of my eye, see my brother staring at me full  
on terrified glare again  
>Spin my head to him, his eyes are closed  
>Nope.jpg to my room, stay there all night until I pass out from  
exhaustion

Ask him about it, he doesn't remember a thing/says I'm lying

I know it wasn't a lucid dream/sleep paralysis because I never  
woke up after, and I stayed awake for some hours after.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [235]

This is a story regarding myself at my aunts house, which is creepy. I'll add more stories if desired.

>Be 4  
>Go to state fair with family  
>Holy crap dolls everywhere  
>I freaking hate dolls  
>Aunt decides to buy a bunch of raggedy ann ones  
>lolno  
>"Hey anon, you're staying with your aunt tonight okay?"  
>WHAT SCREW THAT  
>No choice  
>Go back to aunt's creepy friggin' house, she throws the raggedy ann dolls on the bed I'd be staying in (Maybe she thought I'd like to play with them?)  
>Go downstairs to watch cartoons, hear giggling upstairs  
>Wtf?  
>Scared, nervous, grab giant freaking dog and make him go with me  
>Get to room I'm gonna sleep in and dog flips a crap  
>Open door and all the raggedy ann dolls are lined up with their hands touching  
>Called my mum and NOPED out of there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [236]

>Last year  
>Getting ready to go around my girlfriend's house  
>All morning have the feeling that there is something right behind me  
>On the drive there  
>Keep checking my rear view mirror, thinking I'll see someone or something

>Get to her house  
>It's just her and myself  
>Once I get into her room I close the door  
>Climb into bed with her (she was just waking up)  
>She asks what's wrong  
>I say "It feels like something has been following me"  
>Before she can say anything  
>Footsteps right outside her door  
>She slowly walks away and eventually stop  
>We were the only ones there  
>fistofthenopestar.avi

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [237]

>be 16  
>be asleep one night at home alone  
>wake up strangely at exactly 3:00 am  
>(never wake up after going to sleep ever)  
>lay there and think about school and crap  
>hear barefeet slapping against hard flooring  
>start imagining small asian boy from Ju-on  
>NOPENOPENOPE FREAKING NOPE  
>stare at door for what seemed like hours  
>about to fall back asleep then door is literally forced open as hard as possible (exactly like someone just punched it really hard)  
>door hits wall so hard chips paint  
>scream like wimp  
>nothing there  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [238]

>9

>had a weirdo neighbor who owned a little café  
>family used to visit it because it was really very cheap  
>neighbor was really strange, used to mutter things under his breath even when he was talking to you  
>never once saw him smile  
>would sometimes sit in his car for hours at a time, engine running, radio off, just sitting there  
>one day his café gets closed down  
>don't find out why for a couple of weeks, he's gone missing  
>parents ask another local  
>"ever wonder why the meat was so cheap? some lady eating a pie bit into a microchip that you find in cats and dogs."  
>never saw him again.

Sounds like it was ripped right off snopes but I never saw the guy again so SOMETHING had to be going on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [239]

>Be about 14  
>Have younger brother  
>Something obviously wrong with him  
>Would always do stupid things because "she told him to"  
>One day we were sitting at the table eating breakfast  
>He looks to the side and starts whispering something  
>Without warning he grabs a knife, jumps up and stabs it straight through my mom's hand  
>Sits back down and looks up with a wicked scary grin  
>Everyone flipping crap  
>Hours later, after the hospital trip my brother is brought to the mental ward  
>Asked why he did it  
>"She told me to do it" was the only answer he gave  
>Still has that wicked grin  
>A few days after having him committed I start hearing a female voice

>Fast whispering, can't really make it out  
>Ignore it as best I can  
>Years later brother moves back in  
>One night he runs at me and pins me down  
>"If you ever talk to her again, I'll fucking kill you"  
>I move out about a month later  
>He's sent back to the mental ward not long after

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [240]

>be a few minutes ago  
>find videos of me in photobooth playing xbox alone  
>the camera comes right up to my face  
>I don't notice it at all  
>okay

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [241]

>Be 5th grade  
>Homework was to do the snow dance  
>Be good little boy and dance around front yard at night  
>After about 30 minutes a van drives past me on other half of the street  
>Van slows down to a near stop

Mind Flashes back to mini-nope story a couple months before:

>Biking around the block to test my new bike  
>Different van drives past me riding on the sidewalk  
>Don't think anything of it until the van waits at the stop sign for me to pass  
>Realize van is following me home  
>Freaking book it

Back to the actual story:

>Van slows down to a near stop  
>I'm staring at it preparing myself to dip back inside  
>Van drives off.  
>Pick up on my moves and grooves, eventually start dancing in my neighbor's yard  
>After 15 or so minutes of this, the Van comes back, this time on my side of the street  
>Van stops in front of the neighbor's house I'm at  
>Stop dancing and walk back to my yard  
>The van freaking goes in reverse and stops in front of my yard  
>Run for the door and hide inside  
>Look outside to see large negro man leave the van and walk to the side of my house.  
>Contemplate going back out, but was too scared, knowing the man was waiting for me  
>Have only told close friends this story

I haven't thought much of this story until a few days ago when I found out the town I grew up in was actually a hotspot for child abductions and human trade.

>Mfw I was almost kidnapped by human snatchers and would of gotten sold to some man and raped and killed after living a pathetic life of slavery

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [242]

>be 13  
>uncle just died motorcycle accident  
>go to texas for family time  
>attend funeral talk to hot cousins 15/16 y/o  
>15 y/o wants to take pic with me in bathroom  
>take picture

>there is a figure in the picture by the shower curtain  
Imagine drawing a face on a foggy mirror with a pencil that is fully detailed  
>we go show the family to see if we are just overeating  
>my cousin ask's my little brother  
"What's that in the photo chris"  
"he shouts THAT'S UNCLE DAVE"  
>family looks at photo  
>it's him  
>we upload the photo to the computer  
>it's not there  
>we can't even see the photo on the phone anymore  
NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [243]

>be a high school freshman at home  
>11:45 at night  
>dad comes home from work at midnight, rest of family asleep  
>after reading a bunch of creepypasta decide to go to bed  
>take out DS start playing a game  
>roll over to get more comfortable (facing away from rest of room)  
  >suddenly hear a thump and bed rocks like someone jumped on it, feel weight on my legs for a brief moment  
  >Shoot upright, look around the room.  
  >My room has no door, see no one  
  >the dog is not allowed out of a room upstairs  
  >dad wasn't home  
  >mom and little brother long asleep  
  >NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [244]

>Be many years ago  
>Living in rather secluded place  
>About 2am, just sitting on my back porch, looking out at the dense forest around me  
>Dog is running around somewhere  
>Suddenly hear a loud yelp them dead silence  
>Grab my axe for self defense  
>Slowly creep into forest and start calling for my dog  
>Hear weird groan-like noises  
>Suddenly notice everything around me is dead silent  
>Something grabs my leg and pulls me down  
>I swing my axe wildly but hit nothing  
>Get to my feet and nope back to the house  
>Jump on my 4-wheeler and nope into town  
>Check into hotel for the night  
>Go back next day  
>Look for dog all around the house  
>Go the edge of my property line (I had a ten ft fence marking the property lines)  
>Nothing  
>Few days later  
>Go to step outside for a smoke  
>It's about 11pm so dark  
>Step on something  
>Look down  
>It's my freaking dog  
>Body mangled in ways it shouldn't be  
>Deep gashes and bite mark like cuts everywhere  
>Obviously dead  
>Disturbed, but slowly finish my smoke  
>Get bags, gloves and shovel and clean it up  
>Bury dog in front yard  
>Go to bed, restless sleep and image of my dog burned into my head

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [245]

>Be 5  
>Move into new house  
>A few days after moving in I begin to get very tired all the time  
>Realize it's only when I'm in or around the house  
>Tell parents  
>Don't really care  
>Gets to the point I fight to stay awake  
>Start getting glimpses of things in the corner of my vision  
>Gradually over the years these "things" are making themselves more known  
>Start seeing them in rooms that are darkened  
>Start seeing them more clearly  
>Just looks like the shadow of a person but I normally see them when I'm alone  
>One night sitting with parents at dinner  
>One appears behind my dad  
>Just stands there for the whole time, looking in my general direction  
>Start feeling extremely tired and fight to stay awake  
>Actually fall asleep for a brief second  
>Parents didn't notice  
>Look around at parents  
>They're completely blanked out, eyes look empty and expressionless  
>Shadow man dissolves or something  
>Parents snap back and start talking again where they left off  
>Eventually move again  
>No experiences since

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [246]

>be 15  
>at bff's house from turn of the century

>upstairs in front room by myself while she's downstairs doing crap  
>suddenly think "he's coming", but it doesn't "feel" like my own thought  
>get image of someone with long blonde hair obscuring their face  
>feel apprehensive, but try to ignore it  
>happens again  
>happens again, feels more imminent, like he is coming NOW  
>decide screw this, I'm not going to be here when he gets here and go downstairs  
>be 2 weeks later, sleepover time with friend  
>parents drop us off at the house after dinner w/ her younger sister  
>about to watch movie downstairs  
>go upstairs to get sweater because I'm cold  
>get horrible DO NOT WANT feeling when I start up the stairs  
>the higher I climb, the worse the feeling gets until I'm panicking  
>chide myself for being silly and have to force myself to her bedroom door  
>do not want to open it  
>REALLY do not want to open it  
>FORCE myself to open the door and stop being such a baby  
>open door and step in room  
>FREEZE  
>the bathroom light is on, the door is ajar but almost closed, someone is inside talking to themselves  
>have never frozen up before or after this, literally cannot make myself move  
>see sweater on bed, keep telling brain to reach down, grab it and leave  
>can't  
>suddenly the talking stops  
>can feel it notice my presence  
>FREAK OUT, heart hammering so fast, want to cry  
>FEEL it turning toward the door to open it  
>the thought of seeing it face to face allows me the jolt I need to snatch my sweater and run out, slamming door behind me

>run downstairs telling myself it was her sister, and she's going to be embarrassed when I caught her talking to herself in the bathroom, try loling at myself for being so panicky over nothing  
>run into living room, needing sister to NOT be there  
>sister is there, so is my friend  
>FREAK OUT  
>friend asks wtf and when I tell her, she FORCES me to go back up to her room to see if anything is going up  
>literally has me by the arm dragging me upstairs  
>when she opens the door to her room the bathroom light is off and the door is wide open  
>nope back downstairs freaking out like a little wimp  
>next week she sees a man with long blonde hair standing in her doorway  
>only I never told her about the "He's coming" incident  
>never spend the night at her house again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [247]

Not paranormal, but

>Spending night at grandparents house  
>Old fashioned, grandma and grandpa have separate bedrooms  
>In bed with gran (femanon here), facing hallway  
>Clock strikes 3:30, see dark figure come down the hall, stops right outside door and stares in the room just far away enough so no face is distinguishable  
>>Happens every time I spend the night for the next 4 years

As an adult I realized my grandpa probably has PTSD from WW2 and that's why he wandered the house militantly in the middle of the night at specific times but as a wee lass it made me crap bricks every time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [248]

>Be an RA at one of my college's dorms  
>Last year, my friend committed suicide on the 3rd floor.  
Feelsbadman.jpg  
>The RA's have to do a routine Health and Safety check in each room  
>Go up to the 3rd floor  
>Check friend's old suite  
>I tell the other RA's that I'll check his old bedroom  
>This year a girl is living in this room  
>Start looking around, find nothing to worry about. Get ready to leave  
>A familiar male voice says from behind "Check underneath the bed, again"  
>Think it was a coworker, so I check underneath the covers  
>Under a little blanket, was a black kitten  
>No pets allowed  
>Pick up the cat and go to tell my coworkers about the cat.  
>Everyone has left the suite to stop a fight breaking out in the halls  
>Look around the suite,  
>No one there  
>Realize the voice sounded exactly like my friend  
>NOOPENOPENOPE outta the suite with a kitten in my hands.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [249]

>be at home  
>hear something upstairs, sound go on for 2 minutes  
>meh, cat?  
>countinue with whatever I was doing  
>suddenly remember, look behind me  
>cat is sleeping on bed, door closed all the time  
>then who was upstairs?  
>nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [250]

>be 16 years old  
>mom & dad are both nurses. same hospital for about 6yrs  
>80% of the time they aren't home.  
>downstairs one late night. summer time.  
>eating icecream. straight chillin'  
>dad's home on sick-leave. he's on the couch half-sleep  
>from upstairs I hear my mom call for me in her pissed off/angry tone of voice.  
>nope.jpg I'm in serious trouble.  
>dad fully wakes up. concerned face.  
>stops me from leaving the room.  
>"When did she get here? She doesn't get off for 4 more hours."  
>moment of silence.  
>we both NOPE around the house.  
>no mom was found  
>a NOPE.gif we both share and will never forget

A bunch of weird crap went down in that old house, however. That was just one of the strangest times. Pretty sure my Dad probably saved my life from whatever was upstairs. Calling only me. Mimicking my Mom. Angrily.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [251]

>be at friend's house  
>his grandmother died in this house (It's his grandfather's)  
>His ANCIENT coal miner grandfather claims that the dishes still wash themselves occasionally  
>chalk it up to him being almost senile  
>About 1 A.M  
>me and the band I'm in have been watching horror movies

>hear a dish drop in the kitchen  
>we know he's upstairs in bed, send one person to go check  
>the rest of us are in room  
>we all walk into the kitchen and there's one broken mug on  
the floor  
>All of the other dishes are clean

ALSO on another night  
>Be complaining about never sticking with piano  
>we're out in the garage (there's 4 of us)  
>hear mashing on out of tune piano in the side room  
everybody stays out of for some reason

Freaking house.

Also, this is all in Ohio. There's some woods WAY out past this  
house's big field, and there's an old forgotten cemetery way out in  
the woods.

>Always walked around it out of respect  
>made a point of telling anyone who came with us to walk  
right behind us and around it  
>Idiot with us doesn't listen once  
>Trips and screws up his ankle and shin  
>Turns out he tripped on these weird clay dolls that have never  
been there before  
>I send the others back, say a prayer asking for purity of this  
earth and for safe passage of those walking through it  
>never come back

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [252]

> be my dad as a kid  
> live in house in Iowa  
> house was previously a mortuary  
> hear coffin elevator go up and down in the middle of the night

- > house has also previously been a daycare and an old folks home
- > family who lives there claims it's haunted

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [253]

- > be at the Stanley Hotel
- > go on ghost tour
- > extremely skeptical of the hype
- > skip through 4th floor calling "Sissy, sissy! I'm here to get you!"
- > feel hand suddenly become heavy and cold, fingers seem to want to move apart as if being held by a little kid
- > feel cold dots on arm, as if someone was poking me but no pressure
- > take pictures all around the hotel in multiple places, right after the other, etc
- > orbs

welp

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [254]

- > be young child, somewhere between 8 and 10
- > have mostly black cat along with another cat
- > black cat runs away
- > we live in Houston next to a busy road
- > never find cat
- > one night wake up, tired, nightlight on, turn to look towards door
- > could swear to freaking god the same cat was there at the side of my bed, paws placed on my mattress, looking in at me
- > definitely does not feel like a dream
- > feeling of horror at recognition and cat's bright eyes

- > cat seems to notice I woke up, tilts head, and calmly turns and walks off, out through my open door
  - > no possible way it could have gotten in
  - > feel chill and go back to sleep
- 
- > be a few years after that
  - > family resigns to conclusion cat died somehow
  - > brother comes in and excitedly tells me the cat came back
  - > "Sigh...no, bro, it's dead."
  - > walk into living room, Mom hurriedly putting on shoes
  - > "No, Anon! I swear, I saw it too!"
  - > look out large window to backyard, cat sitting beneath tree, calmly looking up
  - > other cat from before in tree, fluffed up, looks terrified
  - > black cat turns to look evenly at me, then once again turns and walks away
  - > we go out, search everywhere, can't find this cat

Her name was Verushka or something. Never did find her. Never even knew what her name meant or if it might be related somehow? Kinda sounds like the Russian word for grandma.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [255]

Can't remember what age I was when this happened.

- > Be home alone
- > Watching television in the living room
- > Hear flute in my room
- > Heart starts beating
- > Flute stops
- > Go up to room
- > Nothing there
- > "Just my imagination, probably the TV."
- > Play MGS 3 to feel rad
- > Flute starts playing again
- > Whispering right next to me

>"What are you doing?"  
>Crap my pants with enough force to elevate me from the ground  
>NOPE out of my house  
>Outside my house  
>"Why are you running?"  
>NOPE back in  
>Hide in bed

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [256]

>be last night  
>be late night walk(around 12+)  
>walking looking down  
>look up  
>see female in mid-skirt standing just where the street light ends  
>looks at me for couple of secs  
>turns around and disappears into the shadow behind her  
>pace up walking  
>go around corner  
>no-one there  
>nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [257]

>Be 17  
>walking with my friend to store  
>makes it about half way, guy with really greasy hair pulls over in a car with tinted windows that we can't see in by us  
>he says something in a really quite voice  
>I decided to be stupid and ask him what he said  
> whispers again

>friend Nopes  
>friend grabs me and starts taking me to a nearby store  
>finally registers that the guy is a werido  
>werido rides around block for half hour  
>Hides in store for about 2 hours  
>Guys gone, calls parent to pick us up  
>could have been kidnapped

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [258]

>walking in bedroom  
>random feeling like I'm being watched  
>Ignore  
>sister tries to scare me with stories about the house being haunted  
>apparently she looked it up on the internetz  
>lolnicetry  
>call BS  
>she flips out and goes to sleep in the living room after a fight  
>hop up to turn off light  
>light is off, we are a go for sleep  
>walk back to bunk bed  
>Something grabs my ankle and trips me  
>fall  
>hit the ground  
>hit the ground freaking hard  
>hear a laugh  
>don't sleep that night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [259]

>be 27  
>Brazilian

>living in the pantanal  
>fishing in my day off  
>god day for fishing got a 10kg dourado  
>try to catch some piranhas with some peace of bloddy meat for the fun of it.  
> see some black under th wather silent swiming on my direction  
>freak out  
>the dude come closer  
>it's a piranha cardume in a shape of a person  
>NOPE  
>get all my crap and get out as fast as possible

Later that nigh

>to other guys ate the bar tell me that 9 guys disapear fishing in that point of the river, they probabily fall in the water for some reason and the piranha and aligators eath them.

Never ever gona fish there again ever.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [260]

>Be walking around with a friend at night,  
>Talked about scary stories like this.  
>Walked up on a corner and found 2 pictures of small kids (like 3 and 4)  
> Say jokingly "What if there was writing on the back that said something creepy?"  
> Turn creepy picture over and read "Live Evil Live. Die. Die. Die."  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [261]

- >Be around the ages of 7-10
  - >Visit my father who lives in a very small apartment complex every other weekend.
  - > Sneak out of apt at night for hours to walk in circles around the complex
  - >Remember doing it because something told me to
  - >Also remember talking to whatever it was while walking
  - >Don't remember much else
- 
- >Be 11-14
  - >Play outside with friends until around 2am in the morning
  - >Remember walking away from them so I could be alone with whatever that thing was
  - >On multiple occasions they said they would go looking for me and couldn't find me.
  - > Their parents get concerned and ask my father why he wasn't watching me.
  - > Hear them say that I was gone for hours and the parents couldn't even find me.
  - >Don't remember what happened in those hours other than that I was walking around by myself and I know I was in the complex.
- 
- >Be 15-16
  - > Be More coherent
  - > Pay more attention to my friends and focus strictly on whatever we were doing at the time.
  - > Still had several occasions where I would walk off for no reason but I would realize it and go back to what I was doing with them.
  - >Sometimes I would hear something calling my name or I would glance in a certain direction and literally feel that something in that direction was waiting for me.
  - >Ignore it.
- 
- >Be 17
  - >Stop visiting my dad when all my friends there moved away.
- 
- > About halfway through 17 I start seeing a tall dark figured in my room at night.

> It's there a lot.  
> Ignore it and blame visual matrixing.  
> Start feeling a weight press down on my bed when I have my head turned towards the opposite wall.  
> Ignore it.  
> Hear sounds in my room like things creaking and having drawers shut.  
> Ignore everything odd.

>Be 18  
>Sounds go away  
> Weight on my bed only shifts every once in a while.  
> Thing is still there standing in the corner of my room about once a week.

I feel like it's never going to go away.

Life is perfectly normal other than that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [262]

Be 16  
on family vacation to el salvador  
see picture of my deceased grandparents on my fathers side.  
Memory slaps me in the face.

Be 3 or 4  
Living in section 8 housing  
By myself upstairs walking towards the stairs to go down  
Seeing my Grandmother on my left and saying hi to her  
She doesn't respond  
Just smiles  
I keep walking towards the stairs and trip on a towel at the top step and fall face first down the stairs.  
Don't hit the steps.  
My grandmother brings me to the bottom, I never touch a step.

Turn around and she's not there.

Walk into the kitchen which is 5 feet away from the bottom step and tell my mom who is washing dishes what just happened.

FREAKS. Face turns white, drops plate in sink, tells me to go in the living room.

Be16 again in El Salvador

Immediately find my mom who is talking to my relatives.

Ask her if any of that sounds familiar. She looks down and says she remembers it like it were yesterday.

NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [263]

>Be just now.

>Taking a hot bath with herbal/salt soak because I have a bit of a cold.

>Sink underwater to wash hair

>Hear wet footsteps

>Sit up and call for fiance, who is supposed to still be at work.

>Shrug it off as me hearing things.

>Go back to doing my hair, hear it again

>Dafuq

>Hear knocking on the bathroom door

>NOPE

>Jump out of tub, think someone is in the apartment

>Peak out into the hall

>No one

>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPE all the way to the bedroom

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [264]

>be 17

>living in an old italian style house  
>every night at 11pm there would be 3 loud knocks on my window  
>everytime I looked nothing was there  
>my window was behind a 2 meter tall gate, that creaked when opened.

Also:

>sister's room was in a downstairs section, lower than ground level  
>some nights she would wake up with her books and paper work scattered all over the floor, and her blanket wrapped around her arms and neck.

Where was a creepy room with rusty hooks all over the walls inbetween her room and the garage, and there was also a small wooden door that opened up into beneath the house, my sister always heard scratches on the door but when you check the other side there's nothing there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [265]

>Move into shared house for uni  
>A few houses down there is a housefire  
>The people who have lived in street say it's some strange guy who has lived there by himself for years  
>Firefighters put out fire, find man's corpse under a desk  
>His left arm and leg are missing  
>Never find the remains of his limbs  
>In the basement they find hundreds of photos of the neighborhood children.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [266]

>Be 7  
>Used to share room with sister  
>she used to have one of those giant Barbie Dolls  
>one night she screamed "Stop it!"  
>I woke up and turned on the light  
>What's wrong?  
>The doll is pulling my hair! It keeps saying it wants to kill me!  
>Doll is laying on the ground  
>Dad comes in  
>What's wrong  
>Explain situation  
>Dad takes doll out back  
>Hear the buzzsaw  
>Dad comes back inside  
>Don't worry honey that doll won't try anything anymore  
>Next day  
>Look in trash  
>Pieces of the doll are in there  
>Can't find head

About two years later my mom bought a doll at the flea market for my sister and apparently it also wanted to kill her. I took a baseball bat to it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [267]

When I was really little I used to play down in this creek behind my house. It was mainly dried up but It continuously had a tiny stream of water going through it and one day I got ballsy and followed the creekbed for an hour until I came up to this marsh area. Being 7/8 I was freaking thrilled to find a marsh.

I spent another hour exploring it. Eventually I saw a dead tree that looked liked someone had started building a treehouse. It

had the steps that you had to climb and a flat plank of wood on the top of the tree. I could see a table and crap on top of the tree but the steps leading up to the tree had fallen off so I never learned what was up there.

Later I found a deer skull nailed to a tree with a dried blood smeared around it. After that I never went back because of how terrified I was. When I was 11/12 I got the nerve to go back and someone ripped out where the skull was, but the nail is still there. The treehouse thing was still there though. I've also had a couple encounters at my grandfathers 100 year old house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [268]

>Be 15.  
>Decided to visit the local galleria with my brother after school.  
>Have lunch, fool around and go window shopping. Nothing unusual.  
>Discovered a retro video arcade in the basement of the mall.  
>It's empty. It had an eerie feeling to it in hindsight  
>Plays Daytona USA .  
>Suddenly something or someone flicked my ear.  
>Looked back  
>No one.  
>My brother felt the same thing.  
>Nope.avi  
>Probably some kid freaking with us.  
>Went back to racing.  
>Minutes later, we both hear the same whisper.  
>"Get out now"  
>Looked back again...No one.  
>Searched behind the other machines. Nothing!  
>We got spooked and bolted out of the joint without hesitation.

We did not speak of that incident again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [269]

>Be 6-8  
>Be visiting grandparents in their country house.  
>Be playing in the snow of the front yard with my sister  
>We be living the pimp life making snow angels and crap.  
>We both hear something similar to a car engine.  
>The car engine noise is slowly joined by other random noises and screaches.  
>All the noises gradually get louder and louder.  
>Noises coming from no discernible direction.  
>Me and my sister get freaked out and run back into house.  
>Our dad is already waiting behind the door saying he heard it too.  
>We go to bed freaked out as hell

I havn't seen my dad in quite a bit and I've never really talked about it a lot with my sister. One other thing is that at one point a year later we found a wooden pool with and animal skull ontop of it in the forest behind our massive backyard.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [270]

>Was 13  
>In psych ward on suicide watch  
>At dinner, one chick doesn't eat  
>Nurse gives her crap because you have to eat 80% of your meal or you can't leave the table  
>Chick takes her fork and stabs herself in the wrist with it when the nurse turns away  
>Blood EVERYWHERE  
>Plastic sporks from that point on

Lots of weird things that are kind of funny happened when I was in there... This one girl had really poor impulse control from brain damage due to meningitis and kept trying to run away, one day she ran full force down the hallway where the patient rooms were and bodily slammed into the glass door at the end. I don't know if she was trying to break it or just thought it was open because it was clear or something, but I was in the lounge-ish area, saw her take off down the hallway and then heard the noise when she hit the door and laughed my butt off.

Same chick also stole one of my colored pencils and the nurses found it in her drawer, she just did random crap... I have no idea why she was there, maybe for trying to run away or threatening to kill her mom or something

Another time in the boy's ward this really huge black kid stuffed towels into the toilet and flooded the whole hallway so they had to stay in our ward for the day while maintenance cleaned it up. And one girl in my ward squirted an entire bottle of lotion all around her room, on the ceiling and crap, it was bizarre.

Aw hell, I'll deliver. I spent about two months there over multiple visits between ages 13-14 (totally normal now, I just had a crappy childhood and my parents sucked and didn't know how to deal with me)

One time the ward was really full so I had a roommate. She had a glass eye, and spared no time in telling me that she had it from shooting herself in the head to try to kill herself because she was mad at her dad for making her break up with her boyfriend (I think she was probably a psych ward regular, she was in the time I met her because she was mad at her dad and would be admitted any time she threatened to kill herself). Still had the bullet in her brain, other than the glass eye she looked really normal but she was crazy as hell and would keep me up telling me about how she wanted to get pregnant and run away with her boyfriend once she got out.

Another girl told me rather nonchalantly about her aunt raping

her two daughters with a hot curling iron.

Twice I saw girls dragged off screaming to the "quiet room" (stereotypical, I BS you not, padded room), and the girls in the ward would get really excited and laugh about "booty shots" which were the sedatives they inject into your buttcheek when you're totally off the reservation. I peeked in the window one day on my way to group therapy, there were leather straps attached to the floor with some sort of wool liner. Interesting stuff.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [271]

- > Be 18
- > Have buddy who lives on street behind my house.
- > Buddy phones at 10:00 asking if I could drop off his jacket he left at my house.
- > Decide to cut through alleyway to get to his house quicker.
- > As I go to cut across the alleyway I hear what sounds to be a girl giggling.
- > Get creeped out but decide to keep going figuring it is just some girl in her back yard.
- > After 3 more steps I hear the giggling again but this time it sounds as if the girl is within a few feet of me.
- > Screwthis
- > Go back home and phone friend claiming I can't find his jacket.

That freaking alleyway was the worst.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [272]

- >visit my dad and step mom over the summer
- >live in northern CA, mile down a dirt road in the woods
- >be watching CNN, mid afternoon

>hear what sounds like voices over a police radio, muffled and deep

>ask my step mom what that sound was

>gets excited, tells me she hears crazy stuff all the time

>mfw I'm moving in soon

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [273]

This one's quite long but really weird

>Be about 4 months ago

>me and bro in law are bored

>decide to walk to store about 4 miles away

>live on dirt road, that turns into pavement after about a mile and a half

>me and bro start walking

>get to end of dirt road, starting to get dark

>walk another mile and a half on the pavement

>see nothing but woods and the occasional house or two

>since it's getting dark, we decide to take a shortcut that goes down another dirt road

>get about half way there

>hear police sirens (brother in law has warrant for his arrest for prob. violation)

>out of instinct, we both run back up the road away from the sirens

>sirens get closer, decide to hide in the woods

>head off to the left in the woods

>get about 40-50m into the woods, see a light

>walk closer to the light

>whisthereafireinthemiddleofwoods.avi

>decide to sit about 10m from the fire, still in the woods

>Hear talking and yelling that's louder than the sirens

>what

>put my hand down to balance myself (Sitting on a log)

>Break a stick

>ALL noise stops, even the sirens  
>me and bro both sit here for a while wondering why it got quiet  
>focus our eyes on the fire  
>a lot of short-ish (no more than five feet) people things walking around the fire  
>have some kind of lights on their heads  
>they are all staring in our direction  
>They scatter into the woods  
>Me and bro nope out, run out of the woods into the road no less than a few inches from the back of a stopped patrol car  
>climb 13 foot bank on opposite side of the road  
>run a lot  
>sit down in creek/gully thing  
>wait for cop to drive away  
>hear screeching and yelling again  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [274]

>be 15  
>At friend's house  
>Old house, maybe built in early 1900s  
>Hear noise like the freaking china cabinet came crashing to the floor  
>Get up to see what it was, expect to see smashed plates all over the place  
>China cabinet still standing, plates are all shaking  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE FREAKING NOPE

I don't go over there too much anymore

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [275]

>Be 5 minutes ago  
>Playing xbox alone in my sunroom at night  
>I hear a faint tapping on the glass  
>"Must be wind or something.."  
>Hear the same three nocks, and louder  
>NOOPENONEONEONEONEPENOENPE  
>Turn off my xbox, run away to my computer to go on /x/  
>The dark room I was just sitting in is still right next to me, albeit  
the door closed  
>There is still a perfect view of me from the outside where the  
sounds to where I am now

brb, moving to laptop

>Move down to my couch, still close to the sunroom  
>Jitters remain  
>Turn on waka flocka loud  
>Get turnt up  
>I wish a ghost would

Seriously, It's impossible to be afraid of anything with Waka  
playing

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [276]

>be like 13 at grandpas house  
>previous house owners died, married, one died of heart attack,  
second of a broken heart  
>Aunt tells me the house is haunted  
>Yeah friggin' right  
>Be sleeping  
>Boxes next to me  
>Hear something touching one of them  
>starts becoming more violent  
>scared out of my mind, don't dare friggin' move  
>Sounds like some thing comes free

>sounds stop  
>Remain motionless until sleep

Screw grandpa's house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [277]

>Going urban exploring in a 100 year old girl's dormitory with three of my friends.

>Get the basement window open and crawl in (everything else was boarded up)

>nothing too spooky, just a lot of creaking wood, flooded halls, graffiti, some abandoned pianos and old vending machines and stuff.

>eventually we get bored and leave.

>I help everyone out of the basement window and climb out on my own.

>we're walking back to the car.

>suddenly realize I don't have my flashlight with me.

>figure I'll quickly run back and grab my flashlight. I must have put it down while helping the others out.

>Get to the basement window.

>Open up the Window and get one foot through

>Suddenly hear a distinct woman's voice shout "nnNNN-Who's there!?" in a really weird panicky/shaky voice that sounded like it was right on top of me.

>Immediately freaking NOPE.org and shut the window.

>Run back to the car

>Tell my friends I couldn't see my flashlight and leave as if nothing happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [278]

This happened a couple weeks ago.

I'm laying in bed, pretty late at night and of course it's dark in my room. Like pitch friggin' black kind of darkness. Couldn't really sleep, so I was laying there, thinking about some dude I really liked (fem anon here). Then I hear this really loud whisper in my ear, and I don't understand what it said.

Freaking NOPED out of my room, went into the living room, and eventually fell asleep in there with all the lights on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [279]

>be 16

>have sleep-over with friends

>get bored

>sneak out of house with friends

>meet up at abandoned building near school

>manage to sneak in through window

>screwed with fire extinguishers

>stuff tastes bad

>ran around for an hour then got bored

>friend hears door knobs jiggling, doors opening

>derp back to window we used to get in  
>see cop with k9 walking around building  
>NOPE  
>ran like a bunch of wieners deep into building  
>camped for 30 minutes  
>scardy farts make place smell like crap  
>here door slam open in distance  
>"If you don't come out we'll release the dog!"  
>NOOOOOOOPE  
>run out of there through back door  
>two cruisers on both sides  
>decide not to run  
>remember friend's dad is sheriff  
>sheriff shows up and scares us a ton  
>got a warning, couple days of detention

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [280]

When I was like 13 we drove to Germany for a long weekend and our house was an old coal store on the edge of an abandoned mine in the middle of friggin' nowhere. No neighbours for miles around, and a dual carriageway at the end of the field in front of my house.

So we lock our crap up, feed the animals (smallholding) and go, and when we get back it's late, so I go to bed.

I get into bed and turn over to sleep but something feels off. I look around my room and look up to the hatch leading to the loft, it's one of those boards that you push from the bottom and move aside and it's half open, with sooty fingerprints around the edge of the board. nope.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [281]

I have a psychotic depression, which explains pretty much all my "paranormal" experiences. Right now I am hospitalized 'cause I did not have money for my medication so my hallucinations got really bad, they were 24/7 and they were scared I'm going into psychosis so I got there.

I've been there 2 weeks now, weekends I go home. Last weekend was cool. Medicines working, no hallucinations only anxiety. This weekend has been a bit different:

- >Sitting on computer, reading news and stuff
- >Someone walks behind me
- >Tell a joke about some unfunny news and talk other stuff
- >Bf walks in and asks who am I talking to
- >Turn
- >No one there
- > Nope
  
- >Just came from shower
- >Sitting on the floor outside WC, drying my hair
- >Hear walking sounds from bathroom
- >Door is open a little, see someones shadow walking there
- >it stops and looks at me
- >Nope a little, but I'm not gonna run away so keep drying
- >It keeps walking around bathroom

I have seen a girl in our bathroom before in the mirror when I turned the light on. I dunno. Medicines seem to help, but there are always the same figures I keep seeing (only in this house). Ghosts or not, they're not hostile. That "shadowman" who walked behind me is actually pretty cool.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [282]

- >lurk on /x/

>slightly interested in the history and sociology of religion, especially of cults  
>don't believe in any of this stuff, but find it interesting to read about  
>see people talking about enochian entities  
>see an anon state that they come for you, rather than summoning them  
>next day  
>get a history book out from uni library about John Dee  
>get on bus to go home, sit way at back  
>reading book on Dee and his attempts to talk to the "angels"  
>bus is mostly empty  
>out of nowhere this crazy lady dressed in this weird black dress sits down next to me  
>first thing she says is, "So you've been looking for us?"  
>This massive feeling of dread comes over me, I go, "What?"  
>then she starts rambling about there being secret codes in license plates on cars  
>pretend to be enthralled in book, and try to ignore her incoherent rambling  
>start to feel she is definitely crazy, but still weirded out by her first question  
>I turn and ask, "What did you mean that I've been looking for you?"  
>She starts giggling.  
>Fully friggin' freaked out now  
>she then asks, "why are you reading that tome?"  
>goes back to rambling  
>tell her I need to get off bus, I then go sit up front near driver

I'm still freaking spooked out. Could totally be a coincidence, as she sounded mentally ill, but it screwed with me big time. Also, who uses the word tome to describe a book? I have no idea why, but that creeped me out as well.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Okay this is a good one. I have since moved out of this apartment for many reasons, this being one of them.

>Move into my first apartment after college.

>Kind of dated, but it's cheap so whatevs.

>The only weird thing is that my bedroom didn't have any windows when every other apartment does in the complex, but besides that a pretty normal place.

>A month or two goes by, nothing to mention.

>One Saturday there is a knock on the door, being unsuspecting I answer it.

>Some strange looking woman with long scraggly blond hair.

>"Hello." Her eyes are freakishly wide. "I used to live here. The bedroom has no windows."

>"Ummm, okay?"

>"Can I see the bed room? Please, just one last time."

>"No, please leave." Starting to close the door on her.

>She slams her hand on door and exclaims some sort of psycho babel about not letting 'them' see in.

>NOPE.jpg

>Slam the door in her face and lock it. But I'm on the first story so she just walks around to my living room window and keeps screaming and pounding on it.

>Go back out with a broom and chase her off. Actually mildly humorous if she wasn't so weird.

>Freaked out but go about my day.

>Next day, wake up.

>Walk out into the living room and see a figure at the window. Wide eyed scraggly hair. She sees me and starts screaming.

>NOPE.jpg

>Call the cops, then the landlord. Cops show up and escort her away. Landlord apologizes.

>I'm obviously shaken up so he lets me hang out in the office for a while. He assures me that she won't be coming back.

>I start asking questions, and apparently she was telling the truth.

>Used to live in my apartment but was balls crazy.

>Drew eyes and wrote stuff on the walls.

>Landlord found out, kicked her out, and just painted over it.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [284]

>browsing internet in my room, around 12:30 AM  
>parents asleep by 11PM  
>door suddenly opens  
>slightnope.avi  
>just my dad  
>he looks at me and gestures a "let's go" wave  
>follow him to living room  
>mom's also there, sitting quietly  
>figure maybe mom just got a bit sick and they decided to tv surf, happens from time to time.  
>as I saw dad reaching out to switch the TV on, I decided to go straight to the CR to pee, since it's just on the right of the TV set.  
>when I walk out of the CR, mom and dad's not there anymore  
>TV on, but with static channel  
>nope

Another one, this happened before my previous post.

>browse net around 2:30AM  
>get out to pee.  
>as I go to the living room (yeah, small house), I reach for the light switch since I have to go across the room to go to the CR.  
>since it's dark and due to the door being made of typical white plastic, I see that the light in the CR was switched on.  
>either someone is inside the CR or someone must've forgot to switch it off before going to sleep  
>I switch on the living room lights and head for the CR  
>I open the door and lights were off.  
>nope.flac

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [285]

>be last night  
>live in rural Texas  
>go outside to smoke a cigarette (just picked up a pack of camel turkish royals, fine cigarette, never smoked em before, pretty freaking tasty)  
>am sitting beneath the stars, staring up and contemplating life  
>hear this high pitched noise in the woods, almost sounded like laughing  
>don't know much about animals, but I can't think of anything that would make that noise  
>put out cigarette and nope inside

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [286]

>Be 18 and curious about a rumor of a haunted house  
>Visit wreckage of a supposed haunted house that cultist used to use  
>The shed of the house still fine  
>go inside and find a tunnel in the center of it  
>Fell like someone was watching me and my friend from tunnel  
>Use flash light to look inside to see a fresh skin of cat  
>friend falls into tunnel  
>crawls out and finds claw marks on his back assumed it was from scraping his back falling in  
>as we leave the shed I look back to see a pair of green glowing eyes  
>Walking back to the car I lift his shirt to see that there were more claw marks and an antagram on his left peck  
> should have noped but didn't want to bail on him  
> more claw marks appeared on back regreting not bailing  
>The marks stoped forming and never returned to the shed to this day

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [287]

>Be 5  
>parents go out thinking I'm asleep  
>try to actually go to sleep  
>can't seem to sleep, feel nervous  
>convinced something is about to happen  
>feel a hand reach up and through the mattress grab my side  
>NOPE.  
>GTFO of there

I dunno what happened. It wasn't a spring since it freaking tugged me but I've never been able to explain it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [288]

>Be 9~10  
>Dad usually on the computer downstairs, sometimes I watch him play a game or we watch a tv show  
>Hear my father calling me  
>Hallway is dark, two sets of 5 stairs wind down into the basement.  
>Descend  
>flick on light at the foot of the steps (this leaves the two rooms on left and right dark)  
>look left, light is off, computer is off  
>look right room is empty, except a sharp left turn which leads to the laundry room which you can't see unless you walk into the open space and flick the switch  
>squint in an attempt to see better, then realize that no one is downstairs, because parents are asleep upstairs.  
>NOPEUPTHESTAIRS.GIF

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [289]

>be yesterday  
>be 14  
>be bored  
>start playing cod  
>remember how much I suck at shooters  
>guy whispering weird things at me through mic  
>don't understand language  
>must have voice modifier really low  
>back out of lobby  
>still here him whispering  
>he's still in my party  
>wtf  
>log off PSN and play zombies  
>on ascension  
>be dempsey  
>see takeo  
>hear more whispering  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [290]

>Be 15.  
>Playing xbox 360 late at night (2:30 AM)  
>Plan on pulling all nighter  
>In party with friends, playing 2D Fighting games  
>Hear footsteps outside of room.  
>Assume someone is going to bathroom  
>Footsteps stop for a while, keep playing  
>Footsteps start again, grow louder  
>Try to distract self with friends, blame imagination  
>Mom had work at 5ish, there was no way in hell she'd be up

>The kids were sleeping  
>My dad was working a double  
>My dog was with me asleep  
>Footsteps grow so loud I can no longer focus on conversation  
>Turn off xbox and nope to bed

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [291]

>get back from vacation  
>outside my house having a cig  
>hear scratching on the window door behind me  
>figure it's my dog, turn around to open it  
>light off in house  
>about to open door  
>remember dog is at kennel while I was gone.  
>still haven't picked her up.  
>NOPE.avi NOPE.gif NOPE.tga NOPE.bat  
>turn around, get in car, drive away and think about my life  
>finally return home  
>look over every square inch of house  
>remember the sound was so clear  
>what just happened to me  
>install new security system

To this day, I have no idea what was pawing at the door, but I installed a new security system and all has been well.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [292]

>be last night  
>smoking behind an abandoned elementary school with friends  
>car is idle  
>slowly begins to fog from the inside

>few rotations go around  
>friend says "Anon... do you see those faces?"  
>slowly turn to my left and look out the window and into the forest  
>see nothing  
>"In the woods dude?"  
>"No... the ones in the window."  
>catch glimpse of a crude face drawn in the fog of the window  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPEN  
>immediately bring up forearm and completely clear the window  
>"We should probab-"  
>"YEP"  
>peel outta there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [293]

>About 5 a.m. two days ago  
>wake up from weird dreams  
>Check clock and see I have more time to sleep  
>YEAH.JPG  
>Start hearing weird knocking and stomping noises outside my door  
>Lay back down and start listening closely  
>Start to hear little girls laughing outside my room  
>NOOOOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [294]

>be 13 or so, chatting in living room with my mom  
>11 at night, tv muted but on  
>mom turns to look at something, I follow her gaze in the direction of the tv

>something's off...

>suddenly realize a branch of the spider plant on the shelf beside the tv is standing straight up in the air, as if someone is holding it up

>right as I notice it, my mom gasps, and it falls limply down again

>we are both silent for a minute, then nope upstairs to watch tv in her bedroom instead.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [295]

>be 18

>come home from work, both my parents immediately assault me with questions

>"did you come home for lunch??" "no..." "did your girlfriend stop by or something??" "no, she's visiting her aunt..."

>they explain they had been in the kitchen together around noon and heard a distinctly female voice call out "hello"

>went to go ask why I'd come back so early, nobody was there

>our house is a couple of acres away from our closest neighbors

>mom and I are the only girls in the family

>who was phone, etc

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [296]

>be 18, summer, living with parents and brothers

>my bedroom is in a different "section" of the house, more like 2 very small houses connected by a hallway, everyone else sleeps on the other side

>always call cats into the room before I go to bed, otherwise they scratch at the door like annoying jerks

>it's around 3 in the morning, step out into hallway to call cats

>we have nightlights plugged into the outlets in the hall because without them our old senile cat gets lost and yowls  
>around the corner of the hallway something catches the light of the nightlight  
>not wearing my glasses, squint at it  
>it's moving closer... realize it's 2 distinct shapes  
>it's a pair of translucent feet walking calmly towards me, they are slender and small like a woman's or a child's, I can see every toenail. They just fade above the ankle.  
>completely flip out and nope the door closed  
>hear the feet run past my door and up the stairs  
>can hear intermittent running in the room above me all night  
>nope, nope, nope, nope, nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [297]

>be 20, living at home  
>live in a rural area, lots of forest all around the house  
>suddenly, completely and fully awake  
>what the...  
>it's 3 in the morning  
>sit there wondering why I woke up so fast  
>hear an indescribable sound, my brain translates it as the creak of a door opening and closing  
>get up and open my door, stand in the doorway listening to determine where it's coming from  
>silence for a few seconds. I realize my cats are cowering at the corner of my bed, both with hair on end.  
>hear the sound again  
>it's behind me  
>my room is on the ground floor and faces the woods  
>NOPE  
>leap back into bed, freaking terrified  
>hear this sound like every 10-20 seconds  
>my cats are freaking out  
>this goes on for 30 freaking minutes

>finally get tired of this crap  
>okay anon, pull yourself together and go see what it is  
>tiptoe over to sliding glass door  
>hear it again and muster all of my courage  
>in one movement, flip on the porch light and rip open the blinds  
>in the tree right next to my tiny porch is  
>the biggest  
>freaking  
>owl  
>I have ever seen in my entire freaking life  
>it doesn't even care I'm standing right there  
>he's just freaking hooting away  
>I was freaking pissing myself for 30 minutes over this

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [298]

>Be 15 and get flooded in at school with 30 or so other students and 3 teachers.  
>Wander off to go to the bathroom.  
>Hear footsteps behind me and see feet in the stall next to me.  
>Probably someone taking a dump.  
>Get out and wash my hands, followed by hearing the door open.  
>No footsteps heard.  
>Turns to see.  
>Sees mirror behind me.  
>Sees a weird daemon thing in the mirror.  
>Yup.jpeg right out of there.  
>I mean Nope.png

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [299]

Okay, I'll bite. This happened to me this morning and I started a thread with it but it went bad.

>smoke cigarette out the window of my non-smoking apartment  
>cat likes to sit on the windowsill with me when I smoke out window  
>cat gets startled, fur puffed up, I pay no mind  
>put cigarette out to bring back in and flush because I'm green and no littering lol  
>cat doesn't want to come in  
>force cat to come in anyway because I'm the bawss  
>shut window, hear a groan behind me  
>turn around, see the legs of a little girl in a nightgown go around corner and down hallway  
>home alone  
>nope my pants

I ended up taking pictures of the rooms, didn't see anything I couldn't explain away. My cat hasn't left my side yet though.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [300]

>be 7 or 8  
>no kids my age in the neighborhood and the closest are all boys  
>wandering about the neighborhood after school trying to pass time until my mom gets home.  
>man spots me and calls me over  
>I dumbly obey but keep my distance  
>Tells me he just moved in and has two little girls my age  
>I get excited- yay people to play power rangers with!  
> calls them outside to meet me  
>no one comes  
>tells me to wait a second and leans in the door way to call again  
>No one.  
>Says they must be in the backyard and invites me to follow him  
>dumbly do so at a distance

>no one appears to be there but he's still calling  
>Opens work shed and says "there you are!"  
>What  
> He is now introducing me to a wax ...doll (?) of conjoined twins

I will never forget this ever I have never been more freaked out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [301]

>looking after fathers dog  
>normally excitable and friendly  
> she's in heat so I take her for a walk early in the morning  
>foggy morning  
>field backed onto by a small wood  
>dog is excited and spazzing about  
>stops  
>starts pointing to the wood and growling lowly  
>hackles up, really growling  
>hear something running through the wood trees rustling and stuff  
>something running out of the wood towards the river and farmland, away from me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [302]

>be 12 years old, grandmother is still alive but grandfather died in the 80's  
>have a lot of pig knickknacks and stuff lying around their house since they started a Mom and Pop barbecue restaurant in the 40's  
>the creepiest one is the pig oven mitt, realistic hog mouth with sharp teeth and red tongue  
>used to make my little sister cry by chasing her with it, chase her into my grandmother's basement one day

>basement is set up like another floor of the house (my uncle used to crash there occasionally)  
>feel really uncomfortable all of a sudden and throw away the pig mitt, looking for my sister  
>don't find her, come back into the room where I originally was and pig mitt is gone  
>start feeling even worse and tell her to come out and stop trying to scare me  
>find her but don't see the pig mitt  
>it's at the bottom of the basement stairs, in the exact opposite direction I threw it  
>feel something brush by my shoulder  
>the mouth starts moving like someone is wriggling their hand into it  
>grab my sister and run up the stairs  
>never go back down there unless grandma comes with me

I found out later my great-grandfather had lived out the rest of his life down there and had died in the room I found my sister in.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [303]

>be about 13  
>at home, getting ready to move out of home  
>mom is crazy drugged out, hence no rent monies  
>forces me and my sister to stay awake for over 2 days, helping her pack.  
>no food  
>no sleep  
>abusive both mentally and physically.

Ok, this is where it gets friggin' cray-cray:

>master bedroom has photo mural of forest  
>also a screwed up closet over the stairs  
>angled floor, one light, good place to hide

>regardless, heading downstairs for water  
>walking past master bedroom door, see IT  
>a shadow shaped like a person steps out of the forest mural  
>heart goes cold, all hairs at full attention  
>take two steps back for double take back into almost empty room  
>yep, it walks into the closet

>Screw the water, my baby brother is SLEEPING in that room  
>Wake him up just as my mom screams from the stairs.  
>She was thrust backwards into the downstairs foyer.  
>She breaks a couple of bones

Everything went better than expected...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [304]

>be 9 or 10  
>great aunt got murdered about 2 months earlier  
>she was really close to my mom  
>nighttime with my mom doing dishes  
>starts to storm a lot, lightning and stuff  
>suddenly huge ball of silver flies into our house, but it seems sentient  
>moves around doors and walls like an insect  
>touches my hand and makes my body feel electrified  
>flies out the window and pops making a ton of bright light  
>my mom and I are the only people in the whole house  
>both see it  
>freaking out  
>ever sense feel as if there is a presence bearing down on me  
>feel a weird pressure in the spot it touched me every once in a while  
>start to become crazy and sort of evil feeling sometimes

I don't know what to do and this is the first time I've said anything about it to anyone, even my mom.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [305]

>At my home  
>bro is coming over to sleep  
>working on my computer  
>sense something behind me  
>look over my shoulder to see a shadow moving for a fraction of a second  
>bro arrives  
>chill out  
>go to sleep  
>check a few sites myself before going to sleep  
>suddenly bro looks at me really weird  
>"what"  
>"oh nothing"  
>ask a few times  
>"I thought I just saw a shadow move right behind you"

NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [306]

>Be yesterday.  
>Taking groceries from car to house, takes several trips.  
>Final trip, walking alongside car.  
>Hear distinct sound of footsteps in the snow behind me.  
>Turn around.  
>Sound stops, nothing there, no footprints besides my own.

I walked around to see if it could have been my own footsteps. I found that the sound matched, but only if I was running. Even if it could have been my walk, I have no idea why I only heard it that last time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [307]

>Be 2am.  
>Be alone in the house. (parents left for the coast, inb4 b&, this was 5 years ago)  
>Going to take a piss.  
>My room is at the end of the hallway, and the bathroom is directly outside my room to the left.  
>I don't turn the hallway light on, I just turn into the bathroom to piss.  
>On my way out, I flip the bathroom light off and turn right to enter my room.  
>In those three seconds of light entering the hallway, I look down and see a taller man in a brown suit and hat cross from the entryway to the living room.  
>I freak out, turn the hallway light on, creep down there and look, and there is no one on that side of the house.  
>nope to my room  
>sleep with my mom's .357 (implying bullets hurt ghosts)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [308]

>Be 8 years old.  
>Be in Canada, with cousins who moved there from England.  
>Eating an apple.  
>Suddenly, hear a crack.  
>A tooth has fallen out.  
>Tell my mom, she doesn't care, tells me to put it under my pillow

get money later.

>Continue eating apple because don't want to waste.

>Another crack, another tooth falls out.

>Stare at tooth, put it under pillow.

>Bite apple another three times, every time a tooth comes out.

>Nope away from the apple, go cry in bed about my perfectly fine, not loose at all teeth just falling out.

It wasn't at all painful either, so it wasn't like I was ripping from the roots. They were just falling out of my mouth with this apple.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [309]

>Be about 9 years old

>Grandma (mom's side) lived with us for a couple years

>Her room, my room, and my parents' room all on second floor

>Grandma dies after severe bout with dementia and diabeetus

>Late at night when I couldn't sleep I would hear my grandma saying my name from her bedroom

>Couldn't directly see her room but could hear clearly that someone was in there

>Noped my bed once or twice a week for a couple years because of this

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [310]

>be 2 weeks ago

>get back home from school

>go for a nap because tired

>wake up and check if anyone's home

>no ones home

>walk down hallway and hear footsteps behind me

>footsteps start running

>start running thinking my brother is chasing me  
>laughing so hard and having fun  
>realize my brother should be at work and that I'm home alone  
>HOLY FREAKING NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [311]

>Be 12 years old  
>Live with Grandma mostly because parents are drunks  
>Be asleep in room  
>Hear loud snarl, banging, wake up  
>Growling grows louder  
>Hear tearing noise, like jeans ripping  
>Little girl screams louder than I've ever heard  
>Banging and screams continue  
>Hide head under covers until all is calm  
>run and sleep in Grandmas room because terrified

To this day I've only told two people about this, and I'm unsure if it was real.. but it didn't feel like a dream in any way. I was terrified, shaking, and hadn't slept in an adults bed for comfort since I was 5.

A few nights before this I had a dream that my mother was sitting indian style, floating down the hallway with pale white dead eyes. As she got closer she pulled out a red-hot, square branding iron and sticks it into my neck. In my dream I see "Goresh the Unholy" burnt into my skin.

Wake up, remember it for entire life time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [312]

>be about 2 years ago  
>girlfriend and I watching tv in our room, upstairs  
>3 month old daughter asleep in bassinet near our bed.  
>1am or so  
>daughter starts crying uncontrollably  
>babies cry whatever right?  
>gf and I suddenly get this intense feeling of dread,  
unexplainable  
    >I get a feeling of there being a presence in the hall outside  
our room.  
        >just outside the room is the stairwell to downstairs, L shaped  
toward downstairs  
        >I feel as though someone is there around the corner but can't  
bring myself to look  
        >hear a loud bang on the floor below us, as if underneath us on  
the ceiling below  
        >NOPE.vbs  
        >either of us too chicken to go look  
        >daughter calms down  
        >can't sleep. Staring at stairwell.  
        >cats come screaming at the speed of light upstairs.  
        >they're frightened of something  
        >the cats cautiously peek around the corner of the door as if  
checking for something toward the stairwell  
        >cats sleep in our room, usually don't  
        >eventually fall asleep at like 5am of exhaustion. Was peeking  
back at stairwell paranoid all night while I played video games.  
        >8am we all wake up. Go down stairs  
        >nothing strange EXCEPT a large boot or shoe print on the  
ceiling right where our daughters bassinet is.  
        >puzzled. None of my shoes are that big.  
        >wasn't mud or anything. Just like dust or dirt.  
        >unexplained to this day

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>4 years old  
>I asked my father why bananas turn black through time  
>he said they fight at night and get bruised  
>I believed him, thought it would be neat to record it  
>I took his camera, started recording, put it on the sink, aiming the lens for the bowl where we kept bananas  
>next day I woke up early  
>took the camera and went upstairs to check video recordings  
>after 3 hours I saw movement outside my window on the video  
>there was someone walking there  
>it looked like a hobo, but not quite  
>the hobo suddenly disappeared  
>I got scared  
>started crying when I even thought about it  
>wanted to forget about it  
>took the cassette  
>threw it in the trash  
>mfw now 15 years later I regret I didn't keep the tape

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [314]

Visiting my mum and sister

>1:17am  
>be in bed on laptop  
>hear what I think is my mum coming up the stairs, probably on her way to bed  
>open the door, and no one is there, bathroom is open with lights off, same with her bedroom door (sister has already gone to bed, she up another flight of stairs)  
>go down to the living room  
>mum asleep on sofa with the tv on  
>go to the top level of the house, to the spare room to get a duvet for her  
>while I'm up there I hear more footsteps and a door closing

downstairs, totally clear.  
>check on my sister, fast asleep  
>back to the living room, mum's fast asleep  
>sister comes down to living room asking why I keep singing  
>I wasn't singing...?  
>she's too tired and falls asleep on the sofa next to my mum (it's a big sofa)  
>back to the mid-level of the house where the room I'm staying in is  
>slow creak of a door closing, from upstairs.  
>the only door in this house that creaks is the spare room.  
>my bowels are deploying breeze-blocks right about now.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [315]

>2am, winter, getting bored of internets  
>nice outside, decide to go for a relaxing walk  
>it's a small town so general noise is minimal, occasional car passes by  
>walk  
>keep walking  
>walk more and more  
>holy crap, I'm at the edge of town on a dirt road  
>old childhood stretch of land, use to play here all the time  
>feelsgoodman.jpg  
>turn around, large hill with tons of rocks, dark, only see silhouettes of rocks  
>continue to walk on dirt road  
>something catches my attention in the corner of my eye  
>turn towards the hill  
>see an extremely distinct figure of a person, very tall, slightly down from the hill some 20~30 feet away  
>broad shoulders, head can be seen moving  
>can't tell if it's facing towards me or away  
>slight fear starts to envelope me  
>urge to walk towards it, want to know if it's another soul like me

>NOPE  
>keep trying to walk to it  
>NOPE  
>stand in same spot for 10 minutes, staring at it, hoping it moves, start getting scared  
>give up, leave  
>didn't look behind me once while walking home  
>return to same spot during sunlight hours  
>nothing in the area looks remotely like a figure  
>look at different angles at rocks to try and duplicate what I saw  
>everythingisrocks  
>to this day don't know what I've seen

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [316]

Even better one...

>get home from work  
>think I'm alone  
>hear door slam on other side of house  
>what?  
>go check it out  
>dog be staring at the bathroom door  
>light visible from under the door  
>knock  
>no answer  
>try to open door, it's locked  
>look under door, see nothing  
>think it's my sister being a brat  
>get screwdriver and take doorknob apart  
>look in the bathroom  
>nobody there  
>NOPENOPENOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [317]

>12 yrs old  
>at aunts house with parents  
>she takes mom and dad to show them garage  
>I wait for them in living room  
>mindlessly looking around  
>out of the corner of my eye  
>see something move  
>turn to look at it  
>looks like a heat shimmer on top of cars on hot day  
>hovers for a bit, goes into their bedroom  
>nope into garage

That same year on christmas, we took photos of the family and in many of them there were orbs. Their house always seems lively whenever you go in it, so I doubt it's a bad spirit.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [318]

When I say demon cat, I mean it was described as a cat like animal with an abnormaly large head and face, the face was not a cat face, it showed more expression , its eyes showed intelligence. it was larger than a regular cat would stand.

Now the story:

>be my father  
>be visiting a fellow farmer and family acquaintance  
>alone in barn  
>feels like something is watching me  
>look down towards front barn door  
>glass upper and lower double doors you can see through  
>pressed against the glass about 3 ft up is the aforementioned demon cat's face, smiling at me

this is where I would have pissed myself, my father is awesome  
>walk a few steps closer  
>yell "Screw you! I'm not afraid of you! Git!"  
>don't remember it leaving, it was just gone in a blink

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [319]

A few years back, going on a road trip with my brother and a couple of his mates, crammed into a car way too small for us, driving through the outback (Australia, by the way). It's getting a bit late, one of the guys complains about wanting to find somewhere to crash for the night. As we were coming up to a small town surrounded in bushland (Few km's out) He asks if he can get out to stretch his legs, so the driver agrees to shut him up.

Middle of the night, middle of nowhere, so he just pulls up in the middle of the road and turns the engine off.

Not a second after the engine was switched off, Loudest cracking sound ever...Before we even had time to flinch there was a big thud on the bonnet of the car, we all freak out and lock the doors asap, trying to see what the noise was in the dark.

Guy in the middle seat in the back came prepared, pulls out his Dolphin light and clicks it on, we see a beaten up, bloodied face looking back at us, not moving, Rope tied around his neck, huge branch crushing him. Laying on his back with his neck bent back so he was looking right into the car.

Never before have 5 guys screamed so loud and for so long... Called up emergency services as soon as the screaming stopped... Took them an hour to get there... Couldn't get out of car because dingoes... Couldn't sit in car because dead guy on bonnet... freaked out.

Turns out he was from the town and came out there to off himself, climbed the largest tree he could find, but it broke under his weight and we were just lucky enough to have stopped right there... Needless to say, I haven't gone road tripping since...

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [320]

So, I live in a little town in Montana. It's not that many folks, and we're approaching the highway and the KFC/AW, right by my house. So it's not like we're in the center of the action. Anyways.

>be eight o'clock in the evening  
>be wanting chicken  
>heading over to the KFC/AW  
>stop to light a cigarette in this empty "field"  
>field is maybe 50 feet wide, and 200 feet long  
>rummage for lighter  
>hear noise  
>stomach tightens, want to bolt  
We've had wild animals in the area before.  
>turn and do a lookaroo  
>nada  
>turn back, start walking, still trying to get this lighter to work  
>hear another noise, sounds like weight on grass  
>turn, look, kind of being a wimp about it  
>start walking faster, still nothing  
>when I turn and run, sounds like all sorts of stuff rushing through the grass  
>oh god oh god oh god  
>feet hit cement  
>noise dies entirely  
>get my chicken  
>take the freaking road back  
>nope about that field ever since

It literally sounded like a bunch of things BARRELING through the

underbrush. I suck at telling stories, but this was NOT wind.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [321]

- >9pm, watching tv in the living room
- >fall asleep
- >wake up in the middle of the night
- >start hearing noises coming from the stairs
- >check the wall clock
- >3:00am
- >nope.avi
- >go to my parents room and sleep with them

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [322]

- >go to the bathroom to wash my hands while at work
- >Turn faucet off, prepare to dry hands
- >Loud, feminine, almost erotic gasp comes from right behind me in the stalls
- >Check the stalls
- >No one there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [323]

- >cleaning up bedroom with partner and organizing clothes
- >hear three loud knocks on the bedroom door
- >"Come in."
- >No response
- >"Hello?"
- >Open door

>No one's there  
>This happens again for the next few days before just suddenly stopping

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [324]

>Take detour to grandparents' house through graveyard because I'm edgy  
>I'm tired from walking to the graveyard up a hill in the dark with three thick layers on  
>Sit down on park bench in the middle of the graveyard  
>As I recline and catch my breath, I see something white and shiny moving by my feet  
>Realise that it's a skeletal rat or something mad like that  
>Feel a pinching sensation in my buns  
>Turn around to find nothing  
>nope.avi, I clear out of there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [325]

>Be asleep at home  
>Suddenly wake up from sounds coming from out of my door  
>Recognize them as my mom  
>"Pssst anon, psssst."  
>Mom wtf it's 3 am  
>"Come over here for a second, I really need you."  
>Open door, Mom not there  
>Remember parents are gone for the weekend  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [326]

I live with some friends in a flat because of college. We go to our respective parents' houses each friday for the weekend

>Friday

>My turn to clean, so they leave and I stay

>23:00

>I lock my room (I'm just used to do that, not paranoid or anything)

>Computer time

>Headphones on so I don't hear my neighbor noises

>4:00

>Enough, time to sleep

>Computer off

>Close door, lock it

>In bed

10 minutes later

>OHMYGODWTF.JPG

I didn't sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [327]

>be about 16

>at friend's house out in the boonies

>crappy single-wide white trash trailer house

>would go over on the weekends and party the whole time

>friend's mom and sister left for the store

>all the way in town, about 2 hour drive

>we're sitting there in his room

>I'm listening to music on my ipod while he plays video games

>suddenly hear what sounds like someone banging their hand as

hard as they can on the walls of the house outside  
>we both get quiet and look at each other  
>look out window  
>don't see anything  
>after getting his gun, my friend waves for me to go out with him  
>we open the front door and adventure outside into the dark  
>nothing here  
>we left the door open  
>turn to go back inside after finding nothing  
>door slams shut  
>ohgodohgodohgod  
>try to open in  
>door handle seems like it's glued in place, won't even move. Not like it was locked, like it was welded so it wouldn't turn  
>we freak out  
>they finally get back  
>open the back door with mom's key  
>whole place is trashed  
>food spread all over the kitchen  
>whole place ransacked  
>friend's sister and mom don't believe us  
>have to clean it all up

Screwed up stuff, that whole place was screwed.

Another time:

>in friend's sister's room  
>she's way into demons  
>she pulls out a ouija board she drew  
>has a pentagram on it  
>everyone kind of chuckles  
>start playing with it  
>friend's sister asks if any spirits are here  
>Yes  
>what's your name?  
>F  
>R  
>A

>N  
>K  
>everyone just looks at each other  
>room gets colder  
>everyone laughs it off and we decide to put it away  
>After we put it away and start talking about going outside the corner of the mattress picks up and flops back down  
>does it again  
>and again  
>we all look at each other freaked out

That right there made me a believer. I flipped that mattress over and inspected everything, there was no way in hell they were playing a trick on me. It was Frank that did that, and I believe that to this day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [328]

>be a few months ago  
>at a movie, need to piss from large soda  
>go to restroom  
>whilst relieving myself, hear loud grunting from the stalls  
>go to wash hands  
>look in mirror  
>all the stall doors are open, none occupied  
>I can still hear it  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [329]

>playing computer in living room around 1 AM  
>heard knocking on the window (wooden, with no glass) the knocking was very clear like those you would knock when you go

to someone's house

>ignore the first knocking, about 10 sec later another knocking

>thought it was someone playing a prank on me, walks to the window and open, no one in 30 meters of my yard.

>wasn't scare because I thought it was someone playing prank, go back to play the computer

>30 sec later the knocking continues

>at this point I was furious at whoever is doing this, grab flashlight and a wooden pole and walks out to the yard

>saw nothing and there wasn't any place there someone could hide

>walks back in trying to forget what happen and return to computer

>knocking comes back

>NOPE

>turn off computer, go to sleep scared

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [330]

>Be 7, alone in house with newborn baby sister

>Sitting in parent's room, watching TV, everyone out of the house for short grocery trip

>Be scared of very lifelike porcelain doll on dresser, so look at it every few seconds (just to make sure...)

>At commercial break, go up to doll and say something like "I know you're alive"

>Thing blinks at me

>Wtf? Scream out loud

>It blinks again in sheer defiance

>NOPE

>Grab it, throw it under the bed, grab baby sister, run out of the house to wait for parents

>Still hate dolls...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **[331]**

Here's mine, happened tonight.

>house sitting for my auntie  
>house is empty except for me, the dog, and 2 cats  
>keep hearing noises from the basement like boxes being moved  
> tell myself it's the washer even though I KNOW it's not the  
washer because everything is turned off  
>go lay down to sleep  
>hear more bumping  
>Straight up HEAR 2 people talking in the basement LOUDLY  
>like a normal friendly conversation  
>it's happening!  
>voices stop abruptly  
>no more noises since then

What the duck?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **[332]**

>be 18  
>mom's house chillin on computer  
>doorbell rings  
>I don't have a doorbell  
>nope.jpg  
>kitchen sink turns on  
>NOPE!  
>start seeing my breath, not even a little cold  
>this happens almost everyday, EVERYDAY!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### **[333]**

>Home alone  
>Laundry basket half a foot or so from my stairs

I have 2 steps to a landing where my washer/dryer are then a 180 degree turn to another 10 or so steps to my basement(Unfurnished no carpet on stairs and just concrete floors in basement. Generally creepy alone)

>In room playing videogames  
>Hear loud banging and crashing  
>Dog beside me on bed goes crazy, barking and growling at door to my hallway  
>Open door  
>walk out to see  
>Laundry basket all the way at bottom of stairs  
>Laundry all over stairs and landing  
>"NOPE NOPE NOPE"  
>Run to room and curl up with dog until parents got home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [334]

>away at uni  
>late night in dorm  
>quiet  
>start to hear a soft rumbling noise, at first thinking it's a street sweeper  
>keeps getting louder  
>becomes way too loud for a street sweeper  
>no roads within ~100-150m of the dorm building  
>so loud my old tube TV starts to shake  
>I can feel my bed shaking  
>things on the walls are rattling  
>holycrapwhatisthat.jpg  
>goes on for maybe 15 seconds  
>couldn't have been a jet; didn't sound anything like it

>was way too loud to be a street sweeper  
>appliances/etc in the building have never even been audible in the slightest  
>ask a few people if they had any idea what that was  
>no one else heard it  
>but but but my heavy-as-balls TV was freaking shaking how did you not hear that

I wasn't even high. It never happened again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [335]

>be baking cookies with my friend  
>frequently see human shape out of the corner of my eye  
>see head poking from around corner  
>yell, "well either join us or go away, stop hiding" ---frustrated and without thinking  
>my friend thinks I'm insane  
>5 minutes later my friend sees human on stairwell  
>NOPE  
>I have to finish baking her cookies while she's across the street at my house

Later my friend asked if it was the stairs ghost or the kitchen ghost, cuz she's seen both.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [336]

>Sitting, enjoying some time on /x/  
>Door across the room which is pad-locked shut  
>Theres no door-knob in the hole for one in the door.  
>Hole is big enough for someone to peer at me.  
>Always feel like being watched....

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [337]

>be 16  
>be playing Halo 2  
>2am at least  
>hear quiet tapping at window  
>da fuq  
>open blinds  
>nothing there, close blinds  
>go back to playing  
>tapping immediately resumes, this time a bit louder  
>check again  
>nothing  
>quiet street, nothing but old people and toddlers, and I had just moved there so I didn't know that many people who would come screw with me  
>close blinds again and try to focus on playing  
>now it sounds like someone is freaking pounding on my window  
>close blinds  
>turn off lights  
>hide in bed  
>pounding continues until I eventually just fall asleep/pass out  
>wake up in morning  
>BLINDS OPEN  
>nothing there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [338]

>be 19  
>have the house to myself for the weekend  
>lights are always off except in my room  
>go to bed

>wake up at 1am, my dog is beside my bed growling  
>look toward my door  
>hall light on  
>nope.avi  
>sprint over and lock door  
>crawl back into bed  
>don't sleep  
>get up next morning  
>gather up the courage to check house  
>half the lights in the house are on  
>everything is still locked and all windows intact  
  >no one has key to house except parents and they're two  
states away

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [339]

>be 20  
>going for my daily run  
>didn't have time to do so until 9pm  
>path I take doesn't have lights  
>disgunbegood.gif  
>be running  
>start to get a bit paranoid like the wimp I am  
>reach the baseball field that I always run by  
>4 black figures standing the middle of the unlit field  
>no movement at all  
>can tell one turns and looks at me  
>they all start to move toward me  
>NOPE.EXE  
>summon the power of 1000 Sonic the Hedgehogs  
>make it home like 5 minutes  
>lock door  
>don't run for a week

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [340]

> be 14  
> in big church at night (adults were all in basement)  
> All lights off upstairs  
> Upstairs in church room with friend getting a pair of drum sticks he left at the altar  
> big church room is big  
> big windows streaming moonlight everywhere but still dark  
> halfway walking towards the door to the foyer  
> \*crack\*  
> "what was that.."   
> look at center of room  
> above benches we see white looking cloud floating around  
> NOPE  
> NOPE  
> ditch friend  
> I'm outside of the church in 7 seconds

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [341]

>be 19  
>be hungry  
>decide to walk to Taco Bell at 9pm-ish  
>Taco Bell is like, a mile or so away  
>no streetlights, same stuff different hood  
>get off my street  
>white sedan begins to drive slowly right behind me  
>look back at it  
>windows completely tinted black  
>start to get nervous  
>continue walking  
>keeps following me  
>get all the way to taco bell with this car tailing me  
>go in to order my precious burritos

>car sits in the parking lot the entire time  
>get out and start to walk back  
>start jogging with my burritos  
>baja blast is sloshing around and spilling out of my cup  
>car keeps pace  
>do I lead it back to my house  
>do I keep walking somewhere else and hope I lose it  
>decide to go home  
>start nearing my house  
>another car starts coming towards me and white sedan  
>the white sedan drives away before the other car passes  
>go inside and watch scrubs and eat burritos and drink whats left of my baja blast

Fun night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [342]

I can hear a constant mumbling when I'm alone, kind of like someone have a conversation in another room that I can hear but can't make out what their saying. the mumbling stops if someone is watching me even when Im unaware of who is watching me. It sounds silly when I actually type it out, but my dollar store spidey sense has saved me from getting mugged twice. I never really feel alone thanks to the mumbling so I don't have a lot of NOPE moments, so that house is freaking terrifying to me.

I gone to a couple of doctors, but none of them suggested I might be schizo. One said that I had a hyperawareness of my surroundings and that it could be my minds way of dealing with too much background information, then gave me a pamphlet about Mental Hyperactivity. I dunno though, it makes me feel comfortable and saved my life so it can't be that bad.

**[Previous text was posted after the following. It has been**

**[moved to the beginning for the sake of context.]**

>Burnt down house along my route I walk to work  
>Route is 2 miles along a single road with about a dozen houses along it including said house  
>I work for 7pm-3am  
>always get the creeps when passing by the burnt down house  
> can't hear the mumbling so I know someone is watching  
>one night walking past the place  
>can't hear the mumbling as I go by  
>walk past the property  
>still can't hear anything  
>realize something is following me  
>look back  
>dark street, but can make out a human shape in the moonlight  
>it drops onto all fours  
>skitters like a spider into the trees  
>ran home the rest of the way

The place had burnt down twice before, and no one wants to buy the place and rebuild because it'll just burn down again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[343]**

>Be 13  
>Fooling around with girl in front yard at around midnight  
>see a man in a car just sitting there  
>Few minutes go by decide to look up guy isn't in car  
>Guy is just standing behind bush  
>Both freak out and head inside

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[344]**

>Always make sure my closet door is formally closed when I sleep  
>Sometimes, it's open for no reason at all

Never fails to creep me out. It could just be the foundation or a bad door knob or something really mundane, but man is it unnerving to wake up and see the gaping blackness of my walk in closet.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [345]

>last night  
>be seeing things out of the corner of my eye all day  
>had crappy day  
>go to sleep, this evil jerk Richard starts screwing stuff up  
>wake up in panic, Richard is still freaking there in my room holding buddy's severed head  
>attempt to ruin his day  
>get tossed into bedroom door  
>buddy wakes up and goes "What just happened?"  
>mfw when I try to explain

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [346]

>be 15, have model aeroplanes hanging from bedroom ceiling  
>one night, wake up at 3am  
>something's not right  
>switch light on  
>one of the planes is swinging  
>swinging like a playpark swing, as if it was blowing a gale in the room  
>completely still, windows closed

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [347]

>be 10  
>wake up in the middle of night  
>I could use some milk right about now  
>go downstairs to get some milk  
>hear a noise at the front door  
>go to the front door and see the silhouette of a really big dude  
>scream with the intensity of a banshee  
>parents come running into the room and turn the lights on  
>man disappeared without opening the door  
>didn't sleep for days

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [348]

Scariest thing that has happened to me to this day.

>be 14  
>chillin at my house, home alone, playing some earthbound  
>brother is in military, mom and dad work  
>go to bathroom and start doing the do  
>hear footsteps, ignore it because I didn't care  
>all of the sudden stomping, running up to bathroom door  
>banging on door, literal banging like someone is trying to punch door down  
>so many things go on at once, start having panic attack  
>sit there terrified while banging continues  
>all of a sudden the banging stops  
>sit in bathroom for 20 minutes after that  
>leave bathroom and sprint to my room, locking door  
>don't leave room until dad got home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [349]

>be around 15 and home alone  
>in my room reading  
>go to kitchen to get glass of water  
>walking back to my room  
>almost at bedroom door, it's halfway open  
>heavy breathing comming from room  
>NOPE.avi myself back into kitchen  
>grab knife  
>creep back to my bedroo door, can still hear someone breathing heavilly  
>kick door open, breathing stops  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [350]

Here is one that happened to my uncle, not me, but he has vividly told this story for years.

When he was a kid he shared a room with my dad, and they were living in a trailer at the time while their house was being built.

One night, he woke up in the middle of the night, and heard footsteps at the other end of the trailer. Very heavy footsteps. He heard the steps moving, coming closer. He could hear a "thump... thump... thump..." sound coming down the hallway towards his room.

The creature responsible for the footsteps then appeared in his doorway, and proceeded into the room. The creature walked up to the foot of his bed and just stood there and stared at him.

The creature was very tall and covered in hair. My uncle said that

it's head was just about an inch away from touching the ceiling which was about 8ft high.

My dad in the meantime was still just sleeping in his bed a few feet away from my uncles bed, but my uncle said every time he tried to move or speak or do anything the creature growled at him. He said he was helpless and could do anything. He was too afraid to do anything. He said he just laid there for about 30min until he couldn't take it anymore and went underneath his covers. He somehow fell asleep and woke up in the morning, and the creature was gone.

He never saw it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[351]**

**[Contributed by the above poster. Split due to length.]**

Wait, I just remembered another one. I mean it isn't terrifying or anything, but it was really weird when it happened.

I was down at a fresh-water lake with some friends. We just went down there to hang out because it was only a few miles from our houses. I was standing at the shore when I looked into the water and saw something. I still don't know what it was...

It was maybe twice the size of a softball, and looked like a jellyfish. Two things wrong though; It was fresh water, and this thing had screwing gigantic spider legs coming out from under the jellyfish part the tentacles should have been.

While I just stared at it, it slowly swam away, out into deeper waters. I've never seen that thing, or anything like it again, but it was screwing nasty.

I really wonder if that was some undiscovered animal or

something... I've searched the internet for anything matching my description, and nothing turns up.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [352]

>First day of school second grade  
>September day  
>Waiting for the shower to open.  
>Hear a tapping on my Window  
>See a large bee about 8-10 inches long and huge. You can make out all the details. Clearly see the yellow and black of its face and wings.  
>back in 1994. This bee was just hovering and tapping on the Window. His stringer could have gone through the Window.  
>I go in my parents room call them to my Window and grab my dad's camera cause I was feaking out  
>Just as it fly's off parents come in the room tell me stop wasting time and get ready for school.  
>Dad says don't touch the camera again and take a shower.  
>Get out of the shower and hear that tapping again. That bee is back just flying near the Window.  
>Run and try to get my parents to come back. They do and it's gone again.  
>Parents tell me just to focus and be good on the first day.  
>Once more while my dad was getting the car out I was in the fround yard and I see that thing fly right towards the morning sun into a tree.

I looked in books and the Internet and still havn't seen anything like that. Even asked a bee keeper at the local mall who came to do a presentation for school kids. Said it was unlikely but I swear I have seen it and it was not one of the large wasp.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [353]

>neighboors across the street have a big field in their front yard, and they used to keep horses when I was little  
>I grow up, the horses all die  
>coming home one night  
>see a dark blot moving around in neighboors field  
>it's moving in circles, and it's movement...it look's like it's cantering  
>not very superstitious  
>shrug it off

>Another night  
>Dog will not settle down  
>Let her out, she bolts for the field across the street  
>stops stock still at the edge of our yard  
>there's something running around in the field  
>I try to call her back in, she won't move  
>after a few minutes, she bolts back into the house

>Friend pulls in at top of driveway at night, walks down it to my house  
>Hey anon, do your neighboors have horses?  
>GAH

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [354]

>be last year  
>sitting on the computer doing god knows what  
>hear a voice saying gibberish in a low pitch quiet voice  
>what.jpg  
>look behind me and see people glitching in and out of my room  
>as if they were holograms with bad connection appearing and disappearing  
>one remains and tells me to kill myself  
>break into insanity

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [355]

>be 7  
>have big orange Jurrasic Park -trex  
>makes noise when you press it  
>t-rex in closet  
>be trying to sleep at around 9pm  
>starts going off constantly on its own  
>get scared  
>call dad into room  
>takes toy out of closet  
>it stops  
>no batteries in it  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [356]

I'll do my best to explain this as it's a bit weird and to this day me and my brother aren't quite sure what we saw.

>Last year around Christmas  
>Me and my brother go for a walk/jog around our neighborhood  
>It's nighttime and we live out in the country  
>Dark as all hell  
>As we are walking along my brother goes "Wtf is that"  
>I look and he's pointing to this light in the sky  
>It's moving super erratic  
>It keeps blinking in and out of view  
>Finally goes super fast then stops  
>Starts slowly falling  
>We both think that was odd but we press on  
>Few minutes passes and we look again

- >There are now more lights and they are all moving around erratically then stopping and falling
- >Notice in the sky more lights coming from different directions
- >These big lights start appearing and dropping more of these little lights
- >The sky is lit up like fourth of July
- >Me and my brother book it back to the house
- >Thoroughly convinced some sort of invasion is taking place
- >Tell parents
- >They run outside
- >Sky is pitch black
- >Never see it again

I don't know what I saw but it was weird.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [357]

- >Hiking with my dad and 3 brothers in Scotland
- >Storm comes in
- >We make it to one of those houses you get in the moors for hikers
  - >Get in, light the fire, settle down for something to eat
  - >Go to sleep
  - >Wake up around 2am after hearing slamming in the house
  - >Brothers and dad are in the same room as me, asleep
  - >Played a lot of D&D back in the day so I said in my 'warrior voice' "BEGONE, FOUL DEMON!"
  - >everyone wakes up "What are you shouting about?!"
  - >"There's something in the house with us."
  - >Dad yells "Piss off or I'll crush ya!" and we all laugh thinking it's just the wind
  - >Hear a door slam shut followed by obvious footsteps.
  - >NOPE
  - >Brother smashes the window, we grab our stuff and jump out
  - >Run 8 miles to the nearest town at 2am in a Scottish storm
  - >Find out a few weeks later that apparently the house is

haunted by a clansmen

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [358]

- >Be sixteen
- >Live out in the middle of nowhere in North Carolina
- >Walking with my best friend at 3 AM through some soybean fields
- >Hear this god-awful shrieking coming from the treeline
- >I want to go check it out
- >Happens again
- >My friend and I nope outta there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [359]

This is more creepy than anything.

I work in an old neighborhood getting decrepit houses(blithe) ready for demolition. Some of these houses(only a few most are just nasty) have weird feelings of lingering sadness and pain, it's hard to describe but it's kind of like walking into a funeral.

We did this one house that this guy had hoarded so much stuff that it had to be thrown out the windows to clear the house for the asbestos crews. The house across the street was in terrible shape, people had been dumping on the lot, all the doors, windows, siding, and anything of any value had been stolen. It was creepier than the other houses on the block.

During the day I looked over and saw someone peering through an upstairs window and they pulled away very fast. I was told the next week that 2 days after we were there the police got a tip to search the house, they found the body of a 15 year old girl that

had been raped and murdered within the past few days. I believe the guy who did it was the one I saw.

We were doing a neighborhood clean up recently(like 10 months later) and we ended up at that lot to remove everything that people had dumped. I saw a white figure from the same window I saw the person in. My buddy saw it too.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [360]

>be 6  
>alone at gramps house  
>watching pokemon in the dining room  
>the dining room is in the second floor  
>the kitchen is next to this room, with a window behind the oven  
>spot tight black figure in the window  
>completely black, like a shadow  
>it stares at me for 10 seconds  
>mom comes back from work and the figure disappears  
>noone believes me

To this day I've only seen it once.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [361]

>be yesterday night  
>need to take a leek  
>go to the toilet that no one ever uses  
>while pissing hear banging from door that is next to the toilet  
>NOPE out to my room  
>banging goes on for a few minutes  
>silence  
>suddenly a loud scream

>hide under blankets trying to sleep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [362]

>Watching tv  
>Hear fridge door slam  
>Walk down hall  
>Hear microwave  
>Enter kitchen  
>No one there  
>microwave still spining nothing inside  
>Call mom still out of town shopping  
>Nope  
>Walk to friend's house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [363]

>Several years ago living on the top floor of a 2-story victorian just outside the gates of a cemetery  
>just below the bedroom window, on the other side of the fence, are the baby graves  
>multiple occasions see mourners late at night  
>"Must be the parents, I'd be sad if I lost a kid too."  
>repeatedly see these people just standing at a particular grave at night  
>one night decide to watch them  
>they stand stock still for half an hour then walk toward the gates  
>go to other window to see them leave  
>they are nowhere to be seen, freaking vanished  
>this happened on three different occasions

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [364]

>Be maybe 15  
>Mom has friends over and has some candles lit so they don't know we're disgusting smelly people  
>they go out to the firepit  
>I'm left in my room  
>I get hungry and head through the living room to the kitchen  
>EVERY FREAKING GLASS CANDLE HOLDER SHATTERS

Nope'd right outta there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [365]

> Be 19  
> Just discovered creepypasta  
>Screwing around on Cleverbot, asking about BEN  
> CB stops responding for a bit, then refers to me by name.  
>NOPE out of there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [366]

First time posting scary stuff from past.

I had a big stuffed lion toy on my wardrobe when I was a kid

>Be like 10-12  
>Sleeping on my back at night  
>Wake up because someone is hitting my back.  
>Don't mind it and go back to sleep second after.  
>wtf, doesn't make sense.

>Looking at wardrobe and see the lion toy isn't there.  
>Lion toy is under me and as if someone trying to get out of it from its back and that is why it is hitting me.  
>NOPE  
>Run crying to my parents room and as I look back the lion stares at me.  
>Go to sleep in middle of parents bed.  
>Wake up in the middle of the parents bed.  
>Freaking confused nope.

I have more weird stories that scared and confused me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [367]

not sure if dream or not

>few days back  
>lay in bed trying to sleep but not tired  
>hear growl right behind my head  
>feel breath at same time in my hair  
>continue feel something in my hair for a while  
>still not tired, go to /x/

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [368]

>be couple of years ago  
>family coming over for christmas  
>sit behind pc in my room in the attic  
>hear noises downstairs and think family has arrived  
>walk downstairs and see a little dude running down the hall on the first floor and down the second stairway  
>think it's my little cousin so run after him  
>arrive downstairs and unable to find him

>look through window and see mom comming back from  
trainstation where she went to pick up the family  
>realise that I was alone in the house without knowing it  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [369]

> Be like ~6 months ago.  
> Be like 3:30am  
> 4 of my closest mates and I are chillin', watching horror  
movies & the like in one of our haunted houses.  
> Just checked Facebook from the loft, first-floor.  
> Get back downstairs and see the other 4 asleep on  
mattresses in front of T.V. that's still playing a movie (who knows  
what movie)  
> Cutedout.jpg  
> Decide not to bother anyone so I lay down perpendicular, to  
them and put in the ol' iPod.  
> IronMaiden.mp3  
> listening to "Fear of The Dark". Thought it was appropriate.  
> See lady walk past the door way, from the stairs into the  
kitchen.  
> Whatevers.png  
> Realise that no-one else is in the house. (Mate's Dad was out)  
> Nope outta there and park my self right in the middle of the  
man-train (no homo) and sleep.  
> Tell friend about it the next day.  
> "Yeah, she walks around a lot. I often see her upstairs."  
> creepedout.exe

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [370]

> Get off computer to get snack

- > Lights off outside of room
  - > Creepy feeling something behind me
  - > Nope up the stairs like lightning
- \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [371]

>Live in a gated community with an abandoned house at the end of the road.  
>See curtains in the windows when ever I drive by to check out the cliff behind it.  
>door was locked.  
>Leave for a year, return.  
>drive to the house again  
>curtains are all put away  
>assume the owners may of dug up the house.  
>check the door  
>doorknob is busted from the lock and turns freely in my hands with metal clicks and cracks.  
>look in the window  
>see straight through into half of the kitchen  
>extreme feeling of forboding.  
>nope out of there, have not returned since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [372]

>I'm skeptical about somethings on here, but I can promise you this is completely true.  
>(I'm bad at story-telling)  
>I lived on a road called "Old Cemetery Road"  
>I'm not kidding you.  
>It was next to a old cemetery, but the cemetery was like abandoned for the most part and back in the woods.  
>(I don't know if that's relevant, just putting it out there)

>I'm lying in the living room, because I live in a small apartment.  
>Here some rustling in the kitchen, but I think it's the ice maker.  
>I get an uneasy feeling.  
>Then, suddenly I get a flee feeling.  
>I quickly walk to my brother's room.  
>I shut the door behind me, in a swift motion while I walked in the door.  
>Something happens to the door, it sounds like it took a swift hard kick dead in the middle.  
>NOPE.  
>sleep in brothers room.  
>Have brother for verification that I wasn't dreaming.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [373]

>live on second floor  
>using the computer around 4AM  
>It's really dark outside and a bit foggy, can't see the parking lot outside my window except for a small area under the street-light.  
>Hear sobbing outside there's women in a blue-dress under the streetlight.  
>"wow pretty creepy."  
>She looks up and starts screaming and crying really hard for like 2 minutes.  
>NOPE.avi  
>move away from window.  
>She just starts screaming louder before stopping. I don't see her anymore.  
>Become extremely paranoid for the rest of the night thinking my neighbors footsteps downstairs are hers.  
>Nothing happens.

Women can scream loud.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [374]

>Grandpa worked as cop back in late 1970's  
>Used to tell me and my brother this story  
>He and his partner were on patrol which covered the southern edge of town  
>They're in the middle of nowhere, they drive past a cemetery  
>Grandpa sees someone walking through the cemetery  
>They pull into the drive to get closer  
>Eventually grandpa stops the car about 100 ft away, shining the spotlight at the person  
>The light shows more than one person - apparently they saw a group of about 10 people in confederate attire walking through the cemetery  
>They debated on getting out of the car to intervene with them, until grandpa saw one of them walk right through an above-ground mausoleum  
>He threw the car in reverse and floored it out of there  
>Partner said he saw them continue to walk through the field as they sped off

He used to tell us that story every Halloween. Sends shivers down my spine every time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [375]

>Friend decides to play around with Ouija board one night  
>Nothing happens  
>Next day when he's alone in the living room, TV suddenly floats off its stand and flies toward his face  
>He manages to duck in time, TV crashes against the wall  
>Glass and drywall everywhere  
>When his parents find out they get pissed, make him fix the wall and buy a new TV  
>Nothing else happens, everything goes back to normal after that

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [376]

>My Father told me this story like 1 time but then refused to talk about it.

>Going for a midnight bikeride on some dirt roads close to the Pine Barrens

>said he did this ride several times before no trouble

>all of a sudden he starts hearing screaming

>he said it sounded muffled maybe human

>keeps riding his bike in the direction to investigate

>he thought someone was hurt

>Drives closer and sees red eyes staring him back

>He says all he remembers after seeing the red is the fall

>he wakes up an hour later on the side of the road with his bike missing

Weird part is he says that he has a scar from in on his arm which he actually showed me and it's pretty dang big. I wonder what the hell that thing was.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [377]

>be my dad in the early 70s

>be living on a farm in the outback

>one gets a call from the next farm

>"Anon, come quick, I can see lights, must be poachers, let's catch them."

>dad gets rifle, jumps in 4WD, meets up with other guy

>see light/s down by the creek, give chase

>light/s moving away at speed, but still looks like headlights, not taillights

>drive like maniacs, almost catch up

>lights go straight over flowing creek  
>wtf??

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [378]

>be sleeping at buddy's place in boston  
>house built in 1820's  
>get poked awake by something hard  
>it's a screwing cane being held by a dude dressed fancy  
>says "What do you think you're doing?"  
>me: "Trying to sleep."  
>him: "Very well, don't make a mess."  
>lay down, realize what just happened  
>look around, fancy dude is gone  
>tell buddy and his dad about  
>buddy's dad pulls out pic of original owner  
>it was the dude that woke me up

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [379]

>great great grandma lived by railroads  
>bums would come and look for food in trash  
>gggma waiting on porch for husband  
>no car, so he'd be walking down the tracks  
>she sees a figure walking down the tracks  
>gets up and starts running down the tracks to meet him  
>halfway there notices it's not him, too short  
>gets a better look at the figure, realizes its hands are dragging on the ground behind him like an ape  
>she turns around and starts running to the house  
>ape thing chases her  
>she gets to porch, grabs ggma and locks front door  
>looking out window, thing is close to house

>runs to corner of room, hears the thing step on porch  
>starts banging on door/window for what my grandma told me was 30minutes  
>husband gets home to gggma crying hiding in corner  
  
>never leave food out again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [380]

Story from my great grandparents. It'll probably sound cliche to you but stuff like this was a big deal for them back in the day I guess. We're talking way way back, like pre-WW1 germany.

>great great etc. uncles working as hearse drivers  
>riding a carriage carrying two coffins  
>a wheel breaks on a bridge and they get off to fix it  
>notice a coffin which was previously nailed shut is open and empty

They noped out and went home pissing their pants. My grandmother swears they were telling the truth.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [381]

Story from my bro and I.

>be little kids, I'm nearing teenage years  
>have bunk bed  
>bro wakes me up, hears noises under bed  
>man up, reach under bed, feel around  
>feel furry thing  
>"Oh it's just Fluffy" (our cat)  
>"Dude, I'm holding Fluffy"

>thing scurries away  
>wake up, check, nothing there...

Could have been something that got in from the attic... NOPES the hell outta me when I think about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [382]

>Moved into new (current) house when I was between 1 and 2 years old  
>Mom couldn't sleep in my parent's room cause every night she'd hallucinate the walls of the room as being "like treacle" and black.  
>Eventually this went on until she moved into the room opposite (my room) as she literally got no sleep whatsoever.  
>A few months had passed and my Mom began to hear faint wheezy coughing coming from the room.  
>Going upstairs to the room, she soon found out that my Dad was still downstairs.  
>Dismissing it as another hallucination, the coughing became louder and louder until my Dad heard the same coughing one day.  
>Me and my Mom were in the room when, or so I am told, I pointed towards the corner of the room in which there was an old rocking chair that was very slightly teetering.  
>I guess this was the final straw and so my parents asked our neighbours about the previous owners.  
>Apparently the guy who built the house (during the early 60s) died around a month before we came to the house of lung cancer, supposedly accounting for the coughing.  
>Some "sermon" or whatever was performed to say that this guy's ex-wife had moved from this home and since that, nothing 'paranormal' whatever.

I have not made any of this up, but take it with a pinch of salt as it is only what I have been told.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [383]

nothing really paranormal but it freaks me out everytime

>dad in the army  
>he was about 22 or so  
>he worked together with pilots, sitting on the radar for them and scouting some stuff  
>one day he was scouting, his supervisor commanded him to check out a farm where a airplane from his troop went down  
>he enters the building which was almost a wreck  
>blood everywhere  
>the pilot got splattered all inside the building  
>the head was sitting right in front when you entered the door  
>my dad's supervisor commanded him to wait until recovery arrived  
>he sat around with a complete gored dead guy for like 3 hours

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [384]

>grandma tells me this story  
>Her and my grandpa had some friends over, one of which brought some book over, as they were just passing through on their way home.  
>they get to talking, and their friend forgets to grab the item on his way out.  
>my grandpa complains to her about this unease he gets while being around the book, but they disregard it and go to sleep.  
>My grandma is awakened that night by my grandpa pushing down on her chest hard.  
>She looks over and he's lying on his back panicking, shaking her to wake her up.  
>floating almost eye level with him, facing down, is a semi translucent face with eyeless sockets and it's mouth wide open.

>my grandpa screams out to god for help and it disappears.

and

>My grandpa and grandma are really into Victorian era things, they buy this tapestry from an antique shop and hang it up in the hallway adjacent to the living room stretching down to their bedroom.

>One day while watching TV my grandpa sees a woman standing at the end of the hall.

>he calls out for my grandma, but she doesn't respond.

>turns out she's not in the house at all, but outside.

>something similar to this happens multiple times.

>They move the tapestry into the back hallway of a converted garage that now has two rooms in it.

>I come over to visit and sleep in the back room with the huge TV in it.

>I was up around 6 or 7 AM and roll over to face the door.

>I see this black figure standing there, looking at me.

>I just about mess myself and roll back over, forcing myself to go back to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [385]

Not as neat as some of these other stories, but the couple of times my dad would talk about it, it gave me the chills. For a little background, my dad is a huge dude, tall and strong. He does not believe in paranormal things.

>dad in 20s

>driving to his dad's house

>main road on the way has houses tucked behind some light forestry, opposite side is open farmland

>dad reaches end of driveway, pulls over to open gate

>he turns and sees a greenish, large glowing light in the sky, high above the farmland

>watches it for a minute and gets a weird feeling that he needed to leave the area immediately  
>gets in car and hightails it through the driveway to get in house

whenever he has told me, he gets this look on his face at the end that absolutely chills me to the bone and says, "When I saw it, it didn't scare me, but I knew... that I should probably get out of there."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [386]

>be 12  
>spending Halloween night in my Gran's house with my cousin  
>just us two, gran recently died  
>we're watching the exorcist, strange stuff happens. During the scene where the statue of Mary is desecrated, an image of a man being stabbed or strangled was superimposed on the screen  
>later be in bed, hear someone walking up and down the corridor, back and forth for about 30mins  
>cousin swears it wasn't him  
>something bangs into the window in the morning, probably a bird but still unsettling

That's the closest thing I've had to a paranormal experience.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [387]

(this is my friend we're talking about, not me)

>be married with 2 toddlers in a apartment  
>brother was over that day, it's now night time going to bed  
>friend and his wife in bed and kids wake up  
>wife goes to put em back to sleep

>friend is just watching tv in bedroom  
>friend sees wife leave the kids room and go into the bathroom  
>wife is in there for 10 minutes but makes no sound in there at all  
>no toilet flush or sink or any sound  
>wife walks to the living room  
>same thing, she's in there for 10 minutes but makes no noise whatsoever  
>friend looks down the hallway from the bed into the living room  
>sees wife just standing there staring back  
>she's wearing different clothes, something that she would normally wear to bed, but not what she was wearing minutes ago  
>her hair is kind of blocking her face  
>wife starts to motion her hand to come over there, not saying a word though  
>friend is wondering what she's doing  
>friend thinks she wants to have sex on the living room couch or something  
>wife continues to motion hand, then finally walks out of view further into the living room  
>friend hears no noise at all again so decides to get up and see what the hell she's doing  
>friend goes to living room and sees nobody  
>front door is locked, checks outside anyway but nobody around  
>wondering what the hell is going on so goes to check on the kids  
>wife is still putting the kids to sleep  
>she never screwed left that room

My friend did some research and he found something that made him nope. Sometimes demons impersonate people and try to make you come with them to wherever the hell they go. Thus how people get possessed etc.

My friend has a lot of screwed up demon stories, but this one was recent and screwed up.

I'll always remember how he said he couldn't really make out her face, how it looked kind of blurry.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [388]

Kind of related, but my Grandma on my mom's side is crazy. Have you ever watched Blair Witch Project? If so, do you remember the crazy old lady they talk to before they go into the woods. My grandma is exactly like her.

She lives in a trailer park over in Wyoming, and has her yard lined with chairs that she sets these life-sized dolls in. I've only seen her a few times in my life, but as of 6 months ago she had about 15 of these things all around the yard and sides of her trailer. She makes them out of whatever she can scrap up - old clothes, mannequins, etc. She also babbles random stuff at random times. I walked into the living room and she was having a conversation with herself about World War 2 and the invasion of Normandy.

I don't like going to her house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [389]

- >About 7 or 8 years old at the time
- >Summer break, about 1 am pulling an all nighter
- >Mom and dad sleep in their own room
- >Grandma has been staying at our house for a few weeks(displaced from an apartment fire)
- >She has been sleeping in the living room
- >Im watching tv
- >Get hungry, decide to go to the kitchen for a snack
- >Walk to the kitchen, have to pass the living room doorway to get there
- >Look in as I walk by
- >Grandma is standing on the couch
- >Staring directly at me
- >Turn around, run to my room and lock doors

>Man it out in my room for the night  
>About 9 a.m.  
>Mom knocks on door  
>Tells me not to freak out, that grandma passed away and not to go into the living room until the ambulance arrives

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [390]

>Dad is about 20 something  
>Him and his friends live in California in the mid 1960s  
>They boat out to a small island, about 300 feet by 100 feet wide and popular for camping. it's a few hundred feet from the shore  
>camp out, huge bonfire

Next morning:

>They wake up  
>On same island  
>Their tent is surrounded by about 50 buffalo

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [391]

Mother told me this story

>she was in her early twenties  
>used to visit her aunt and uncle with my grandma and my uncle  
>their house was incredibly haunted, doors slamming all the time voices, apparitions and all that  
>my uncle was deep into heroin and pills, he was also a small time car thief for the new york italian mob  
>they are at the house, her uncle told him to let the dog outside  
>he does, and it's about 15 below zero and it's snowing  
>he steps outside with the dog and the door slams behind him

and locks (the only way it can lock is from the inside and you have to twist a lever)

>nobody heard him banging on the door

>was out there for 2 hours before they noticed, nearly died of frostbite

My mom's uncle said in all 20 years living there that that's never happened to him and that it would be impossible for the door to lock without somebody doing it.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [392]

Not really scary but

> 1960 grandma lives on a neighborhood on a small town, so all the neighbors know each other quite well

>there were those two sibling ladies. one of them had a spontaneous abortion, and she got sick because of it for a long while

>my grandma and other neighbors worry about her, sister tells she's really bad but they don't have money to call the doctor

> grandma and other neighbors make a recollect to help 'em out, get enough so they send someone to call the doc, that is quite away from the neighbourhood

>grandma, other neighbor and sister wait outside the woman's small room/house. the woman has a really high fever, they're scared she'll pass

>a man in white, with stethoscope, a malletin and an accompanion nurse appears

>he asks "where's the patient"

>granma, neighbor and sister shocked because that isn't the doctor they know/called, but realize he probably is busy and sent a replacement

>they point to where the lady is

>doctor and nurse walk into the room/house and close the door

>after a while, the 3 people start noticing a strong odor, like

thinner edor. they don't pay much attention  
>suddenly the doctor they called/know appears and apologizes for being late, since he had many patients  
>grandma, neighbour and sister told him the substitute he sent arrived and was already with the sick lady  
>doctor says he didn't sent anybody  
>granny, neighbour and sister flip out, go check the room/house  
>door won't open, they break in  
>due to the noise, the lady wakes up, and she seems really healthy  
>no doctor neither nurse can be seen  
>there was only the door from where they broke in, no backdoors, no windows

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [393]

Weird experiences.  
I remember one.

I was about 19. I got up real early because I wanted a breakfast at Hardees. I'd walked to the strip mall and realized that the Hardees wouldn't even open for an hour or so. So I was wandering around aimlessly at this not-open-yet-either strip mall when I saw a homeless man in some kind of distress. He was clutching his chest and leaning against a pole.

I took no more than two steps in his direction to offer some kind of assistance when I hear:

>"Get in the car, David."

It was a friend of the family who was also full blood Navajo. She'd just gotten up, gotten dressed and just kinda drove out where I was. For some reason.

>"Hey, this old guy maybe si-"

>"Get. In. The. Car."

She seemed really nervous. I wasn't one to turn down a free ride home so I hopped in.

>"What was that all about? How did you know I was out he..."

>"Don't ask. And don't ask."

I never did. I mean the dude was like 80. Abraham Simpson tier. I think I could have handled myself. But I still kind of get the chills because now that I think about it there was something 'wrong' about him I can't quite remember.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [394]

>few years back

>late start days for school

> get up earlier than necessary

> "Oh nice, I'll just go back to sleep."

>as soon as I close my eyes I hear the creepiest laugh I have ever heard

>nope

>I'm awake now.jpg

also

>with friend digging in vacant lot near his house

>it's getting dark

>blood curdling scream from a distance

>me and friend decide to leave

>while walking back hear high pitched dog bark

>oh well.jpg

>"No man, didn't you hear it?"

>hear hit again when we get to friend's house

Can't remember what it sounded like, just that it was fun to go

along with, I described it to myself as a high pitched scream, only remember how I tried explaining it to people. From this thread, it could have been a fox.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [395]

Well I've never thought much of ghosts or anything but I've had two experiences-

>be young  
>staying at parent's friend's house on coast  
>mother wakes me and my brother up in the middle of the night  
>shows us a ghost walking up and down the hallway  
it wasn't really freaky or anything, I just took it with an open mind and was fascinated by it.  
never thought much of it.

2nd-

>friend's mother died, they were close and were together when she passed  
>he breaks up with his fiance, due to some crap  
>stays at my place  
>for the entire duration of his stay weird stuff would happen around my house  
>radio turns on randomly in the middle of the night  
>windows open, doors open, stuff like that  
>I thought it was my friend at first, but he was also convinced it was his mother

Nothing really scary, but the thought of some paranormal realm actually existing is kinda scary.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [396]

It started a while ago, but here's my story.

>be 7  
>watching tv by myself  
>don't have remote for stereo system so have to turn up sound by knob  
>sound starts blasting to top volume  
>freak out  
>run to tv to turn the knob down  
>turn sound down  
>look up to reflection of tv  
>see little girl that sorta looks like my cousin  
>being 7 I'm not scared, but confused  
>turn to greet my cousin  
>nobody there  
>allofmywhat.jpeg  
>start occasionally seeing her out of my 2nd story window  
>I would wave every once in a while before going to bed  
>she never waved back though  
>start drawing pictures of her  
>parents laugh at my drawings and think my imaginary friend is cute  
>lightbulb outside my room will never work  
>change light all the time, but never seems to work

Eventually we move out of the house because of parents divorce. When the new homeowners moved in they said the appliances were pretty much not working. I completely forgot this whole experience in that house until about 2 years ago.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [397]

>wake up to radio alarm clock  
>it's playing static and moaning that sounds unhuman  
>hit snooze and sit there noping out in my bed

>it goes off again, but this time it's just playing crappy country music

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [398]

>uncle stationed in Afghanistan or Iraq or one of those old desert areas

>the place they were at was near a bunch of old temples and archeologist sites. he likes history and all that jazz so he chose this location to visit all the areas

>he says one day he was walking in the temple area and just began to get this uneasy vibe. he left the area

>later that day they visit this old church. he didn't say mosque but it was probably a mosque. it was in some random poor town, but he says it was one of the oldest in the region. he says that he meant poor poor like the type of town where they still live in the stone ages

>while in the church, he says that everyone received a blessing from the head elder. the other soldiers laughed at didn't really take it seriously. he did though. and he says that the elder preacher got to him and said something different and began to speak in tongues and convulse. the soldiers got serious and of course started helping him. but while he was yelling and shaking he just kept looking at my uncle

>they all left and thought it was crazy weird Muslim stuff.

As my uncle was trying to fall asleep that night in the barracks, he says he saw these weird looking faces above him on the ceiling. They didn't look threatening. he just calmly laid there while they all looked at my uncle. My uncle never did drugs or anything. He says the faces are what is hard to talk about because he still

remembers them. They were middle eastern and closer to Jewish than Iranian

He has a bunch of other crazy stories from the region. Doesn't like talking about them or telling them.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [399]

My brother was conscripted into the army and a year later we got news that he was missing. That occurred seventeen years ago. We left his room unchanged, too many memories to take down, and because none of us could accept the possibility of his death. Meanwhile things were occurring in his room:

- >bed unmade once a week
- >could hear continuous footsteps in his room
- >possessions changed their positions around the room
- >different books on bed side table, clothes taken out of the wardrobe etc.
- >his music occasionally playing from his room

My mother would take a glass of water to the room each night as she believed that my brother was still around. Each morning the glass would be empty.

Sometimes I would enter his room to get some linen etc. from his wardrobe. I would stand in front of the wardrobe's mirror doors, only to occasionally see my brother in the reflection behind me, smiling as he sat on his bed. That usually only lasted several seconds.

It never scared me or anyone of my family though. In fact it was comforting to know that he wasn't really gone. All of this ended though when they finally uncovered his body in a mass grave four years ago. I guess he moved on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [400]

This turned out to not be paranormal at all, but it's still pretty creepy.

When my mom was a little kid, she would always tell my grandparents about a nice old woman who would sit in the rocking chair next to her bed and talk to her. My grandparents assumed it was just an imaginary friend or just made up stories or dreams or whatever, so this went on for a while. My mom would continue to insist that a nice old woman would always sit and talk with her and rub her hair when she felt sad and insisted it was real.

Then one day my grandparents found an old woman dead in my mom's room. Apparently it was the woman who used to own the house and who had then been living in an old folks home in the town. The room my mom was in was the woman's old room, and my grandparents hadn't changed the locks when they got the house, so the old woman still had a key. Apparently she had been wandering away from the retirement home, sneaking into her old room unnoticed, had conversations with my mom as a little girl and eventually passed away in there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [401]

>My dad told me this one.  
>Dad was a teen, living in some small town in Texas  
>His high school haunted by a ghost who plays piano  
>He hears about a bunch of girls going to try to contact the ghost  
>being the jerk he was, he was going to scare them  
>He was climbing on the catwalk that would lead him to the theater, where the girls were.

- >He stops seeing a light in a class room.
  - >He watches this light pass though the hall. Like imagine seeing a class room through the window, you see the door to the hall... he watched it "walk" right past the room.
  - >Light ball comes back to door way and begins to float over desks toward him
  - >He (the best way I can put it) nope'd out of there
- 
- >Dad married my mom when I was like three (okay, so he is my step-dad. But he was dad to me.)
  - >I run into living room crying about someone in my room
  - >Dad being a hero went in there to check closet and under bed (I wouldn't know until he tells me that he was checking for cold spots, after his high school run in, he become interested in ghosts)
  - >He finds nothing and tells me go to bed
  - >I come back 30 minutes later and he goes in to find a cold spot right at the foot of my bed.
  - >Being hero Dad he orders the ghost away and I was safe.
- 
- >Same apt as before. Same age, 3 ish
  - >My parents in bed, watching TV
  - >They hear knocking on their door
  - >Thinking it is me, they say come in.
  - >Nothing
  - >More knocking, jiggling of handle.
  - >They answer to no one
  - >They go to my room to find me asleep
- 
- >Parents in living room
  - >It was pretty late
  - >They see little girl walk through all way
  - >Tell me to go to bed
  - >Oh wait, I'm not there, I'm at grandma's
  - >Who was girl

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [402]

My grandmother told me this one

>Story is set in the 1930s or possibly early 40s in the Appalachian Mtns

>Back then, people didn't have fridges so they would keep milk in the creek, as was common practice.

>One week milk goes missing. Suspicion automatically falls on the youngest child, my grandmother's little bro

>He denies it vehemently, but it falls on deaf ears

>Later that week, he misbehaves and he has to stay at home and wash dishes while the rest of the family goes out berry-picking.

>While he is at the kitchen sink, he looks out the window and sees a man, covered in blood, making a bee-line to the house.

>He runs to the front door and locks it before the man can get to it.

>Man runs to back door.

>So does lil bro. He locks it too.

>For a while, both spend time running from door to door

>Lil bro finally makes a mad dash out of the house and to the neighbor's who were cousins.

>He almost gets caught when he has to cross the creek. He would have if he went on the foot-log, but he instead went through the water head-on

>Family believes him and searches the area. Man is not to be found.

>Couple months later, they hear word that a man had been found in Asheville, hiding in the basement of a church. He was killing little boys.

Not so much paranormal as screwing creepy. And oh yeah, the milk stopped going missing after this event.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [403]

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GREEN TEXT BUT...

Here's my story, and yes this really happened.

Jighschool years, went to local Mrookstone store and bought a cool pair of walkie talkies.

One night at local park, it's dark, friend and I decide to test the signal distance.

I go far and I tell him, barely visible, FARTHER. So he moves farther, and now I can't see him. It's dark.

Push button, "Hello, can you hear me?" I ask.

Static.

"Heloo hello helooooo???" I repeat.

Static.

Then... word for freaking word I remember in exact detail what I heard, "I'm coming daddy." (age sounds 10-14)

I run furiously to my friend who's also running. He heard it too.

...what's makes this really creepy? That fact that we're in the middle of a dark empty park with no other souls around. Sure walkie talkies can pick up cell phone calls but... think logically, Who the hells "leaves" their daughter alone at night in a park and waits for her to call him to get her?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[404]**

Got a thread like this archived a while back--I didn't have much to contribute personally except this one-- this story always rang with

me (and caused me to make a thread)

>Junior or Senior in High School  
>Wake up at late one night  
>Have to piss  
>Overhear mother and grandmother talking  
>Walk by  
>"Go to bed anon"  
>I piss and head back to my room, stopping just as I was walking away  
>Grandmother: So what happened?"  
>Mother goes on to describe how she awoke 'again' to find a horse headed thing on top of her  
>It was--well simply a mans body with a horse head  
>It laughed at her and just stared  
>I think it may have tried to strangle her too or something  
>Realize I'm alone in the hallway next to the stairs  
>Nope to my room leaving a trail of bricks  
>Dear God that screwing horse thing

Asked her about it recently, says she's seen it for years.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [405]

>grandma lived alone until she was 75 years old  
>one night she wakes up  
>hears sounds coming from the kitchen  
>grabs her revolver (yeah she's screwing crazy)  
>she goes there and sees the refrigerator open  
>she goes back to the room to call 911  
>room is dark  
>she sees the figure of a man sitting by the side of the bed  
>she points the gun at the figure, but it doesn't move  
>she closes the door and goes outside to the neighbor's house to call 911

When police entered there was no one in the house and all doors were closed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [406]

I've got two.

First one isn't paranormal, but I find it odd.

>any time I leave my house after a certain time a small black bird with a white breast is waiting for me on the volley ball pole or on the grass on my lawn  
>it will chirp at me and will land on neighbor's porch or lamp, the path I usually take  
>when I reach that area it will fly a couple feet ahead of me and wait on the grass  
>when I get closer it flies to a nearby tree and watches me as I walk away  
>it does this when I return home, but in reverse.

I like that little bird.

This one is paranormal.

>be about 2-3 years ago  
>be at my house relaxin and maxin all cool  
>mom and brother are home  
>browsing the chan and decide that I'm hungry  
>get up to get a water and something to eat  
>the washing machine door is open  
>look and see a figure that's about my height dressed in a blue prison dress shirt and black prison dress pants and shoes walk into my mom's room  
>"Dad?"  
>walk into my mom's room  
>brother and mom watching tv

>"Where did dad go?"  
>"He's not home, remember?"  
>hmm  
>a couple months later  
>see the same figure walking around the house  
>investigate again  
>grandma is over visiting and I ask her if she's seen my dad  
>she says no and asks why  
>I describe to her what I saw  
>she smiles and says that I described my grandpa who died in a car accident a little after I was born  
>grandma sprinkles holy water around the house  
>never see him again  
>tfw no more grandpa

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [407]

>this year  
>Anzac Day  
>it's about 7 in the morning  
>Mum is in the shower, I am in my room.  
>Hear someone calling my mother's name clearly from outside  
>It says her name twice  
>My mother responds and tells me to see who is at the front door  
>No one outside  
>Neighbors aren't awake and don't even know my mums name

I think it was my deceased grandma, it sounded like her.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [408]

>grandma was a bored young girl with a gypsy friend  
>her friend taught how to perform seances

>one seance involved both of them sneaking into a graveyard in Turkey and lighting a lone candle  
>grandma's friend starts muttering some words and the candle gets brighter, brightening trees surrounding them  
>The tree bark is covered in faces, the faces look like they are trying to talk  
>grandma's friend stops muttering, blows out the candles, and they leave

>years later in the U.S., my grandma is married to my grandpa and they've had some kids  
>grandma tells her kids that her good friend had died a while back and that they can communicate with her through mirrors  
>my dad recalls sneaking behind my grandma when she was talking to a mirror  
>her reflection looked similar to her own, but with darker skin and grey eyes  
>my aunt told me that it made my grandpa uneasy that his wife was doing this, to a tipping point where he broke all the mirrors in their home one night  
>grandma did weird stuff with her kids: took them to graveyards at night, went to mortuaries for fun, and had them help her with her "seances"

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [409]

Was 8 maybe 9 years old.  
Staying at my grandma's house for the night, the place was mildly populated.

Around 12 am or so I start looking for my dog and open the backdoor of the house to see if he's in the back.

Outside, sitting in a chair about 4-5 feet away is a man.

Completely black from head to toe except yellowish eyes.

I was young and fell paralyzed to fear, didn't move an inch for a few minutes until I hear my grandma behind me calling for me, she comes closer to see what's wrong with me, sees the man and screams, grabs me by the arm and shuts the door close.

My grandma rushed to tell my grandpa, he comes out with a rifle looking for whatever was out there, he calls his neighbor and they spend the whole night looking for whatever was out there.

They never found him.

Or my dog.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [410]

>Family vacation in Maine, spending a week at my late great-grandfather's summer home.

>We're getting ready for dinner, sister goes upstairs

>Sees a tall man at the top of the stairs, goes back and asks my mom if he's joining us for dinner

>No idea what she's talking about

>Years later, family is visiting us in Florida

>Sister mentions incident, grandmother's eyes widen and asks her to explain what the man looked like

>She explained my great-grandfather in perfect detail

>grandma's face when

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [411]

>friend's house

>second floor

>three year old starts waving excitedly at nobody and singing a new song

>where did you hear that, honey

>the girl in the window taught me

>you mean, sarah?

>not sarah! the girl in the window

>sarah steps to the side and the kid carries on looking past her and out of the window

>full blackness, like a mirror

>nothing there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [412]

>Be 15

>Mum, Dad and I are reorganising the house

>My mum is Greek Orthodox, Dad is Catholic

> I'm atheist but still cross myself for luck in situations from habit

>Rearranging icons on the wall

>Come to one which is silver with wooden backing. Comes from an ancient church in Cyprus (don't know which one)

>It is hanging right next to a hook

>"Mum, does this have a hook?"

>She comes out, looks at it.

>mfw there is no hook holding it up

>She calls my dad over, he laughs and takes it off the wall thinking the hook is behind the icon

>No hooks anywhere.

>The icon, weighs about 3kg, was hanging off the wall with nothing supporting it

>The wall is pure plaster, we had it installed a few years before. There are no pipes or wires in it, we know that for sure. There is no magnetic metal anywhere near the wall or in the icon (we had it checked after)

>My mum freaks out saying it is a holy miracle

>My dad is weirded out

>I'm weirded out

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [413]

My mom's got a lot of these (seeing orbs, random ghosts, stuff like that). Here's one that stands out:

>walking up driveway as a teen with boyfriend (who later becomes her husband and my father)  
>suddenly extreme coldness passes through her  
>she looks at boyfriend, who obviously just experienced the same thing  
>they continue inside, never talk about it again

He died when I was still a kid so I was never able to confirm with him that it happened. Also, here's another one:

>has a job taking care of quadriplegic guy named Don  
>job requires getting Don out of bed, feeding him and putting him back in bed at night  
>takes care of him in shifts with other lady named Stephanie  
>Stephanie gets a van, offers to sell her old car to my mom for cheap  
>she takes the deal  
>after weeks of everything being fine, gets back into car to drive home after putting Don in his bed  
>looks at the mirror when pulling out of driveway  
>sees an old man sitting in the back of the car  
>looks back  
>he's not there  
>looks in mirror  
>he's there, smiling at her

She claims he continued sitting there from time to time until she got a new car.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [414]

My buddy's got some stories that he told me, too. Here's the latest one he told me.

>lives in a fairly small house  
>upstairs is just a staircase with two doors and a shelf at the top  
>room to left is his, room to right is his father's  
>keeps having 'activity' in his room, decides to sleep in his dad's room for the night  
>hears bumping around in his room  
>doesn't move  
>hears door to dad's room open  
>doesn't move  
>suddenly computer by the door start playing extremely loud Youtube video  
>jumps up to stop it and doesn't see/hear anything for the rest of the night  
  
>next morning talks to grandma  
>she says everyone else in the house was downstairs at the time

He's also told me about stuff like his great Uncle (I THINK that's who it was) sacrificing goats and stuff to Satan in his old house and painting a giant keyhole on the ground in the living room or basement (don't remember which). Apparently this caused a TON of activity there.

His family thinks that there's things attracted to them and that's why they have so much activity. He even claims that he felt a presence in his room and confronted his fear by sitting in silence with it for a while; later he 'found out' that it was a Shadow Man.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [415]

>be grandpa  
>be living in Guatemala  
>brother has been screwing around with paranormal stuff  
>brother goes comatose for a few weeks and wakes up  
>bro goes insane constantly talking about voices and dark tall figures trying to drag him away  
>Have an exorcism  
>great grandparents were devout Catholics  
>grandpa doesn't believe in that  
>apparently it works and bro is cured  
>one day grandpa and bro are walking along some road dirt road  
>hear a loud smack  
>bro screams and falls to the ground  
>he's being dragged off by something  
>slowly nearing the cliff  
>(the roads in guatemala are usually near cliffs)  
>grandpa grabs him and tries to keep him from falling over  
>it felt like something was trying to pull his brother down while he tried to pull him up  
>grandpa said something was punching him clawing at him trying to get him to let go  
>grandpa is hearing laughing and voices  
>grandpa although he is an atheist tells whatever it is that's trying to drag his bro away does so in the name of god  
>keeps chanting  
>eventually the laughter stops the voices go away  
> he pulls his brother up

Paranormal stuff still happens to my family but it's not as bad as it was when my grandpa's brother was alive.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [416]

I live in Indiana too.

>driving home from work at 10 PM  
>going down a country road  
>suddenly some lights in the sky catch my eye  
>look up  
>see 5 or 6 huge balls of orange light  
>they keep blinking on and off  
>goes on for about thirty seconds  
>at this point I had slowed down in my car just staring at them  
> they disappear  
>speed home  
>run into house and start screaming at my mom that I just saw a UFO  
>she laughs at me and says go to bed  
>a few minutes later my sister (who lives in Indy) calls  
>"Uh, my friend just called and said there was a huge boom that rocked his house and he just called me crapping himself, what's going on?"  
>"wtf anon said she saw a UFO."

According to the paper the next day thought it was probably just some pilots from Grissom AFB screwing around since that base is really close to us.

Still freaking scared the crap out of me, though.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [417]

Got this one from my friend who is a rich dentist and has a house on a lake in France. Never known him to BS, will try to greentext what he said.

>him and family go to house on lake  
>extremely secluded, one old lady owns a farm across the lake  
>one barn of hers always locked and barred

>they spend 2 weeks there, first week ok  
>second week start hearing howling of a night  
>sounds like wolves, but he said it was much deeper than a wolf  
>one day my friend goes fishing  
> notices a big man across the lake, looking into the water  
>pays no mind, fishing yo.  
> after a little while he realises that the barn is open  
>first time he's seen it open, starts thinking where the other guy  
came from  
>carries on fishing  
>looks up, the guy is looking directly at him across the lake  
>looks back. bricking it, what if he was locked in the barn?  
>suddenly, the guy throws his head back and howls  
>howls like a freaking banshee for 20 seconds straight  
>NOPE.avi  
>friend legs it to his truck  
>on the last day of the holiday he returns to the same spot  
>barn is locked again...  
>goes home and tells me.

Not so paranormal, but it scared me coming from such a sound bloke, his wife told me how scared he was that evening. Later we thought about the guy being some feral son of the old lady, locked away for most of the time. Weird.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [418]

When I was about eight, my parents divorced and my mom had to move us 3 boys into some hood apts. Right off the bat it was real weird, constant dreams about fire, slamming cabinets and closet doors. I have traumatically blocked most of it out, put my mom tells me that we would often wake up screaming, and pointing at the closet.

In this time, my youngest brother developed an imaginary friend

named Benjamin. Ben is a prick, and always telling my bro to do bad stuff, he's barely two. After about a year my bro and benjamin start fighting, bro starts getting bruises and scratches. We end up moving to the apt next door, no more benjamin.

Lady moves in with her daughter, around three. Comes over to introduce herself, having coffee with mom. Daughter in next room talking to herself. Mom says " who's she taking to?" It's just her imaginary friend, his name is Benjamin...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [419]

>Little brother is really into astronomy  
>He's about 7 years old  
>Likes to look at the stars and watch things  
>About three weeks ago he spent literally the entire night looking at one part of space from his room  
>Never once moved  
>Didn't even eat  
>When he gets up about noon the next day I asked him what he was looking at  
>"I was looking at the screaming stars."  
>"What are you talking about you little brat?"  
>"There's a place I found where, if you look at it, you can hear screaming."  
>"No way."  
>"I'll prove it to you!"  
>Wait until about 11 at night  
>Telescope hasn't moved since the other night  
>Look into it  
>Hear very faint screams  
>Eventually gets louder  
>Have to look away

I noped out and told our mom that she should take away his telescope.

I'm never going to look at the stars again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [420]

Not too scary, but kinda creepy.

>mom is 8 years old  
>family comes over they let all the kids play in the back room  
>they look up from playing  
>guy staring into window  
>they all scream and run to tell the adults  
>adults run outside and look can't find him  
>house was raised on concrete bricks  
>>window was about 8 feet off the ground  
>nothing he could've stood on was found either

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [421]

>12 yrs old  
>late at night  
>I woke up randomly  
>went to close bedroom door  
>see a silhouette of a man, about 8 ft tall  
>I ask it if it's my dad  
>no response or movement  
>nope.jpg  
>slam door and hide under the covers  
>hear whispers and footsteps for the next hour

100% True

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [422]

One from my Dad:

>1981  
>Dad was celebrating 12th birthday, along with his dad and a few friends  
>Isolated farm house about 10 miles from nearest city  
>The west end is surrounded by grass plains and the woods border at about 1/2 mile away  
>Everyone is outside enjoying themselves and having a cookout  
>My dad notices off in the distance a person walking in front of the woods  
>Obviously this is strange considering they are the only people for miles  
>He tells his dad  
>Not long before everybody is lined up at the edge of the property watching this person  
>Whoever it is, they're coming closer towards the house  
>It's eventually close enough that they can see what it looks like  
>Woman with the palest white face and long dark hair, wearing a brown colored dress  
>By now the lady is about a football field's length away from the property line  
>The lady starts shrieking out what my dad called "the most spine chilling sound I heard in my freaking life."  
>My dad's dad has everyone go inside the house  
>After everyone is secured, he comes back outside with his rifle  
>Dad said he was too scared to watch, but when his dad came in, he told him that whatever it was kept screaming and began to float off very quickly back to the woods.  
>He put emphasis on float, and that he watched it's feet through the rifle scope and they never touched the ground  
  
>Fast forward to that night  
>Obviously everyone had left except for my dad and his dad  
>They sleep in the living room

>Entire night, they hear thumps against the house  
>They've called the sheriff's office, but they can't come out until a few hours later because of another incident somewhere else  
>About 1 a.m.  
>Dad can't sleep, musters up the courage to look outside through the blinds  
>Same figure is sitting outside, about 50 feet away in the light from the security lamp that they had on the telephone pole outside  
>Dad described her as an old decrepit woman, with a very drooped face  
>This was enough to make him faint on the spot  
>Next morning(6 a.m.)  
>Sheriff's finally made it(only 7 hours late)  
>Rocks are littered around the yard from being thrown at the house  
>Dad's dad's truck and Jeep are damaged  
>Lawn chairs, grill, trampoline, etc. are strown all over the place  
>Sheriffs can't find any evidence of who it was or what it was  
>Grandpa sold the property  
>Him and dad moved to the city within a week

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [423]

one from my cousin

>He be working at Wendy's  
>It's located right near a highly traveled interstate in U.S.  
>3 guys come in, they are all acting strange  
>2 of them go to bathroom while one orders  
>something about them just not right  
>as soon as they get food and leave, go to bathroom  
>on a stall is writing with marker  
>says Help me. I was kidnapped and am being held against my will. We are traveling north in a (whatever vehicle it was) and I am (whatever his name was)

>State Troopers/FBI comes to investigate  
>Never hear about it again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [424]

I posted about my grandma's lil bro last night I'll tell another story about them.

>Being little kids they have chores to do. One chore is putting the horses out to the pasture.  
>Pasture entrance is around half a mile down the road.  
>She and lil bro are being good kids  
>On the way back, it nears dusk and they hear a noise off near the creek.  
>Sounds like a hen cackling. Which means a hen escaped and has now lain an egg.  
>They near the ravine near the creek  
>A white ..thing come ups the steep side and yells at them.  
>Sounds like a woman screaming.

Pic related, it's the scene of the area, only during daylight and several decades later

### **[Image too large. Search WhiteThingRavine.]**

>Also during that time neighbors claim to have seen white thing in the trees.  
>One neighbor gets a gun and shots it.  
>White thing disappears and reappears in a neighboring tree.  
>Reports said it looked like a monkey

Another quick story. Same road again.

There was a small family cemetery. This area is called Fox Hill, because there used to be a family with the surname of Fox there. Now only one dude from that group still lives there.

It was rumored that you could hear small children crying when you went up there.

**[Image too large. Search FoxHillCemetary.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[425]**

This happened to me just the other day and it was super upsetting.

>get home from work  
>it's dark outside. nighttime  
>it's rent day  
>go to apartment to grab mine and roommate's check for rent.  
>leave my phone since it's only like a block away.  
>I'm walking to the rent office and an SUV drives by.  
>Window rolls down, woman screams bloody freaking murder, sounds distressed.  
>feel uncomfortable  
>drop off check and NOPE back to apartment.  
>call police to report it. Just felt weird

I never found out anything, but it was just a weird situation. I've been hollered at, screamed at, all kinds of things by people and this wasn't the usual. The woman sounded actually distressed. It was a fear scream, not a "WOOHOO SPRING BREAK!" type of scream. I'm hoping it was nothing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[426]**

This is a story from when I was about 7 or 8, we lived in a really old house in the Hague.

>wake up one day  
>it couldn't have been a dream because I kissed my mum on the cheek and she remembers this  
>go back up to play in my room after breakfast  
>suddenly, feeling very light, like I'm swimming in the air  
>start floating around, floating down the stairs, wanted to show my mum  
>she's all the way downstairs, go down the 2nd set of stairs  
>suddenly, fall down, ended up breaking my collar bone

To this day I have no clue what happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [427]

My dad told me a few stories when I was younger about things that he experienced.

He's the only one that has told me anything like this, really, so what sixth sense/psi/intuitive abilities I may have probably came from him because I've seen some scary stuff myself over the years.

Anyway, some of the stories he told me about.

>As a kid, he saw angels sitting in the living room where he lived. After waking up his dad, though, the angels disappeared.  
>Dad described the angels to me as glowy beings that were beautiful in every sense but said that they looked like men themselves.

>As a kid, my dad went horseback riding a lot in the mountains.  
>I've been to those mountains and at night they do make you uneasy.  
>He was maybe 11 or so at the time.  
>Feels and hears something following him, breaking twigs and

breathing.

>Suddenly hears a woman screaming bloody murder somewhere close.

>Horse takes off and he holds on for dear life until the horse actually takes him home.

This story took place in his adult life, I was maybe 8 when it happened.

>Dad used to go deer hunting on grandfather's property.

>Was sitting that...chair like thing hunters sit on that are high up.

>Hears something coming.

>He describes what he sees as a giant rodent, marsupial...thing. He says it was the size of a large dog.

>Shoots at it.

>It dodges the bullet somehow and just keeps going.

>Dafaq.

>Old house had been around since Civil War

>Always weird stuff happening.

>Scared at first when I was five, by in a year or two I had grown used to it and felt that whatever was there (mostly) liked me.

>Be 7 or so.

>Property had two barns, one of which became my own playhouse I went to for me time.

>Safe neighborhood in middle of nowhere.

>Sleep in barn sometimes just because I liked it.

>Mom is on date one night I decide to sleep over in there.

>Sitting in barn at night with flashlight with gameboy, drawing paper, etc and just doing my thing.

>Hear mom yell my name from top of the hill.

>Think to myself that I told her that I was sleeping out there already.

>Get up, peek out crack of barn wall.

>Her car isn't back.

>What the...

>Sit back down.

>Hear it again.

>Peek out hole again.  
>Swear that I see a shadowy figure by the house.  
>NOOPENOPENOPE  
>Back away from hole before I can get a good look.  
>Turn off flashlight and wait until I actually hear the car pulling in.  
>Don't sleep in the barn again for a while.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [428]

Not super scary but kind of creepy.

My dad told me this not too long ago.

>Dad was about 6 or 7.  
>shared a room with his older brother  
>It was summer so he always kept the window open. Never thought anything of it.  
>Dad's bed is right below the window.  
>Dad wakes up in the middle of the night and looks up.  
>Sees man covered in shadow leaning through the window and staring down at him.  
>Dad noping at the speed of screw that.  
>after about 5 minutes he calls for his brother.  
>man runs away.

Dad always closed the window from then on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [429]

Maybe paranormal, maybe not. You decide.

>be like 3 years ago  
>sister and I home alone

>woke up around 8 am  
>sister's down stairs watching TV in our parents room  
>I suddenly hear a bang (it was this huuuge bang as if someone would crash a tv at the floor or something) and I hear her scream  
>run down faster than Usain Bolt  
>she asks me to look in our washroom  
>walk in scary  
>everything from every shelf has fallen down on the floor, literally everything. the floor was full of dish soaps and etc.  
>dontletitbeademon.jpg

Some other events have happened after that morning, got to eat now so I can't write more right now about the other ones, but maybe later.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [430]

I've never outright seen an apparition, but freaking poltergeists, man.

>Friend tosses lighter near me  
>Two minutes later lighter flies right past me face  
>'What the hell, dude'  
>Friend is asleep in the corner

Also:

>Set soda down on tray  
>Watching some DVR'd stuff  
>Soda leaps into the air and flips over  
>Freaking poltergeist making a mess again!

My old house. Staying at friend's or moving, never had it happen anywhere else. Also, shadow people from time to time. I used to just yell at 'em to leave. Eventually, no more shadow people, just a poltergeist.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [431]

First time sharing this story with anyone!

>Be about 8 years old  
>Sleepover at mine with childhood best friend  
>Top and tail on the top bunk  
>Suddenly wake up in the morning and sit up  
>A shadowy figure is leaning over my bed (tall since it's over a bunk bed)  
>Stare at it  
>After about 10 seconds I try to wake my friend so he can see this as well  
>The shadow figure glides away and seems to go through a wall  
>By the time my friend wakes up the shadow has gone  
>Tell friend I had just seen a ghost  
>He seems quite scared and doesn't want to talk about it

Has anyone else had any experience with a shadow like this?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [432]

>never experienced anything remotely paranormal, skeptical.  
>yesterday at party with awesome dude and gf.  
>gf and dude both have partly indonesian heritage.  
>awesome dude is wearing a bead bracelet, looks authentic.  
>gf asks why he wears.  
>dude hesitant to tell, says it's pretty scary.  
>we insist, thinking we've heard lots of screwed up stuff.

Continuing telling story from his perspective.

>be around 8 years old at grandparents house.  
>they're out shopping.  
>they have two Wajang dolls from old times.  
>watching nickelodeon and cartoon network.  
>suddenly TV turns to white noise.  
>it's like a darkness falls from the ceiling in the room.  
>outside gets dark.  
>I start freaking out and pissing my pants.  
>notice dolls are looking straight at me.  
>dash out the house.  
>look back one more time before I leave and see them literally following me with their gaze.  
>neighbours take me inside.  
>takes hours before I'm able to explain what happened.  
>grandparents ritually burn dolls in the backyard.  
>from that day I've been visited by shadows every night.  
>can't sleep normally ever without pissing my pants.  
>feel paralyzed out of fear everytime I wake up at night and see these things.  
>they seem to feed off my fear.  
>tell parents.  
>send me to psychiatrist.  
>feeds me pills, get drugged up.  
>nothing changes.  
>keeps happening every night.  
>sleep with my brother a few times, he sees them too.  
>my parents hear the same noises, but think I'm the one making them.  
>turn 18 and decide this needs to stop.  
>research on the internet. buy incense, buy meditation bead, find spells for meditating.  
>gradually decreases.  
>now only happens when I'm vulnerable or uneasy. If I've done something I feel bad for.

Check this /x. I start bombarding him with questions. Dude literally has physical injuries from these encounters. two scars on his arm. He tells about different dimension, frequencies of awareness, planes, whatever you want to call it. In some dreams

he feels like he's entered their plane and stuff is all cool and cozy until they realize you're not one of them. they look like your friends and family but when stuff changes they attack you. I startle back because gf has similar dreams. I look at her and she and him start freaking out and exchanges stories. Many similarities.

>that night go home.  
>story creeps me out.  
>never been scared of paranormal or whatever. Forget fear.  
>live in a building which used be a monastery, can get creepy at night.  
>suddenly feel scared.  
>lie in bed, with every sound I get startled.  
>more noises than usual, freaking students.  
>don't tell gf as to not startle her.  
>suddenly feel a chill through my body, while liying under covers and heating is on.  
>probably just lack of sleep.  
>realize dude saying the creatures live off fear.  
>can only do something to you if you're afraid. they need it.  
>realize I've been made a viable candidate for feeding.  
>fall asleep.  
>wake up in the morning.  
>wonder if dude isn't creating victims for these things.  
>realize I'm an idiot, screw this.  
>can't shake idea, that the idea of fear has been planted in my brain which wasn't there before.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [433]

Don't have too many stories but they're all pretty paranormal I guess.

Backstory: I'm about 2 or 3 and I live with my mother, 3 sisters, and biological father who is a truck driver so he's never really

home. My biological father used to beat my mom and molest all 4 of us kids. Needless to say, he's a piece of crap. He's also a skinhead, so my mom sure knows how to pick the right man.

So as far back as I could remember, I would be sleeping and not really dreaming, but it's like I'm aware that I'm "dreaming" and it's just a pitch black canvas. Then out of no where there would be about 8-10 demonic heads just floating there staring at me, grinning and just scaring out of me since I was only 2. This went on until I was about 4. It would always be in my dreams, but only when my father was around. So I'd wake up crying hysterically and it became routine to my parents and they'd just sit there and console me until the faces were gone and I could sleep again. But on I believe two separate occasions when I was 4, I went on a trip with him to California in his semi truck.

I fell asleep in the passenger seat, but didn't see these faces... yet. I woke up due to the loud horn on the truck. I'm awake but startled, so I just sit there for 20 minutes. Soon after, I started seeing these faces while I was wide awake. My freaking father was just sitting there staring forward, not saying a word, not turning to look at me, not doing anything. That alone freaked me out, ontop of these faces. I saw them for a good 10 minutes before I closed my eyes and they went away. I guess I passed out for like 3 hours and we were at a truckstop.

My mom eventually took all us kids and we left him. Never seen him since, also never once saw those faces.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [434]

Apparently, Back when my mum (Yea brit here) was around 8 years old, Shes 53 now, she apparently woke up one night to hear screaming and shouting and a hell of a freaking racket from downstairs, thinking it to me just my grandparents having an argument she went down the stairs to check it out.

I swear, my dear ol' lady still goes all white when recalling this. She said she saw her dad fighting something out of her house, she said it was very tall, hairy and had a snout like nose and was snarling and clawing at my Granddad, She later told me he used a knife to stab it a few times and it run off bleeding.

I don't know if I was the truth or not, but our family still lives at that house, and you can see dozens of scratch marks on the wall were it tried to get inside in the first place.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [435]

>walking up stairs  
>childish fear that something is following me  
>okayirunnow.jpg  
>run up half way stairs and turn around  
>see a shadow of a tall child on the floor floating into my room  
>mfw it's a new house, been dabbling with psychokinesis and I slap myself, blink, inception and it's still there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [436]

Here's mine:

>just bought huge new stereo  
>cool stuff  
>since a couple of weeks after purchase  
>play some classical music during the day  
>wake up because stereo is playing  
>classical music  
>vividly remembering turning it off last night  
>starts playing classical music every morning at like 8 am.

>think I messed up some settings  
>call tech support  
>tells me there's no programmable schedule  
>for playing music at a certain time  
>find out ex-husband of previous owner  
>was a classical music composer.  
>still plays music every morning

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [437]

>be 9  
>walking home from friend's house  
>happen to glance across the street at neighbor's garage  
>see man standing there in 20's clothes with a dog  
>tfn I can see the garage door thru them  
>man takes off his hat, places it over his heart, and bows to me  
>allofmynope.mp4  
>run the rest of the way home and hide under the covers and cry  
>still occasionally see ghosts to this day

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [438]

>be 2010  
>in basement with my neighbor home alone  
>hear heavy work boots on floor above  
"lol dad is home"  
>goes upstairs  
>nobody but the dog in the house  
nope?  
  
>be January 2011  
>wake up around 2:45AM  
>hear a rapping on the window

not a quiet knock, it sounded like someone was freaking punching my window  
NOPE.jpg

>bes last month  
>hear metallic sound like someone hitting one of those red support beams in the basement  
>it's pretty loud  
>be ascared, decide to investigate  
>descend into the basement abyss...  
>walk to where the only exposed support poles are  
...nothing  
>hear the noise again, coming from where I just was upstairs  
NOPE.exe  
Turns out our hedgehog figured how to make a metally noise with her cage...

>bes this thursday  
>sitting in bed, watching tv, tryin to sleep  
>mom walks in  
"Anon, you're not scaring me!"  
>I'm not...  
"You were just in my room..."  
>no...  
"But I heard someone knocking on the bathroom wall"  
>there's a closet on the other side  
>We're home alone...  
NPOE.swf

That's the best I got...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [439]

Okay I got one.

>grandfather recently passed away.

>be home alone with younger brother  
>younger brother is woken up by someone and told to go downstairs  
>mom had left a candle burning, could have set fire to the whole house.  
>we put it out before anything happens  
>I wasn't the one to wake up my brother  
>he says it was grampa warning him.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [440]

>be 14  
>playing the keyboard in my room  
>trying to learn some Christmas song  
>door is shut  
>stop playing for a moment  
>think I hear something  
>I hear another piano playing outside of my room  
>sounded like "The Entertainer"  
>walk out into the living room where the grand piano is  
>no one there  
>couldn't hear "The Entertainer" anymore

Kinda minor, but still freaked me out a little.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [441]

>be 3 years ago  
>went on a ghost hunt for giggles  
>house had old slave quarters and a "hangin' tree"  
>house is under renovation, so lots of stuff underfoot  
>start in attic  
>I, along with 4 other people, see a woman up there passing in

front of the windows

>in the room at the bottom of the attic stairs me and another guy  
see a little boy playing on the bannister

>on the first floor in a library room we have strange  
electromagnetic readings

>this house had no electric hooked up at all due to the  
construction going on

>go to cellar

>bad idea

>stone walls, stone/dirt floor, no windows

>we are all sitting around the walls with the lights off and doing  
audio recordings while we ask questions

>I suddenly feel a cold hand brush up my cheek

>NOPE

>flip out until someone turns the lights on

>it couldn't have been anyone else in the group as no one was  
near me and you could hear any movement/footsteps on the dirt  
floor

>I got the hell out of there and everyone else did too

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [442]

>Be friday

>Stroking dog

>Stop and turn around to get back into house

>See someone walk past the door

>Home alone ;\_;

>Be the next day

>Uploading picture on tinypic

>Weird captcha

Please help us fight spam/automated uploads.  
Follow the instructions in the graphic below:

Enter the following:

Your Answer

SOLVE media

UPLOAD NOW!

[close](#)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [443]

Here's one...

- >Be today
- >Be punk teenager with two other friends
- >Do some urban exploration
- >Go to abandoned house
- >Go in through broken-in back door
- >Continue into kitchen from mudroom
- >Smells like death
- >The second I step foot through the threshold, I hear a huge bang on the wall next to me
- >nope.jpg out with friends
  
- >Second attempt
- >We grow some balls
- >Decide to try the front door
- >whatthehell the door is unlocked

>Open door, peer inside  
>Get flashlight out  
>Still dark  
>Take a few steps inside  
>Holy crap. It's like a blast from the past. Whole livingroom looks like the 60s  
>Hear footsteps coming from hallway coming near me  
>NOPE.JPG.GIF.PNG.EXE  
>None of my other friends heard it  
>I'm haunted

About five minutes after this, some jerks showed up and called the cops on us saying we were trespassing and claiming to know the people that owned the property. They also took a picture of my friend's license plate. I highly doubt that they knew anyone who may have lived there, and if they did, I don't think they cared. The place was in such uninhabitable conditions, it looks like whoever lived there just up and left one grey day. Not to mention the deadly mold growing on the ceiling of the back entrance mudroom. (As a side note, there was an old, rusty sickle on the ground of the back entrance mudroom.)

Also, pic related. It's the livingroom looking through the front door. The really dark area is the entrance to the hallway where I heard the 2spooky footsteps.

Will post a follow up with the broken-in back door, just for reference.

**[Images too large. Search BrokenDoor1 & 2.]**  
**[Below is in reference to Image 2.]**

This is the broken-in back door. Right in front of it after you step in is where the sickle was. Not exactly too notable, but still kinda cryptic when walking into a creepy abandoned place as the sun is setting.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [444]

>be last night  
>trying to sleep  
>just about to sleep but get a urge to open my eyes  
>open them a little bit  
>see a dark figure across my bed  
>freak out and get up right away to put on the lights  
>nothing there  
>heart pounding

didn't sleep that whole night. .\_.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [445]

>be last week, about 1-3 in the morning, idk  
>home alone, left to take care of the house  
>before going to bed, make sure all doors are locked, garage closed  
>while laying in bed, waiting to fall asleep, hear knock on the door, nothing too major  
>dogs bark, they eventually stop  
>hear door open, don't know which one since I have 2 doors to backyard + garage door + front door that all make the same sound.  
>thingy that controls the alarm goes BEEP BEEP BEEP (not setting it off, just signifying that a door has been opened, it does this even though it isn't armed)  
>ohcrap.jpg  
>dogs don't bark?!?  
>hear crashing sound come from kitchen  
>ALL OF MY NOPE  
>hide under bed, bring pillow with  
>awake around 7am  
>check downstairs, nothing appears to be wrong

>pick up parents from airport  
>never being alone again

I figured out later that the crashing sound was my icemaker being weird. But that still doesn't explain my door along with knock/ alarm controller having a fit.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [446]

I have a lot of stories about the super natural, but the one experience that actually made me nope for the first time in my life happened a few years ago.

>house sitting for friend  
>cleaned the kitchen because it was always messy and that bothered out of me  
>table cleaned, counter cleaned, sink EMPTY, all silverware plates cups etc put away  
>go play vidya  
>back in the kitchen for a drink  
>knife in the sink  
>whatever, must have missed it while putting things away  
>put it away, go back to vidya  
>his 2 cats come in the room and just stare at me  
>assume they want food or water or something, go back to kitchen  
>knife in the sink again  
>hope a friend snuck in and put it there to freak me out  
>"haha okay, that's funny. But I don't wanna have to wash the knives again, so stop." no answer  
>getting a bit paranoid, check all the doors to see if they're locked (they were)  
His house is one of those super old 2 family houses, he lived on the first floor and basement.  
>comb the first floor, every nook and cranny. no one  
>comb the basement every nook and cranny(basement was

basically an office/entertainment area so not very creepy)

>go back upstairs, paranoid now

>another, different knife in the sink

>nope into his room and lock the door

> call a friend and ask if he wants to hang out cause I am paranoid babby

TL;DR poltergeist screwing around putting knives in the sink and probably laughing at me as I comb the house with a bat.

Weird stuff always happened at his or my house. No one ever believed me, though.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [447]

>be 14

>at school one day, some weird Mexican kid no one really knew gives me a book and tells me to read it, says it will attract ghosts

>lol

>go home

>gets to be 11 at night, bored

>walk into dark bathroom, open up book and read with a lighter

>it just talks about magic and how you're about to experience it

>there is light comin in from under the door, see shadow suddenly pass under the door

>realize that I'm home alone, freak out a bit

>alarm goes off in house

>shoot bathroom door open, make a beeline for the front door

>wait in front yard for mom to get home

>still scares the hell out of me thinking about it to this day

True story.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [448]

> Be 2010  
> Few days after Christmas, cousin was staying with us  
> Him and I are both fascinated by paranormal stuff, I bring up the graveyard in the woods behind my house  
> We come up with the brilliant idea to go back there at 1:00 AM  
> I rolls around, we bring a flashlight and our phones, walk into the field just before the woods  
> Get to the fence, suddenly see plants whipping around like there was a load of wind, no wind  
> Stop to look, notice the wind getting closer to us  
> Goes right past my cousin, gets to me, and everything gets dead quiet, dead still, and not even the crickets are making a sound  
> allovermynope.jpg  
> Run back to my house with the speed of an Olympian god

Stuff kept happening that night too, got plain weird.

Also, pic related, it's the only picture I can find of the back area we were in.

## [Image too large. Search WindyGraveyard.]

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [449]

>live in eastern Europe  
>visit parents in the village where they live  
>there's an abandoned mental hospital from the 1960s near by  
>its garage is used as a warehouse by a local business  
>ask them if I could explore the hospital  
>they say "Sure, it's not even ours. Just be careful in there.  
There's loose tiles, glass on the floor and you can't see where you're going in some places."  
>I go in with my friend

>it was during the day, so it was fairly well lit inside except for the rear end of the building  
>didn't bring torches  
>go into the rear end  
>difficult to see, but not impossible  
>hear footsteps from the next room  
>"Hello? Anybody there?"  
>no response  
>open the rotted wooden door  
>nothing but a rusted washing machine with its motor exposed  
>NOPE  
>turn back, hear footsteps in the hallway  
>nothing there either  
>double NOPE  
>keep going further into the dark abyss  
>trip over something  
>it was a piece of a door that appeared to have been pounded with an axe  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>leave the hospital

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [450]

>be freshman in college  
>walking past memorial center  
>see some guy staring at me  
>young, thinking must be fellow student  
>thinking he's probably going to give me some stupid flier  
>try to walk around  
>he gets in front of me  
>donotwant.jpg  
>tells me god told him to tell me he hears a music box when he sees me, and that it was really important for him to tell me  
>thinking this guy is crazy  
>but still politely thank him for telling me

I still think about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [451]

- >Be 10
- >Napped all day, go to bathroom at 3 a.m.
- >Walk past guest room
- >White glowing apparition of a girl in white gown
- >OHGOD
- >Run to bathroom and piss
- >Go to mom's room
- >She calls me crazy, say's there's nothing in the house
- >mfw Can't live in this place

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [452]

- >be in high school
- >kid always sits alone in one spot
- >no one talk to him
- >never see him other than at recess and lunch
- >Im alone on the weekend walking to the shops to buy stuff
- >see him walking towards me
- >say hey
- >no reply
- >ok whatever
- >exactly 10:00 pm
- >parents are away
- >hes at my door
- >he says "Do you know how to ascend?"
- >"What?"
- >"I thought not." he leaves
- >never see him again

Freaked me out, I asked a teacher about him and he said he never unenrolled, he just never showed up at school again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [453]

- >be a kid in Hawaii for vacation
- >running around pool
- >stop and lock eyes with older man
- >stare back
- >gut feeling I know this guy
- >I don't know this guy
- >he squints at me
- >looks like he recognizes me
- >hugeass group of people walk by
- >he's gone
- >run around pool looking for him
- >couldn't find him

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [454]

- >be five or six year old femanon
- >playing putt putt on the old macintosh
- >computer is next to window so I have a nice view of the street
- >totally engrossed in game
- >snap out of it and look outside
- >THERE IS A GUY STARING AT ME THROUGH MY WINDOW
- >stare back
- >HE RUNS AND ALL TRIPS UP ALL OVER OUR LAWN
- >go to parents
- >mom dad some weird dude was staring into my window
- >folks call cops
- >cops ask me what the guy was wearing, gave me a teddy bear

>am like "guys I'm five I wasn't paying attention to what he was wearing  
>he tripped on some rocks though"  
>cops walkie each other  
>"HE TRIPPED ON SOME ROCKS"  
>we move to new neighborhood  
>they never found him  
>probably because I couldn't remember what he was wearing

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [455]

>be mid 20's  
>drinking fool head off at a Boston club  
>step out for a smoke(this was post indoor smoking ban)  
>a wild uni student appears!  
>wild eyes  
>scraggly hair  
>clutching a bundle of text books  
>"do you know about string theory" he says  
>"As much a layman can" I answer  
>he proceeds to go into a very well prepared argument in favour of all reality being a closed loop  
>explains that everyone alive today has lived and died before  
>explains that all actions are nothing more than repetition of an ongoing cycle  
>he suddenly looks across the street  
>shuffles a book with Einstein on the cover to the top  
>points at the book  
>points at a man across the street  
>the man is the spitting image of Albert Einstein right down to the hair and clothing style  
>he nods to me knowingly  
>I go full derp and enter a state of brain melt  
>I thank him for his time and go back inside to drink more

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [456]

>in Korea in the army, 1998.  
>waiting in line for some food outside, near restaurants, lots of people, etc.  
>Korean woman comes up to me says, "Would you like to have sex with ME?"  
>wut  
>she walks off, maybe 20ft. away, looks like she's waiting for me.  
>I'm looking at other people in line like, "Did you just hear that? wtf?"  
>get my food, walk over to her, ask her to repeat what she said  
>she claims not to be able to speak English  
>I ask her again, she slaps my face really hard and says, "Get away from me!" and walks off. wtfjusthappened.jpg

another one:

>at a club with military friends  
>after a while, gotta take a piss, go to the bathroom  
>taking piss at urinal  
>man walks up behind me, grabs my baseball cap off my head, storms out  
>quickly finish my piss, walk out, see him throw my hat in a corner  
>watch him walk across the entire place, loud music, can't hear anything  
>I go back to my friends, watch the guy next to his girlfriend from across the room, they're standing next to a bouncer, pointing at me, talking about something  
>they're all looking at me  
>tell my friends I think there's about to be a fight  
>nothing happens, I start watching the strippers again  
>I look around later, the guy and his girl are gone  
>nothing happened, wtf

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [457]

>be 12  
>walking through mall with dad and 10 year old brother  
>Asian lady in weird Asian hat walks up  
>points at my brother  
>says "does he play music?"  
>I look at her weird  
>being the funny guy he is, dad says "Well there's a crank on his back and when you turn it he starts to play music."  
>Asian lady says "Ah yes, I knew he was special!"  
>she walks away  
> I'm like wtf just happened  
>dad's like lolthatwasweird.jpeg  
> brother's creeped as hell

also

>winter 2012  
> went to see Apollo 18 with my dad  
> weird guy sits behind us halfway through movie  
>at the end he butts into our conversation about how the ending sucked  
>he seems a bit slow  
>follows us out of theater and into mall  
>keeps talking  
>dad says we should get going  
>guy walkks away  
> we stand there until he's out of sight  
> WHAT THE hell.  
>continue shopping  
>jump ahead to summer  
>at K-Mart with bro mom and her boyfriend  
>walking down towards bikes and texting  
>look up  
>same guy walks bye  
>ohhell.jpg

>he looks over casually  
>continues walking into aisle  
>recognizes me  
>steps out of aisle  
>winks and smiles  
>nopenopenope.jpg.exif.mov.gif.png  
>my eyes widen  
>turn around immediatly towards electronics where my mom is  
>walk fast  
>turn back  
>he's still looking at me  
>walk faster, look back, he's gone  
>tear through the store  
>tell mom  
>she laughs  
>tell my dad later that night when he calls me  
>what the hell that's weird  
>never saw the guy again

Scared the hell out of me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [458]

>just found out about indigos.  
>be walking through the mall with girlfriend.  
>both of us want subway.  
>standing in line for subway with gf.  
>couple in their 30's come up to me and pat my shoulder.  
>man gives a warm smile and nods.  
>"Be careful come December and welcome young indigo soul."  
>couple walks off and I am stunned in silence.  
>look at gf she's wide eyed and shrugs.  
>enjoys footlong.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [459]

My and two of my friends were at Dairy Queen sitting at an outside table. A woman came up to us and asked if we could lend her a couple dollars so she could buy a burger and we pulled together about six bucks for her.

She took the money and said under her breath what we all swear was "It will be forgiven." and then went into the Dairy Queen.

We decided she was an angel who had just blessed us for our charity.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [460]

>be 12 year old chubby boy  
>at great grandmothers viewing  
>left gameboy color in mom's car so I go get it  
>behind sketchy funeral home, dark as hell  
>get to car when a creepy man comes out from behind a van and asks me if I want to see where he keeps the bodies.  
>nope  
>grab gameboy and run my fatass off  
>never told anyone.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [461]

>3 years ago  
>Christmas shopping with my friend at the mall  
>Place is packed  
>Walking through the food court  
>Out of nowhere a man walking with his son stops me and asks

my name

>Don't tell him and ask, "Is there something you need?"

>He says, "I know this is strange, but God is telling me you're important and he has big plans for you. I came here today just to tell you that."

>"... What?"

>He responds, "I don't know what it is you'll do, but I was told to stop you and give you this message."

>At this point I'm waiting for him to tell me about his van outside that will take me to his "church", but it never comes.

>He makes no attempts to recruit me to any religion, even though he reeks of fanatical

>We talk briefly about the Christmas season before he says, "I can see it in you too, God's right about you. I'll let you get to your shopping, sorry for stopping you like this."

>Spend the next hour in the mall looking over my shoulder

I've had a ton instances where random strangers go out of their way to stop me and tell me something, but they're usually hilarious. Like one redneck in Blockbuster who just had to tell me about, "These two guys in this movie called Best of Show. Man they crack me up." But this one was unnerving. He was dead serious about his message, and you could tell just how strongly he believed it. Scared the crap out of me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [462]

Not a stranger, but here.

>Be 10 or 11

>Sitting in my grandmothers room watching TV about 4pm, sunny but windy afternoon, Dragonball Z was on TV.

>The door opens

>It's my grandpa who died a year or two before

>Im shocked

>He comes and hugs me, but I feel nothing.

>Says nothing and walks into the master bathroom  
>Open master bathroom  
>Gone

I don't care if any of you guys don't believe me, it happened, and I will never friggin' forget it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [463]

>be alcoholic  
>go to liquor store  
>bum out front  
>asks for some money  
>tell him I'll give him my change from indoors  
>buy handle of gin and a lottery ticket  
>go outside  
>give him like the 35 cents I have left over  
>"bless you"  
>start to walk off  
>he stops me, intensely smiling  
>"No really, bless you. Bless. You."  
>smile and nod and say no problem and try to get back to my car  
>come back a couple of days later to buy another handle and cash in my winning ticket  
>I thought it was a 7 dollar winner  
>holy crap I misread my powerball ticket like three times because instead of getting one number and the powerball I got three and the powerball  
>thanks magic bum!  
>spent the money on more gin, which was enough for me to taper off and quit  
  
>a year later I have a dream  
>I'm in the alley behind the shopping center containing the liquor store

>there's a young homeless looking black kid there  
>he comes over to me, smiling  
>says "I'm waiting for the next plane out of here"  
>tell him maybe he means a train because there's tracks nearby  
but nothing for a plane to land on  
>he says "No, I mean plane."  
>realize he means plane of existence  
>realize he can read my thoughts  
>apologize for my rampant stupidity  
>he says it doesn't bother him  
>shows me a weird energy trick to see into the astral, which  
involved inverting your own face with a psiball  
>I'm starting to wake up  
>he shouts "your future is in Dallas, not Houston," which to this  
day is completely meaningless to me  
>I wake up  
>that was weird  
>the next day I see on the news that a homeless guy was fatally  
stabbed in front of the liquor store I dreamt about

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [464]

>5 years ago  
>coming back from school  
>a blonde man stopped me and stared into my eyes  
>"All can be re-built, nothing gets lost."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [465]

>be 14yo femanon brit  
>go on holiday with family to the lake district, staying in a  
cabin on a large campsite  
>during a day out, parents want to go lakeland (bigass kitchen

store, but there was a restaurant upstairs with internet access so my siblings and I went up there)

>sister's turn on the computer our mum paid for so I'm wandering about and eventually sit down

>very tall blond man walks upstairs, hes got a backpack and puts it down next to me, then wanders off for no apparent reason

>while he's gone, become overwhelmed with the urge to give him a gift

>wearing two bracelets, one black, one white, so I tie the white one to his backpack and run back to my sister

>expect to never see him again

>return to campsite

>he's there, in a crowd of people (there was some filming going on or something), and he turns to smile at me

>do nothing, can't move until he looks away

>really never see him again this time

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [466]

>a few months ago

>be at McDonald's with friend

>3am, great time for some fries

>see this guy in the drive-thru trying to back out

>we both watch him for awhile, guess he's drunk

>he parks the car outside, comes in

>hell

>leans over booth

>guy is def high or drunk

>probably both

>"Hey... how old are you"

>..... not telling

>guy starts asking where we went to high school, if we live nearby

>nope.jpg

>he turns around to get his food

>we both run out of there and back to the car

>he follows us in his car  
>speeds up and zooms past down the road

Never seen him since then, thank the gods.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [467]

This happened to my aunt a while ago. Still have chills thinking about it.

>Aunt is walking in the city  
>Not paying too much attention, starts walking into the street  
>All of a sudden pulled back by a stranger  
>He saved her from being hit by a car  
>The stranger pulls out a phone and mutters something like  
>"We have the subject secured" or something like that  
>Aunt is confused as hell  
>He then says  
>"Your grandson is very important to us"  
>Aunt doesn't have a grandson, but her daughter just got married  
>Aunt tells him she doesn't have a grandson  
>Stranger says, "Not yet" and winks and walks away  
>MFW my aunts daughter just had a son  
>Wtf /x/

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [468]

>Be 15  
>Around 10:00pm  
>Walking home from friend's house, suburbs  
>See this guy, maybe mid-20's, standing in the middle of the sidewalk, arms are moving like he's talking  
>Get closer, hear him talking to nothing in particular

>"They're not ready yet, immature, just be patient" or something like that

>Avoid sidewalk and walk on road  
>He hears me coming, stops talking and turns around abruptly  
>A little freaked out now, slow down, "Yeah?"  
>"Sorry. You're not with him, are you?"  
>Guy points in front of him, nothing there  
>He looks kind of freaked out  
>Shake my head, walk faster  
>Look back after a few seconds  
>Guy is gone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [469]

>be 15  
>sitting on lightrail on way to girlfriend's house  
>I'm like the only one sitting in that rail car  
>man sits down next to me at one of the stops  
>I remember thinking 'wow what the hell there are like 15 other seats..'  
>decide to brush it off as nothing  
>after a while he leans over and whispers  
>"I like little boys that look like little girls"  
>I freaking get up and walk into the other rail car as fast as freaking possible

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [470]

I had a weird encounter yesterday:

>walk home from gym  
>~60 minute walk through lonely snowy nothingness  
>about halfway through I walk past a bus stop pretty close to

where my ex gf lives

>as I approach (wearing headphones) I see a girl that looked like my ex standing there (I couldn't make out her face)  
>decide to ignore the girl  
>as I walk past she seems to approach me and tell me something  
>I keep walking  
>about 200m later I look back  
>wow, it's freaking nothing  
>the chick is gone

It was a completely empty straight road. There was no way she could have simply disappeared like that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [471]

>Growing up in Saint Clair Shores, Michigan  
>See strange guy walking in a really slow kind of jerky "shaggy from scooby doo" style walk  
>Long ratty hair , red jacket and jeans  
>Wearing sunglasses and head tilted back kind of looking up at the sky  
>See him multiple times at random points growing up, just walking around  
>Always same clothes, always wearing sunglasses no matter what time  
>Find out from friends he is something of a local legend, everyone calls him "Zooey Booey", No clue why.  
>Supposedly he took too much acid at some point and got really screwed up from it.  
>be years later, be 12, working at local corner store, the shores canteen as a... boy, hell I dunno, I just mopped and sorted bottle returns and stuff.  
>Talking to cashier about random stuff and mention Zooey Booey  
>Cashier says the guy isn't on acid, just has a bad back and that's why he walks that way, says he actually comes into the store now and again

>Call BS, that doesn't explain the sunglasses  
>Lo and behold, half an hour later Zooey Booey walks in the door  
>Never been this close to him before  
>Dark outside now, still has sunglasses on.  
>His finger nails are long as hell.  
>Cashier doesn't say hi or anything, just tenses.  
>Zooey Booey just kind of stares at the ceiling for a second kind of wobbling around a bit  
>Cashier starts edging toward the part of the counter with the bat behind it  
> He finally croaks out, "Pack of Camels"  
>Pays, takes smokes, leaves, never saw him again after that  
> After he leaves, cashier tries to act like he never got freaked, like "see, he's not a bad guy"  
>WTF?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [472]

>Visit friend in Sweden  
>He tells me he hears all sorts of noises in his house at night, ranging from sounds of knocking on a wooden surface to scratching.  
>Decide to stay awake at night to see if anything happens.  
>2 AM, suddenly banging heard from the kitchen  
>Go there, cupboard doors are all open  
>NOPE  
>Next day, pick up a bottle of holy water and a large cross (the kind you put on your wall)  
>Wait until it gets dark  
>Same knocking, cupboards again all open  
>Yell "SHOW THYSELF DAEMON, SO THAT I MIGHT CLEANSE THEE!"  
>More knocking, this time sounding like fists hitting wood  
>Dip the cross in holy water and start spraying it around  
>Knocking stops, things settle down  
>No paranormal activity in that house after that, ever.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [473]

I have three. The first one I'm pretty sure was my imagination but it was still weird as hell.

>be four years old  
>family lives in this townhouse  
>front kitchen window looks out on this open grassy area and the woods between the houses and the golf course  
>Be playing with a toy dinosaur on the windowsill  
>Suddenly the view outside the window changes.  
>Dinosaurs everywhere, a whole herd of apatasauruses.  
>Some sort of predator, at the time I thought it was a T-rex walks up to the window  
>Scene returns to normal

Probably my imagination but I still remember it pretty vividly. Sounds like something out of a Calvin and Hobbes strip now that I think about it.

Second one.

>Be around 7 or 8  
>Parents had to go to these people's house for a meeting or something  
>Way out in the country  
>Me and my sister have to come because we're not old enough to be left alone  
>On the way back my parents stop in front of this house with a big yard to look at a map.  
>See tall black-robed figure standing on driveway  
>He has no feet or appears to be floating  
>He has what appears to be a black snow hat pulled over his eyes  
>Doesn't move, just stands there, menacingly  
>Car drives away

And the last one.

>Be 9 or 10  
>For some reason me and my sister decide to sneak downstairs to watch TV at like 1 in the morning  
>Enter kitchen  
>See this flashing blue light on the ceiling  
>Think I'm seeing things, then hear my sister say "Oh my God" and start crying.  
>We run upstairs  
>Decide maybe it was just the computer  
>Look over bannister  
>Flashing cyanish white lights everywhere, with a funky disjointed shape kind of like when the sun shines through a closed shade.  
>Nope.jpg  
>Cower upstairs until morning

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [474]

Ok, not paranormal, but it's creepy.

>around 10 years old  
>Some old guy with big eyebrows live in my neighborhood  
>in a city miles away, randomly see him at a school after closing time  
>some time later I see him in a grocery store also a bit away from there  
>decide there's something strange about him  
>me and some friends start trying to figure out who he is, takes pictures off him, sneak around his house etc  
>don't find anything that was interesting enough to remember to this day  
but then  
>around 14 years old  
>find out about some guy that's a wanted criminal in my country

>he looks just like the guy  
>he'd moved away by that time

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [475]

When I was young around 6 or 7 I lived across the street from an old two story house that burned down. Well being the adventurous type I went over into the ruins the first day I could after it burned down. I was looking around in the rubble for about 15 minutes and I had finally found a few things that were interesting, a magnifying glass and a wallet with a bunch of old/charred photos. As I was looking through the photos a girl around my age maybe a bit older at the time approached me, I asked her what she wanted and she told me the magnifying glass/wallet was hers, well I decided to just give them to her since I wasn't that interested in either of them, she just walked off at a fast pace as soon as she had them.

When I was younger I wasn't creeped out at all. Now that I've been thinking about it, I had never seen that girl before, and I never saw her after that. While not necessarily paranormal or even really scary, creeped me out quite a bit.

I'll post another just to keep the thread rolling.

>16 years old at the time  
>family (brother, mom, stepdad) goes to campground  
>mostly just to cut grass and do chores for the day  
>screw that, I left and went exploring  
>end up walking down a really long country road outside the campground, got there from a trail somehow  
>surrounded by farms, walk for like 3-4 hours down this road that just goes straight for what seems like forever  
>end up taking off shirt, it's really hot out  
>go over bridge, a little ways further, then turn around and start heading back

>a truck passes going the opposite direction, first vehicle ive seen all day  
>truck pulls into a driveway, turns around  
>stops beside me, middle aged farmer asks me where I'm heading  
>tell him I'm going back to the campground  
>he offers me a lift, I refuse, he asks if I'm sure, say yeah  
>he speeds off angrily in the direction I'm going (opposite his original direction. this is the part that weirded me out)

This was all at A and W campbell conservation area in Alvinston, Ontario

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [476]

>9th grade  
>being edgy with friends outside at 1 am  
>suddenly realize a van is following us  
>driver must have noticed that we realized cause he suddenly stepped on the gas and drove full-speed at us  
>jump in the nearest garden and sprint through multiple gardens  
>get to my place, they call their parents and get them to pick them up  
>stay up all night playing vidya cause I can't sleep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [477]

>Live in rural South Dakota  
>Night around 2am about every 2 months I hear a sort of growling  
>Not like a dog but deeper growl  
>One morning go downstairs

>Shelf ripped off wall  
>Dead cat and on floor  
>Hole torn through door  
>Cat torn in half  
>Big claw marks on walls and door  
>People in area said that they have had their houses broken into also

That happened on two seperate occasions.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [478]

>Be 16  
>Summertime, hot as hell  
>Driving around with friends after dark  
>Not doing anything in particular, just kinda cruising around different neighborhoods and BSing  
>See a guy walking down the street opposite our direction, walking stiff as hell  
>Long hair, plaid flannel jacket  
>As we pass him, he walks past/ we drive under a streetlight and get a better look  
> realize he carrying a wood axe over his shoulder  
> realize he has no face ( I know it sounds corny but it's what I saw)  
> I WTF, but just kind of shake it off figuring I'm seeing things  
> Friends saw him too, also WTF.  
> Hurry up and turnaround in a driveway and go back  
>Nothing there. Guy was gone without a trace.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [479]

>growing up in high school

>never believed in ghosts, etc  
>moved to new house, took biggest room above garage,  
thought it was pretty awesome  
>have sleep paralysis nightly  
>every terror is different, feels like someone stroking my ear,  
can't move  
>feels like someone whistling in ear, can't move  
>feels like someone on me, can't move  
>laughing, can't move  
>more than once radio, ceiling fan, closet light and printer turn  
on by itself  
>thought it was me but I knew I wasn't that forgetful all the  
times  
>had enough. I believe, you win ghost, getting out of that room  
>tell mom, she thinks I'm making it all up  
>tells me I can't switch rooms until after family leaves. all  
rooms full  
>well hell fine then  
>things continue and I get more tired at school, listless, all that  
stuff  
>one night, I start shaking uncontrollably  
>my whole body like it's cold or something but I have a heater  
right next to me  
>not severe like a seizure, but enough to jolt me awake  
>try screaming for help, can't  
>call mom with cell  
>she comes into my room while I'm still shaking  
>I black out and it's next morning  
>I ask her what happened  
>she says I stopped shaking and went back to bed but she  
made an appointment with the doctor for later today  
>we go to doctor. not surprisingly says nothing is wrong,  
maybe a mild stomach flu  
>my stomach didn't even hurt  
>gave me antibiotics, went home  
>slept on couch that night until fam left  
>best sleep in long time  
>moved rooms, old room for storage now  
>screw you ghosts

I have another. This is happier, slightly

>good friend dies from cancer  
>his sister invites me over  
>she's really sad but tells me his spirit is still around the house  
>I'm like what  
>she says look at these orchid plants, they've been in my family  
for 11 years  
>never has it ever bloomed more than one stalk, now look,  
there's 7 in the middle of November. Its first stalk already finished  
from summer  
>I look, there are a lot of stalks. I've never seen so many on an  
orchid plant. It looked creepy but I can see how it's comforting to  
her  
>she continues that the lights would flicker on and off  
>I know there's not a problem with the lights because my friend's  
dad checked their lighting system earlier this week after hearing  
about that. He thought it was a wiring problem  
>at this point I use the bathroom  
>lights start flickering  
>I finish, lights flickering more intensely  
>I'm at the sink washing my hands and the light goes out  
>severely freaked out by this point but not wanting to jump to  
conclusions  
>it comes back on after 3 seconds or so, no more flickering  
>back out of bathroom without drying hands  
>ask friend if there was a blackout  
>she says see he's still here isn't he

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [480]

>be in junior high, be fascinated with dragons  
>had a girlfriend over, we were hanging in the attic which was  
like our secret club, she loved reptiles, which is how we both  
became friends. (dragons/reptiles being sort of similar, I drew

dragons all the time)

> suddenly out of the blue, she suggests we "summon a dragon" she is half native american BTW

> we do this really long thing, I don't remember it well, but involved candles, a circle, and a lot of intentional invocation. I had never done anything like this before, but wasn't scared at all.

> BTW, all the lights were on. The attic had great lighting and was actually carpeted, with a large open window (no glass, just open) to the garage below. The lights were also on in the garage, so the whole area was illuminated really well.

> No one was home but us

> After holding hands and silently praying for a while, I hear a thump. and out of the corner of my eye, I see a large dark thing flick by my eyes, right in the window space to the garage below, as if "it" were below us.

> I stop what I was doing. Freaked out. I ask her, did she see that? Her eyes were huge too. She saw it as well. We were both totally frozen with fear.

> I can only describe that it looked like a black tentacle or tail, and it's like it flicked out at us to say "I'm here."

> She and I both NOPED the hell out of there, left the lights on and everything. She tried to give me the circle we drew, I said "you take it" I can't forget the feeling that I had done something terribly wrong. And yet, I still have an affinity with dragons.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [481]

> be 14

> parents are asleep, playing xbox with friend

> yelling at Halo; drinking Mt. Dew

> "Hey guys, I'll be right back. Gonna get some more mt dew

> walk down stairs slowly (it's dark as hell)

> slowly walk in the kitchen

> open fridge

> BANG BANG BANG

> wtf.jpg

- > close fridge and duck behind counter
- > slowly peak out the window facing the lake
- > see four people walking down the dam with candles
- > In shock, just watch
- > the banging gets louder and louder, almost deafening
- > See them slowly walk down the dam
- > Keep watching and waiting
- > The bangs get louder and louder, almost in tears.
- > sees them enter the woods on the other side of the dam  
(about 250m away)
- > They all spin and look in my direction, banging gets to extreme levels
  - > candles (they were holding them) get blown out
  - > turn around; run as fast as I can; ALMOST THERE
  - > enter my room; stand there
  - > hear this "You can run....but you can't hide."
  - > banging stops; never happen again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [482]

- >Be 9
- >Going to spend the week at my dad's new house in Minnesota
- >Going there every other week from then on
- >Get my own room
- >At night hear stomping down the hallway outside my room
- >Scream for dad
- >Runs into my room, asking what's wrong
- >Tell him about noise
- >Goes through house, looking for intruder
- >No one else there
- >After he goes back to his room, stomping continues
- >Turn on my lights, go to sleep crying
- >Sound occurs various nights, very random
- >Christmas time
- >Have a statue of Minnie Mouse on the table next to front door
- >Sitting on couch tying my shoe to go outside to play in snow

- >Get hit by something
- >Turn around and Minnie Mouse is no longer holding her lollipop
- >It is on the ground next to me
- >NOPE
- >Sprint outside, tell my dad to trash Minnie if he wants me to go back inside
- >Dad gets a new roommate a year down the road
- >His shoes are constantly filled with the food from the dogs bowl
- >Moves out soon after moving in, complaining of stomping at night
- >Come home from school one day to find the kitchen table and chairs upside down
- >Tell dad I am not going to his house anymore

I wasn't present for this part, just what he told me

- >Dad sits down on the couch after dropping me off at mom's
- >Has a talk with our ghost
- >Says that we are a good family who will not bother the ghost
- >Asks for it to not bother us in return
- >Dad convinces me to go back, saying everything is fixed now
- >Never had another problem

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [483]

I should note that the majority of my family members are devout Catholics. Statues and crucifixes are common amongst our households.

- >Be 7 or 8
- >Family moves to Guam because dad wants to spend time with my grandmother.
- >Sleepover at grandma's place for first week
- >Sleep in her room for the entire duration
- >Decently sized statue of the Virgin Mary in that room.

- >Have been brought up with the notion that such idols are meant to protect
  - >Alone in room one night because parents sent me to bed.
  - >Trying to sleep when the Virgin Mary statue starts shaking uncontrollably: almost enough to knock it off its base
  - >Sprint out of the room and run to parents
  - >Lie and say I can't breathe (I was a chronic asthmatic at the time.)
  - >Mom comes into room with my inhaler and watches over me for a bit.
  - >She falls asleep
  - >Mom sleeping beside me, I gather courage to look at statue.
  - >Stare at it a bit but nothing is unusual.
  - >Decide to turn away and sleep, but as I do, the face of the statue changes.
  - >The expression is that of a menacing stare
  - >Quickly turn to mom and hide underneath the covers.
- 
- >A couple of days pass and no strange occurrences follow.
  - >One night, have a night terror about the statue haunting me
  - >In dream, it appears before me in the corridors of my grandma's house with a twisted smile.
  - >The only thing it did was follow me, but its expression and its sense of ill intent make me feel fear and despair.
  - >Spend the duration of that stay hiding under the covers at night.
  - >No further dreams of the statue occur
  - >Flash-forward three years, am now 10
  - >Family get-together at Grandma's house
  - >Have to use bathroom, but have to walk through creepy hallway with an altar
  - >Make it to bathroom successfully
  - >On way out, altar begins to shake uncontrollably as if there was a 7.0 magnitude earthquake
  - >The shaking is short-lived but as it stops, a piece of the Virgin Mary's face on that altar shatters and flies towards my direction.
  - >Run outside and never speak a thing
- 
- >Be 23 with a fear of statues.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [484]

>come home from uni through a park every day (it's the fastest way)  
>every day the park's full of ducks, swans and geese and stuff  
>one day, the park's completely empty  
>okaywhatever.jpg  
>something catches my eye  
>look up  
>the trees are filled with ducks all staring at me  
>wat

Not dangerous or anything, but holy hell was I confused.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [485]

>be 3 or 4  
>play in grandmas basement all day every day by myself  
>talking to imganiary friends  
>find out that my great uncle blew his brains out there.  
>mfw

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [486]

>Be young  
>Live in Rural Indiana on farm  
>Peoples pets getting ripped to shreds  
>All adults say dog-coyote hybrid responsible  
>My brother says is werewolf  
>one summer bro and I ask for permission to go camping in

woods behind farm

>there is an old abandoned house in there that always gave me the creeps

>screw up our tent, can't get it to go up

>brother recommends we spend night in house

>Not want to seem like wimp.

>start fire in fireplace, take forever to fall asleep

>wake up

>holy crap, howling, and ungodly screeching noises.

>bro and I run upstairs.

>Spend night in creepy mildewy upstairs bedroom with old chair against the door, don't sleep

>next morning, go outside, racoon torn to bits on the front doorstep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [487]

>Be about 4 or 5

>Watching some TV in living room because I'm a kid

>Parents in bedroom attending baby brother

>still watching TV

>at some point get bored and start spacing out looking around because short attention span

>porcelain dolls my mom has on display in living room, sitting on top shelf of some cabinet thing

>dolls looking straight ahead, as in staring straight at the top of the wall

>keep staring then start staring at the doll that is not inside packaging

>staring at it and admiring it

>suddenly dolls eyes move down and look at me, direct eye contact

>OHGOD

>scared, can't even move

>yell for my parents

>tell them what happened

>take it down and trash it next day  
fast forward, age 12  
>find out the doll was a gift from our neighbor/my godfather  
>everything he has is an antique  
>doll was an antique as well

to this day I am still afraid of porcelain dolls, maybe I was imagining things but it creepy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [488]

When I was a kid I had a music box doll on my dresser across from my bed.

>couldn't sleep one night  
>keep getting a weird feeling from the doll  
>staring contest  
>the music starts playing and the doll's head moves

NO NO WKJqwsdnffabfg

I screamed and woke up my parents.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [489]

>12 years old  
>with friends at Ross Creek  
>We come across a ladder leading down to a pipe  
>Someone mentions walking into it so we do, like the idiots we were  
>The smell is terrible, we're ankle deep in murky water  
>after 20 seconds of walking we hear a crunching sound  
>take torch out of my backpack, shine it around to see what it

is

- >tall guy with VERY orange peeling skin wearing nothing but torn underwear a few metres in front of us
- >chewing on a bone, he looks at us and makes a weird raspy noise
- >we all sprint for the exit
- >shove each other trying to get up the ladder first
- >we continue running, not looking back
- >we go back home and tell our parents
- >no one believes us

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [490]

- >Be 15
- >About 1 a.m, walking home through secluded alleyway
- >Girl with blonde hair in short skirt walking away from me
- >Shout 'Ayyyy Girl'
- >Girl turns around, her face is literally static
- >Girl starts screaming, scream is really fuzzy
- >I run home
- >Never to attempt to start a conversation with a girl from behind again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [491]

- > Visiting my cousin in Santa Clara, California (by San Jose - 45 miles or so south of San Francisco - heart of Silicon Valley).
- > Went out at night for a walk to the store to get some beer and chips.
- > Walk past Santa Clara Mission Cemetery (on North Winchester for those in the area) and feet a bit uncomfortable as I

don't like going past cemeteries.

> See what looks like a young female about 12 or 13 walking inside the gate keeping pace with us.

> I jumped when I saw her as it startled me. She smiled at me and I smiled back.

> I say to her "How did you get in there? It is locked? Do you need help getting out?" (I didn't think she was a ghost or anything supernatural.)

> My cousin said "Who are you talking to?"

> I turned to him and said "That girl."

> I looked again and saw nobody.

> Cousin started laughing and said "such a loser trying to scare me."

> I pretended that it was all a joke but it terrified me. She was literally about 3 feet away from me on the other side of the fence inside the graveyard. When I turned to my cousin and looked again she was gone. There was literally no place for her to hide that fast.

> I was NOT drunk nor under the influence of any drugs. I was sober and wide awake.

> That terrified me. Part of me wants to look up the records to see who died around that age, but I am afraid to see a picture of the person I saw.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>is at aunts house  
>my dad lived there when he was younger, the place is haunted as hell. stuff disappears, people get pissed more and more, footsteps in entryway  
>anywho  
>playing with little cousin to keep her entertained while family talks  
>stuffed unicorn laying face down in front of couch  
>we are nowhere near the thing  
>flips, rolls right behind cousin, on its back.  
>being a 17 year old, I'm not that spooked, but I am creeped out and want to get away from the thing

Bailed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [493]

This actually happened about 3 months ago.

> Me in college.  
> About 3 AM.  
> Roommate wakes up violently.  
> Starts crying (seems like he had a night terror).  
> Not knowing what to do I acted like I was still sleeping.  
> Roommate suddenly stops crying.  
> He stares at the door for like 2 minutes.  
> He finally starts moving and immediately goes back to sleep.  
> Next morning I tell him I saw what happened and then asks him about it.  
> He remains silent for a little bit and then tells me that he doesn't want to remember it, then he changes the subject, he does this every time I ask him.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [494]

>front door has two layers, a metal screen door and a wooden door  
>dad and I are sitting in the living room, one room away from front door  
>wooden door is open  
>I hear footsteps on front porch  
>ask dad, he hears them too  
>they went away, we just thought it was someone outside walking by  
>happens again, these aren't normal footsteps, but loud, and the interval between each step is a little longer than a normal man, like something really tall  
>we look at each other and run to the door and see nothing  
>nope the door closed and eat chocolate ice cream

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [495]

I can recall being scared by things that I thought were paranormal on three separate occasions.

The first one was when I was alone and in my bed trying to sleep  
>be 9 or 10  
>right at that moment when half-awake, half-asleep  
>bed starts to shake violently  
Every time, I'd wake up and as soon as I did, the bed would stop shaking. It stopped after a week or two. This one could just have been some really odd sleep paralysis though.

The second time was when I was with a friend.

>be 13; be in my basement  
My basement had two parts to it, one was a fuzzy carpeted part that had a window and the other was a windowless part with a concrete floor.  
>friend and I playing video games during a thunderstorm in fuzzy

area

>Suddenly, lights go out  
>no big deal, we get out a flashlight and screw around pretending to be ghosts  
>suddenly, hear shuffling in the concrete part  
>"it's just the pipes or something, no big deal"  
>hear whispering

The door, which had been freaking FIRMLY closed before, started to creak open.

We freaking noped upstairs as fast as we could and stayed there until the lights came back on a minute.

The third one, and possibly the scariest one, happened when I was 14 or 15 (freshman year of high school). This was all in the same house, by the way.

>be alone in fuzzy carpeted part of the basement  
>screwing around on the computer until it was nighttime  
>get sudden urge to look out the window  
>see a horrid, burnt face looking back at me  
>staring  
>too freaking terrified to do anything  
>go into complete denial mode so as to avoid the greater brunt of my fears  
>"Haha, there's no such thing as demons"  
>...  
>tap  
>tap  
>...

The third time I heard a tap on the window, I screamed as loud as I could and ran like hell. I never went into that basement again after dark.

Luckily, we moved a year after that, and nothing bad happened to me in my new house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [496]

>a few years ago my friend told me about the things that happened to him daily  
>he was afraid to tell anyone except his girlfriend because he didn't want to sound crazy  
>he said that every single day for 2 or 3 years shadows would circle around him and try to hurt him  
>and every time this happened the very light around him just dissipated

When I heard this from him, it sent chills down my spine.  
Drade A student, always had been my best friend who never lied when you hear stuff like that from an irrefutable source, that's when it really hits you.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [497]

>Be in my apartment up on seventh floor  
>Be playing Supreme Commander right after it came out  
>Hear "What game are you playing?" directly behind me, sounded exactly like my voice  
>Swivel the hell around on my office chair  
>Sliding glass door is shut  
>Nobody on the balcony  
>Nobody in the apartment other than me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [498]

>be around 12  
>family temporarily moved to the countryside  
>dad is running for congressman there  
>campaign buys a house to use as an HQ

>me and siblings chill at HQ  
>weird stuff happens like locked doors opening, strange noises like a woman crying, random blood stains on bathroom window and heavy things falling from tables  
>us kids tell adults creepy stuff has been going on but they don't believe us  
>after the elections HQ is sold back  
>told my mom about all the creepy stuff in that house  
>apparently a woman slit her wrists in the bathroom a few years back  
>not only that but another woman hung herself on the tree in the backyard, she was pregnant  
>mom tells me before they starting fixing up the house to become the HQ they hired an exorcist  
>I guess the exorcist didn't do a very good job  
>mom tells me she wanted to wait until election was over to tell me so "I wouldnt freak out."  
>thanks mom.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [499]

I just remembered another story my friends dad told me

>friend was around 8 or 9 years old  
>her dad took their family to stay at this hotel out of town  
>friend is somewhat in touch with paranormal side, always has been since I met her.  
>They say she has a "third eye"  
>she can apparently see spirits and ghosts  
>anyway  
>friend won't stop crying at the hotel  
>she keeps telling her dad the sound of babies crying is too loud  
>dad says there are no crying babies, it's quiet all the time at the hotel  
>dad cuts their out of town vacation short because friend won't stop freaking out

>years later, dad decides to look into the history of that hotel  
>it used to be an abortion clinic

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [500]

The house I grew up in was owned by my grandparents. It was built sometime in the 70s if I recall and was just a one-story ranch style with a basement that had a full bathroom and kitchen. I moved there with my mom when I was about 5, but before that it was rented by another single mom, her two twin daughters, and her father. The father died a few months before we moved in, and the mother and her daughters left in the middle of the night without telling anyone. They left quite a few of their belongings behind, namely furniture.

I was given the basement as a playroom, but it always sort of scared me which wasn't very unusual- being a small child afraid of a basement. There were always... noises. They were like "growls". We had a fridge/freezer and a solo freezer in the basement and I always figured the noises were coming from those. There were also a couple instances of the old tv and radio/record player being found turned on after no one had been down there for days even though I was quite anal about turning them off because my mom didn't like to waste power.

One day when I was a bit older (13?) I was in the basement cleaning up. Just getting rid of old toys and cleaning up the messes still left over from my earlier childhood. It was during the summer and there was a thunderstorm going on. I always -hated- the idea of being in the basement during a storm because I was afraid of having to navigate that place in the dark if the power went out, but my mother was really strict and told me I -had- to clean the basement.

Sure enough, the power went out. I sat perfectly still for a couple moments hoping this was just one of those brief flickers. Not even

a minute later... I heard the growling. Power was out, freezer was obviously out as well, and the fridge had been unplugged for 2 years because we weren't using it. I cried and yelled "help!" until my mom came down with a flashlight.

After that, I avoided that basement as much as I could. I finished cleaning the next day and even brought down the 2 lamps from my bedroom so not a single freaking corner of that basement was left dark.

It was probably about half a decade later that we started closing the basement door and only going down there for the small room we used as a laundry room. One day I opened the door to throw down some blankets I was gathering up to wash and there was probably 5 or 6 -huge- flies in the stairwell. They were only a little bigger than my thumb nail but they were also dumb. They would just sit there waiting to be swatted.

I killed them all, and did my laundry. When I went to get the blankets out of the dryer a couple days later, there was -another- swarm of flies. Killed them all and told my mom.

No matter how many times we killed them, a new swarm would rapidly show up, and the number of flies was increasing. Eventually I armed myself with a big camping light, a surgical mask, a fly swatter, and (because we had no bug spray) a can of hairspray.

I walked into the old playroom area and... holy hell... the far window was just... black. There were very few dime-sized holes but it was -all- large flies. I've worked around horses before and these weren't horseflies. They didn't even bite. I said "screw it" and came back upstairs to tell my mom. She went to the ACE right down the road and picked up some Raid and I went back downstairs and sprayed as many as I could.

It wasn't even a week before they were back in full force. I didn't smell any sort of dead animal that could have attracted them, and I went outside and looked near the window. Still nothing.

I think I only sprayed that window a couple more times before giving up, but within less than a month (I don't remember how long exactly) they just... left. I was doing laundry, saw another mass of them on the window, forgot about it, and the next time I went into the basement there wasn't a single fly. There were only a couple corpses so they didn't all just die out.

I have no idea why they were there or how they left. However, there was a summer where the entire corner of our sunroom was covered in ladybugs and we left them alone until they left on their own so I wouldn't be surprised if they all just snuck in, lived there for a bit, and left.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [501]

>be 14

>always stay up to 5 in the morning on the computer, locked the door so my parents won't intrude and find out

>one particular night, I hear some faint scratching and banging noises

>it happens repeatedly for the next couple of days

>on the fourth night, I packed my balls and ran and turned on the lights

>light flickers as it always does, but as it was flickering I could swear I saw a shadow creeping along the corner of my eye

>I opened the door and waited until morning before I could sleep peacefully

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [502]

Thank freaking god. A thread that doesn't have a bunch of spacehippies and "OMG I SEE THIS NUMBER A LOT IT MUST BE A

SIGN" people.

Here's a good story for you.

>2 years back.  
>Go spelunking with friend a ton.  
>Usually old warehouses, theaters, etc.  
>Go to old theater on the wrecked side of town. (Read: Ghetto)  
>Start screwing around in the large auditorium.  
>Two girls with my friend and I are all.. "This place is spooky.  
There's a ton of burnt up stuff and graffiti. It looks like the theater  
from End of Days."  
>Friend and I are screwing around, not caring.  
>Peripheral.  
>Figure standing in hall.  
>"Hey sir. You live here?"  
>He says nothing.  
>We casually stroll over to the girls in preparation for "We should  
probably bolt, homeless guy is gonna kill us" mode.  
>Turn around.  
>Guy is gone.  
>SHOES ARE STILL THERE.  
>Friend walks over to examine area.  
>No actual exit.  
>LOUD BANG.  
>Bucket of gears and tools falls from the rafter about 4 feet from  
my friend.  
>Friend screams.  
>I scream.  
>Girls scream.  
>Run.  
>Never screw around in a crack house-esque theater ever again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[503]**

>first time at ex gf's house

>tells me house is haunted - being skeptical, I scoffed at the idea

>going to bed, ask her to tell me stories about haunting

>hear a few noises around house as she's telling me stuff

>say out loud that I don't believe anything and that I'm a man of rational thought I won't believe until I see evidence

>mock spirit and ask it to show me proof of it's existence

>whole house shakes for a few seconds like an earthquake

>next day ask neighbours about earthquake, they got nothing

>her house was the only one that shook in the entire neighbourhood....

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [504]

> be 16

>new houses being built in friends estate

>place is built over an old satanic burial ground

>bein edgy with friend taking turns going into one of the houses under construction at night

>my turn, as I'm going up the stairs my friends see a shadowy figure go across the window in a room upstairs

>not me or my shadow as I'm still going up the stairs as this happens and shadows don't make solid shapes in front of windows

>the whole time I'm up there I feel like I'm being watched

>finally leave house and friends are pale and uncomfortable after seeing it

another story of that house....

>still 16, we hang out in that house pretty much everyday, disregard the shadowy figure

>we decide to go to the shop for some sweets to chill out in the house with

>we come back 15 mins later and theres one of them wired contruction fences in the living room of the house on the floor, wasnt there before, we were sitting on that floor not 15 mins before

>decide to have a quick sweep to memorize everythings place  
>take a 20 min walk and come back, theres a brush in the living room propped against the wall that wasnt there before  
>get the hell out and never go back, now people live in that house

also, in the same area, different house a few years before, this happened to my friend and some of his other friends

>friend and a few of his friends see a middle aged guy looking out of the window of a house under construction (the place had houses being built on this plot of land for years)  
>friend and his friends being edgy and shouting at the guy staring at them, guy doesn't flinch  
>friend and a few other go into the house and search it, he's not there  
>he disappeared within a 10-20sec timeframe with only one entrance/exit

the place is creepy and like a said, supposedly built on a satanic burial ground

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [505]

>be military brat  
>be About 7  
>live on base with family, next to house where the wife killed herself and kids  
>bedroom is closest room to dividing fence  
>house has a wall about 2 meters high (aussie)  
>be sleeping with bed under the window  
> stormy night  
>man outside window  
>not sure if still asleep  
>scream tiny lungs out  
>dad comes in, turns on light. No man.

Still see that man every now and then. We moved out about a year later. He never enters none of our houses, just watches me from outside...

> find out the husband wandered off the same night she killed herself and was never found

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [506]

Here we go, story time.

>Be 15.  
>Chilling at home alone.  
>get distracted by boss vidyas (Persona, halos, etc)  
>check clock, it's about 11pm and no one is home.  
>Open my room door.  
>In the pitch darkness of my house, I see something small, like a hunched over child, slide into my bathroom really fast.  
>OMG wtf, I close my door, and my heart precedes to ramp it up.  
>Think, logically for a minute.  
>strap on the biggest clothes I have, in the end, I look my the marshmellow man.  
>get my high powered nerf gun (rigged and each shot has a big needle in the bullets)  
>Open the door like a wimp, check bathroom.  
>Bathroom is empty.  
>Precede to clear whole house, finally everything is lit but the basement.  
>...gather my pre-pubescent courage and go down.  
>reach bottom, lights aren't working.  
>I think "that's too cliche"  
>I see the creature thing slide In front of my walk out basement door.  
>NOPE.jpg, spray it down while screaming like a little wimp.  
>Hear cat scream.

>Realize that the lights were shut down at the generator for our basement, flick them back on.  
>See our neighbours cat there, it has one of my shots in its tail.  
>Panic, take the shot out, put a band-Aid on it.  
>learn that the cat snuck in through our basement window, which was led open, and precede to sneak around the house.  
>Tell no one.

Still afraid to this day about having windows open at night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [507]

>my friend and I go urban exploring a lot  
>read online about the ghost of a little girl who lives on this desolate road and tries to lure women out of their cars to her  
>near a tiny school  
>go to school at night with friend, walking around playground  
>laughter circling us  
>moving, unexplained shadows in the grass  
>something tugs on the bottom of friend's dress, like a child trying to get her attention  
>sudden violent, loud wind out of nowhere  
>"I think it wants us to leave."  
>YEAH BYE

The further you go into that canyon, even during the daytime, the more unsettled you feel. And yet, we still went there a lot, even after that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [508]

I have a few.

>earlier this year  
>chilling with a friend in my room  
>nighttime  
>bedroom door is shut, house is silent  
>hear heavy breathing outside my door  
>at first think it's a cat  
>gets louder  
>it's not a freaking cat  
>gets even louder  
>NOPE  
>wake friend up  
>breathing stops  
>open door  
>nothing there

>chilling with the same friend on a separate occasion  
>he doesn't believe that my house has any sort of ghosts in it  
>states out loud that he thinks it's BSing  
>go to bed later that day, think nothing of it  
>wake up in the morning  
>go to the top of the stairs  
>he's stood there holding his guitar with the head snapped off  
>keep in mind his guitar was in a hard case and even knocking it over wouldnt have snapped the head off

>last night  
>chilling with friends at about midnight  
>brother comes down  
>says neighbors cat was staring at something and following it in his room  
>the cat eventually looks at his fireplace  
>his bible gets knocked off the top of the fireplace  
>out of everything that could have been knocked off, his BIBLE got knocked off.  
>noped hard

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [509]

Here guys, have some OC that just happened 2 minutes ago.

On phone, so sorry if there are any mistakes in my spelling.

>in Chemistry class  
>just took Chemistry final, easy stuff  
>one and a half hour left before we get out  
>freaking fantastic.  
>sit there browsing /x/ the entire time  
>get to this thread 45~ minutes back  
>halfway or so through  
>pretty creepy  
>suddenly desks starts shaking like mad  
>what?  
>look around, no one's doing anything to it  
>look behind me, desk chair is touching the desk behind me  
>the girl is sitting sideways, no way did she kick my chair that way or do anything that would make it shake that badly  
>think okay, okay, there's a perfectly reasonable explanation for this  
>happens two more times  
>look behind me  
>girl isn't doing a thing that would do that both times  
>and she's still sitting sideways  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [510]

>Be 16 with ex girlfriend and friends  
>Go to her village for the day  
>Hear about abandoned saw mill/house  
>Go to saw mill  
>Place is falling apart with rot and fungus

>Go inside house to top floor  
>Start hearing rocks banging outside  
>We go look  
>no one there  
>Goes to check out the saw mill  
>It's in the same state as the house but it's also full of junk  
>There is a haf wrecked piano sitting in the corner next to a giant two person saw  
>Turn around to look at the rest of the building  
>Piano starts playing  
>turn around  
>No one is there again  
>Nope.AVI  
>Nope all the way to my ex's house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [511]

Not going to try to green text this. I've posted this once before, can't remember if it was on /b/ or /x/.

Late fall, northern New England. Cold, an inch or two of snow on the ground and roads are a little icy. My brother in law came up for a weekend during rifle deer season. Planning to get out really early the next morning, so we hit up Walmart the night before for a few things. I live in the middle of nowhere, so Walmart is about 45 minutes away. It was about 9:30 pm when we left, so well past dark.

Got what we needed and headed back, probably about 10:45 or so by then. Headed up a long single lane road that doesn't get much traffic. See an animal that got hit by a car off to the side of the road, still partially in the lane. From a distance it looks like a medium/large dog, so I slow down. As we get closer, we realize it's a giant, and I mean freaking giant rabbit or hare. As we drive around it it picks its head up turns it in a seemingly unnatural way to watch us go by. A few seconds of silence go by, and my brother

in law eventually says "Dude, did we just see an undead rabbit"? Get really creeped out, and it's a mostly silent ride home.

Get home, my wife is already in bed. I get ready for bed and go in and lay down next to her. She says "I'm glad you're home, I was really worried." I ask why she was worried. She says "because of the big rabbit." I get the worst chills of my life and shoot straight up. Ask her how she knew about that, and she doesn't answer. Shake her shoulder, and she moans sleepily.

Turns out she was talking in her sleep. She doesn't remember saying anything like that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [512]

>be a couple months ago  
>home alone for a week while my dad visits his wife in his hometown  
>screwing around on my computer  
>hear crash downstairs  
>herewego.jpg  
>go see what the noise was  
>getting nervous 'cause nothing's disturbed as far as I can tell  
>go back upstairs hesitantly  
>no more sounds for the rest of the night  
>dad gets back from week of vacation  
>doesn't find anything that fell or broke  
>what the hell was that noise  
>mfw I still have no clue what the noise was

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [513]

>Be 2004

>Be 13  
>Seeing The Grudge in theaters with my dad  
>This isn't even gonna be scary might even be fu-  
>Girl checks out her attic  
>See movement in the background  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>Go home super freaking scared  
>My house has 2 sections of attic was built in the mid 1900s  
>1 section is the old attic one is new the old attic is basically walled off from the new attic  
>my room is below the old attic  
>my closet has almost the exact same type of opening into the old attic as in the movie but it's basically nailed shut  
>Sleep with lights on that night with no blankets screw that movie so hard  
>Never forgot that movie

Couple years later

>I hear noises from my closet in my room  
>Probably just wind  
>Check closet because what if  
>look at closet  
>look at little opening to attic  
>I'm telling you there was just a little bit open  
>Staring at the opening wtf.jpeg  
>Hear rustling in attic  
>NOPE.flac  
>Slammed my closet ran out of my room slept downstairs on the couch  
>checked 3 days later  
>closed

Scared as hell. Honestly the rustling could've been wind my house is pretty old and that section of attic is old can't really explain the open one day closed the next and I didn't see any movement... but still Freaking scary. Screw that movie.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [514]

>last night  
>1:30  
>on computer  
>nobody else up  
>dryer turns on, no clothes in it  
nope  
>turn dryer off  
>back to computer  
>ten/fifteen min later  
>turns on again  
NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>leave it on this time  
>finally turns off

I rarely have nope experiences, this scared the crap out of me.  
And I'm almost 20.

What could explain this?

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [515]

>Be two months ago  
>Living in apartment with two other room mates  
>Got off of work, hop in shower, singing while washing  
>HAKUNA MATATA  
>Hear thump, pause and look down  
>Three tiles off of wall fell into tub, black ooze being washed off of them  
>NOPE out of shower into bedroom  
>Wait ten minutes, realize I still have conditioner in my hair  
>Go back in bathroom  
>Tiles were back on wall

My room mates said I saw it because I was working too hard and was tired. I don't think so.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [516]

I already shared this story in another nope thread but whatever.

>be 14 or 15  
>went down to basement to go on the computer  
>creepy stuff has been known to happen in that basement  
>played video games until it was nighttime  
>get the urge to look out the only window  
>see horrible, burnt-looking and disfigured face staring back at me

I went straight up full denial mode.

>look away from it  
>resume playing game  
>keep telling myself, "No such things as demons, I didn't see anything, etc."  
>suddenly, hear tapping on the window

I noped back upstairs, 2 stairs at a time. That was probably the last time I stayed down there after dark, too.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [517]

So, I was 19 when it happened. I rarely took the Subway, but I'd had a few drinks and so I figured I'd take it that night. I was alone, save a group of black guys and an old man and a couple people I don't really remember. So, one of the black guys walks towards me, and asks for my wallet. I didn't have it with me, so I told him I was skint. The black guy starts getting aggressive and him and a

few of his friends start pushing me round. Soon I saw a knife pulled out, I'm terrified. Then, the old man calls them over. They turn round as if they are going to resist, but as soon as they see him they walk straight to him without question. They group around him, blocking my view. About half a minute later, the group nod and rush to the doors, waiting for the next stop. The old man starts walking off, but I chase him down. I ask him why he put himself at risk to help me.

He leans over and whispers, "Because you're mine."

So now I just get cabs.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [518]

I have stuffed lion on top of my wardrobe.  
So here it goes.

>Be 6-8  
>Sleeping midnight  
>Something start bumping my back  
>Shake it off because so sleepy  
>I am sleeping on my back  
>NOPE  
>Quickly check around and notice that lion isn't on top of my wardrobe now  
>Roll and check behind my back and see that as if someone is trying to get out of my stuffed lions back and that is why it hits my back  
>Nope out running out of my room crying  
>Look back and the lion is looking at me  
>Go to parents bed and sleep in the middle  
>Wake up in middle of the parents bed when morning comes.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [519]

>be 13  
>have my room downstairs, unlike rest of family  
>home alone one day  
>browsing something on the internet  
>have one of those game-chairs with speakers right next to freaking ears  
>hear a voice saying "So you think this is scary?"  
>NOPE  
>check everything I had open, nothing could produce that sound/voice  
>hear something collapse outside  
>NOPE all the way to guestroom upstairs  
>skype with friend until I fall asleep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [520]

I always do "the tuck" to the end of my feet, I feel safer that way, or perhaps I am neurotic.

Anyway:

It was around 2 past midnight.

>Watching TV could not sleep  
>Turn off tv, tuck my feet  
>Half-sleepy noticed my feet were un-tucked  
>Sit up in bed

I sleep facing to the door

>Door opens halfway  
>Someone tells me "I'm leaving now."  
>Say ok fine, wake up 1 hour later

>MFW I realized I live alone  
>HELLNO.EXE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [521]

>Be 7-8 years old  
>Get up at 3ish to play Smash bros on N64  
>Do this for a few days  
>One night walk down stairs  
>Shadowy figure stands in living room  
>NOPE.JPG  
>Run to mother  
>Mother goes down with me  
>No one there  
>NOPE.JPG

Never ever went down to N64 that early ever again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [522]

>be sleeping  
>hear bang  
>wake up must be someone coming in the house  
>morning comes  
>look around  
>table next to bed knocked over  
>dogs aren't in room  
>nope.jpg  
>go to sleep next day  
>wake up middle of the night  
>nose hurts  
>turn lights on  
>see phone that was on the other side of the room is now on

my bed

- >nope.wav
- >next night
- >sleep with dogs in the room
- >wake up
- >dogs are growling
- >awwhellnope.avi
- >dogs start barkin
- >dad basically kicks down the door with his gun out
- >nope.exe
- >dad thought someone was breaking in
- >nope.exe has stopped responding.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [523]

You know how dogs sense ghosts or spirits.

- >Be late at night
- >Watching TV with dog at foot of bed
- >If you look straight ahead, there is a mirror, and next to that, is my door
- >Dog lifts up head
- >She looks at door
- >Slowly moves head towards me
- >Stops right next to me at edge of bed
- >Looks up, like, where the head of a person would be
- >Growls (She has never growled, like ever, too nice of a dog)
- >I look next to me
- >Gets really freaking cold
- >NOPE
- >She quickly juts head towards door, and then puts her head down
- >NOOOOPE.JPG

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [524]

Ok, this happened to me.

>be 16  
>walk home on a street that's next to a  
>be 200 meters away from intersection that's next to a hotel  
>rather rural area, hotel's also next to a field and also quite close to forest  
>walk towards intersection, see black cloaked and hooded figure on pavement in front of hotel, staring into the forest.  
>nope.jpg  
>walk from pavement to middle of the street, approach intersection  
>figure takes off the hood, it's a pretty redhead woman, barefooted, in a red corsage, staring into the forest with a sad look on her face  
>wtf.png  
>come closer, see G-man-like guy approach, he's got the look down to the suit and the briefcase, picks her up and leads her down the intersection, Same way I had to go to get home  
>they take a left and enter the hotel's grounds

I'm afraid most of my friends won't believe this story. Any thoughts on what happened there?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [525]

got one

>few years ago, 16 years old  
>wake up around 3-4 am  
>look at air conditioning duct in ceiling  
>hmm scary  
>turn on lights

>can't stop staring at ac duct  
>suddenly a wild face appears  
>let the nope flow through you  
>paralyzed with fear, can't look away  
>staring at it for about 20 minutes before it goes away  
>sit in the corner of my room where you can't see into the duct  
>swapped rooms with brother the next day

I had a lot of bad dreams and bad energy from that room.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [526]

>Be 16 or so  
>Mom is dead asleep, nothing short of a cannon blast can rouse her  
>Hear noises from downstairs  
>Freaking dog better not be in the garbage  
>Start moving to go and see bump into dog who is laying on my bed  
>Aww man we being robbed  
>Dog starts growling  
>Screw it do or die time now  
>Grab metal sheet music stand  
>Dog by my side like the glorious loyal beast she is  
>We charge down the stairs and into the kitchen where I heard the noises  
>All the cupboards are open and the dishes flipped around  
>Door still locked windows closed  
>NOPE back to bed hold dog to my chest with sheet music stand by me.

Told my madre about it in the morning, she shrugged and asked if the spirits would please leave the dishes and quit scaring her son she'd appreciate it.

Never had a problem since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [527]

>11 years old  
>christmas time  
>playing near fire place one day  
>hear voice tell me god is a bunch of freaking BS  
>chills run up my spine  
>over time, voice talks to me more and more as time goes on  
>it acts like it's my friend, for a few years

>few years pass (I'm now 15), move into new room  
>start feeling bizarre urges all the time  
>think about killing people, raping children, ect  
>start hearing voice again, only he seems to be able to take control over me for short periods  
>think I'm crazy and keep it to myself for a few years  
>manage not to kill or rape anyone.

>Few more years later (I'm now 18), relate story so far to family friend  
>she suggests that it may be an evil spirit or something, and tells me what to do  
>I tell the entity that it has no power over me and tell it to leave  
>all weird stuff immediately stops.  
>still relocate to a different room in the house, because of the memories in there screw with me to this day

>few more years later (I'm 23), helping mom hook TV up to the cable in my old bedroom  
>I'm on the couch, start falling asleep  
>distinctly hear a voice say "so you've come back"  
>not in my head this time, I actually HEAR it  
>freaking NOPE and run out of there.

>earlier this year (I'm 28 now), staying at parent's house because my place is a freaking money pit with no heat

>start having nightmares about shadow people who try to take control over my body. One of them that speaks in the same voice I heard in my old room says "I am GOD"  
>Have a lot of trouble waking up during these events  
>I have taken steps to defend myself (occult stuff), and all weirdness has since stopped again

That's it so far, but I could well just be crazy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [528]

This happened a few days ago

>live in a studio apartment  
>notice a towel fell off the hook on the bathroom door in the middle of the day  
>put it back up  
>wake up to piss 3:00ish in the morning  
>finish pissing  
>same towel falls off hook behind me as I walk out the bathroom  
>I didn't move the door(live by myself so I piss with the door open)  
>put the towel back on the hook and go back to sleep  
>see towel on the floor in the morning  
>keep towel out of the bathroom  
>hear scratches in my closet last night and this morning

Never had a problem with the towels until the past couple of days, and I'm scared I might have mice in my closet...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [529]

>be 2 years ago.  
>me and a friend hanigng out at my best friends house.  
>best friends house is haunted to the max.  
>been hanging in that house for 16 years so I'm used to it all.  
>other friend isnt used to it and hasent had an experience there yet.  
>all 3 laying down on bed.  
>friend jumps up all the sudden saying "Who smacked my butt!?"  
>me and best friend deny and tell her to ignore it.  
>check phone in back pocket and see the force of the hit cracked her phone case.  
>slightly starting to NOPE.  
>she flips out and starts yelling and walking around the house telling this thing to show itself.  
>bad freaking move.  
>sitting there terrified because I know something will go down.  
>suddenly my hair is yanked and it snaps my head up.  
>best friend sees it happen  
>we all 3 NOPE out of his house for the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [530]

> be 14-15  
> staying over friends place  
> play a game, kind of like hide and seek, but the hider has to scare the seeker  
> his turn hiding  
> hear noises at front of house  
> can't find him  
> hear him trying to sneak up on me from behind  
> ask him how he got behind me after being at front of house  
> he never was at the front  
> this time we both hear noises from the front of house  
> look out window  
> huge black guy with a machete covered in blood looking through his stuff in the garage

> NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPEN  
> both hide, call police  
> police arrive but guy already gone

Same guy

>be later in this year  
>over friends place again  
>went for a walk down the street throwing rocks on roofs - general annoying teen stuff  
>decide to head back home as it's about 1am  
>has graveyard next to his house  
>we see a black car driving through the graveyard with no lights on  
>we sneak into graveyard to check it out  
>car has no licence plates  
>car has since stopped moving but no one gets out of car  
>just sitting there for like 5 minutes  
>friend decides to check it out  
>we sneak over and look into window  
>no driver  
>NOPE  
>car lights turn on  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPEN  
>run for it  
>stay up all night freaking out about it  
>never see car again

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [531]

I used to walk home from work at a gas station. I worked the third shift, so I clocked in at 11 at night and left between 5 and 6 in the morning. It was for the most part a straight walk back to where I was staying at the time.

On the other side of the street about half way back from the gas

station was a cemetery. The cemetery never bothered me, but the house across the street from it did. I'd usually be on the phone or at least have headphones to play music on my walk back because I have anxiety about being out alone so I need something to keep me calm.

Once as I was coming up on the house I didn't like, I heard a noise and out of the corner of my eye saw someone on the door step dropping a box (like a cardboard box) and starting to stand back up. Pitch black figure, no defining features. As I continued to stare at them they just STOPPED being there. Screwed me up, and once I got past that house I sped walked the entire way back to my place.

The worst time was the morning I was walking back, and as I'm coming up on that house I had the feeling that there was someone jogging or running behind me. You know how sometimes without looking you just understand there's a body behind you, even though you didn't glance over. Especially in quiet places.

So I sensed this person on the sidewalk behind me and I'm feeling them get closer and closer to me as I'm coming up on that stupid freaking house. And in the back of my mind I'm thinking "Oh my god. They're going to run straight into me. Just hit me, full on, running pace."

But like in a dream I was physically unable to do anything but keep walking the pace I was and right where I was. I couldn't seem to move over off the sidewalk and I sure wasn't able to look over my shoulder to see if they're really there. Then right as I'm bracing for impact from the person running behind me..... nothing. I just kind of screamed in my head, maybe made some stupid choking or squeaking noise in person. But nothing hit me. It felt like they sort of sucked into my back and ceased to exist.

I really hated that walk home from then on. I would refuse to even leave the gas station until someone answered the phone and would stay on with me for the walk back. I wasn't dealing with that stuff without some sort of witness again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [532]

>Be about 14 years old  
>Shared a room with my older brother  
>Slept in a bunk bed (I had the top bunk)  
>For a certain period of time ( a week or so) I'd wake up in full sweat mode at about 2 am  
>I'd then get the urge to look out of my window  
>Across the road from us there was a house with a conservatory.  
>Every time in the middle of the night, looking out of the window, the conservatory side door would be open.  
> ...  
>with a persons head peeping out looking at my general direction  
>It stopped after a while and never happened again  
>New people moved in shortly after.

I always wonder now if it was some psycho plotting to kill / rape my innocent child body and it gave up on me...

I still feel drawn to looking through the windows of that house sometimes.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [533]

>Last summer  
>In Florida, on vacation with a friend and her family  
>Friend is in the shower  
>I lay on the bed, watching tv, I start to drift off  
> Almost asleep when I hear a deathly scream right next to my freaking ear  
>I jump up and almost fall off the bed  
> Peak in the bathroom, friend is still in the shower  
> Everyone else is on the beach or doing whatever

>NOPE  
>I sit out on the balcony until she gets out of the shower  
>"Did you hear that scream earlier?"  
>"What, no? You're just tired."  
>"K, whatever."

It gets better guys.

>Same day  
> We just got off the beach, night walking and stuff.  
>Laying in bed, watching tv with friend.  
>Hear little girls voice.  
>"Hi there! Hehe! Hi there! Hiiii there! Hehehe!"  
>NOPE  
>Turn to friend  
>"Did you hear that?"  
>"No?"  
>NOPEEE  
>Bury myself in the covers and go to sleep  
>I have a dream that I'm being followed by a demon.  
>Wake up  
>NOPENOPENOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [534]

>Be thriteen  
>2nd floor bed next to large window that looks out onto a driveway in neighborhood  
>9:00, going to bed  
>Turn off the lights, have just gotten into bed  
>Hear this freaking loud shrieking laughter from outside my window  
>Like a mentaly insane jester form hell  
>whatthehellwasthat.flac  
>Imediantlly jump up, roll blinds down, look out window, street lights are on  
>Nothing outside AT ALL

That laugh still scares the crap out of me when I think about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [535]

>be last year  
>in bed on the very edgy of sleep  
>hear whispering and quiet footsteps walking up to my bed  
>First reaction is NOPE.AVI  
>Look up, eyes not fully adjusted but see shadowy thing standing in room  
>Surge of righteous fury for no reason  
>"Dare you to do something, you're unwelcome!"  
>Assume dark thing understands that I mean to try and whoop it if it doesn't leave  
>Don't hear or feel anyone in room anymore

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [536]

Can't say it's paranormal, but this always freaked me out:

>be about 16  
>hanging out in computer room, computer screen being the only light  
>dad and his gf are on the other side of the house (most likely passed out)  
>around 11 pm, start hearing children, can't tell if they're laughing or crying  
>think it's the neighbors kids or something  
>this continues until 2 am, still think it's kids, not realizing time  
>gaming with friends online  
>go out to get my 360 controller and mic to talk to them  
>come back  
>dead silent

>figure the kids went inside  
>sit back down, suddenly hear a child scream right in my ear  
>NOPEOUTTATHERE.JPG

Haven't had anything in that house really happen to me since, but dad's convinced the house is haunted.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [537]

>Be 17/18 at girlfriends house.  
>sitting on couch waiting for her to get out of bathroom.  
>hear scream.  
>ask if she is ok.  
>ya anon why do you ask?  
>Didnt you just scream?  
>No I didn't...  
> hear rustling in basement.  
>spaghetti about to fly out of pockets.  
>Open basement door.  
>cat.  
>Feeling good.  
>cat shaking with fear?  
>go halfway down stairs.  
>Child standing near unpacked boxes.  
>Nope.jpg  
>haven't been down there since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [538]

To stir up the waters here a little bit

>Sister, 7 years old  
>Yesterday she brought picture of a woman she made in school

>Above that woman words "Guardian angel" are written  
>Where prompted to explain, she explains she can see her, her  
guardian angel protects her, takes care of her health and  
wellbeing  
>They don't talk, she just knows it  
>First time she saw her / it, was two days ago, during night when  
she saw flash of light and saw her walk past her

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [539]

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [540]

>be last week  
>come home from college  
>hear singing upstairs  
>mom is singer  
>sneak up on her and scare her  
>brilliantplan.jpg  
>open door yell really loud  
>nothing  
>no one home  
>mfw.jpg  
>dad comes home  
>"mom is working"  
>NOOPENOPENOPENOEPEPNOENP  
  
>be last night  
>get a drink  
>walk upstairs  
>hear fast movements in my room  
>sounds of papers being stepped on in a hurry  
>probably broham trying to scare

>bro comes home  
>howisthispossible.jpg  
>no one in room  
>no papers been moved  
>permission to nope

poltergeist up in this here

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [541]

>Be last Monday  
>Home from Grad School  
>Brought two roborovski hamsters with me  
>Both are old  
>Both die  
>Bury them next to a river  
>Sadness has made nest in my heart  
>Two nights later (Wed) I awake to sounds  
>The sound of their wheel  
>Wat  
>Turn on phone flashlight  
>Wheel still moving  
>Yell "Hey!"  
>Wheel stops  
>Wheel tips over  
>NOPENOOPENOPENOPENOPEN  
>Mfw

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [542]

>walking home after work at 2am  
>no cars on the road  
>barely any light at all except a flickering street lamp ahead of

me.

>see someone walking my direction but on the other side of the street  
>he appears to be wearing a long coat, all black clothing, walking with his head down and long hair blocking his face  
>get a little nervous, start walking faster  
>he passes me  
>I look behind me to see where he went  
>not there anymore  
>start speed walking  
>hear footsteps behind me, turn around  
>he's freaking running right at me with his hands pointed toward me  
>looked like he had freaking nails for fingers  
>run as fast as I've ever run in my life  
>get home, unlock the door in a split second  
>turn on all the lights, lock all the doors  
>an hour later hear knocking on my door  
>peek out the window  
>it's freaking him  
>see him scratch his face with what looked like his nail finger things  
>proceeds to rub his freaking bloody face on my door  
>walks away, stares at my house for about a minute then leaves  
>call the cops and tell them about it  
>couldn't sleep for days afterwards  
>they never found the guy

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [543]

>Walking home one night from a friends house  
>Talking to her on the phone for company  
>No lights anywhere apart from down some road.  
>Phone cracks up and dies  
>See them flash from orange to red as they normally do when turning off.

>Suddenly an animal bursts out from underneath the red glow and charges me

>I freaking run for the hills

>Hear panting and foot steps near behind me

>See one of those convex mirrors for lorries on the side of the rode.

>It's some hideous monster, completely bald and hunched over, small spikes arching out of his back down it's spine

>Exit the other side of the bridge

>Hear bush rumble to my right

>look to my left, there's two now.

>Get into my house and bolt every window and door shut.

...

>Don't sleep for two days because of the event.

>Finally manage to sleep and I wake up to sleep paralysis.

>See one of the monsters outside the skylight window of my attic room.

>Sunlight hits his back and he runs off.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [544]

be 16

>playing vidya (Gears of War 1 IIRC) with best friend from school at his house

>we're in Andrew's (my friend) it's his house

>he has a xbox mic on so he's busy talking to his friends over xbox party chat

>I'm sitting at an angle where I can see the television but in the corner of my eye see the hallway leading to the living room since his door his open

>we're home alone

>It's around 8:30-9:00 PM.

>lights are off except for living room for when his parents get home.

>still playing vidya  
>my eye picks up on motion just in the lower right corner of my Field Of View  
>MOTHER FREAKIN' ARMY OF COCKROACHES RUNNING AROUND LIVING ROOM  
>nope.betamax

I made up some BS excuse and ran home. This was back when I lived in NYC and some neighborhoods in particular had serious roach infestations. Turned out, he lived in one of those neighborhoods.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [545]

>walking to bathroom  
>witching hour  
>just read every creepypasta ever  
>see something in the hallway  
>split second of fear so powerful vision blurs  
>mfw

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [546]

>Going to pagan event cause I'm into the occult  
>some jerk assembled the points to a pentagram out of heavy rocks.  
>Badly placed, can barely tell what they are supposed to be  
>People who were originally doing it stopped being able to move rocks once they settled into position, despite it not being what they wanted.  
>They joke about people getting lost across the "pentcle" that's all of 5 strides wide in the middle of any empty field  
>No one laughs

>That night two people got lost in the pentcles, searched for over an hour for one missing dude to find him on other side of fenced off land unconcious  
>Crossed the pentcle once  
>Feel somone tracing fingers up my back  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE never again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [547]

I live in the U.K. A colleague at work heard this from her boyfriend.

He works with someone who said that his sister's friend got the last tube (subway train) home a couple of weeks ago. When she got on there were five rows of seats empty but the last row had three people sitting in them. As she was a little afraid, she went and sat opposite these people. She settled down and looked up to see the woman sitting opposite her really staring at her.

So she got out her book and started to read but every time she looked up the woman was still staring. The train pulled into the next station and a man got on. He looked up and down the carriage, took a look at her and the people opposite her and came and sat next to her. As the train left the station the man leaned back and said quietly in her ear "If you know what's good for you, you'll get off at the next station with me". She was scared but thought the best idea would be to get off at the next station as he asked as there might be people around.

The next stop comes up and she leaves the train with this man. The man says "Thank God, I didn't mean to scare you but I had to get you off that train. I'm a doctor and the woman sitting opposite you was dead, and the two men either side were propping her up." According to the guy who told this story, the girl and the doctor called the police who stopped the train at the next station. This happened a month ago IIRC.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [548]

Kind of a long term thing.

>move to a new house when I was 16  
>pretty normal for a few months  
>17th birthday rolls around  
>I get a little down around my birthday  
>laying on my bed with headphones in  
>half way asleep  
>bed sinks a little  
>eyes snap open  
>what the hell  
>look around kind of spooked  
>okay I was just semi-dreaming or something  
>lay back down and close my eyes  
>seconds later I feel something caress my face  
>scream, thrash wildly and jump out of bed  
>a second or so after I'm up there is a squeak of springs and  
an indentation raises  
>scared not sure if I imagined it or what  
>ask a friend to spend the night after my birthday party so I  
didn't spend the night alone

Little stuff like this kept happening, sometimes it didn't really scare me to be honest it was a little comforting. A few months ago it started taking a different tone.

>sleeping  
>it was freezing when I went to bed  
>covered with three covers  
>wake up  
>half-way uncovered  
>grab the covers to pull them back up  
>covers don't budge when I pull  
>think they're stuck under me

>fan them  
>they like snap down to the left against the bed  
>still half a sleep  
>roll over to get them  
>feel a pressure against my shoulder and my right wrist  
>thrash trying to get up  
>body feels so heavy  
>bed rocks gently for a few seconds  
>lower half tingles  
>start to cry  
>bed springs squeak and the pressure against me disappears  
>overwhelming feeling of misery comes over me  
>pull the covers over me and cry for hours until morning

Sometimes at night I feel tugs on my covers or I'm waken up by the bed spring squeaking like someone getting up. It's terrifying. I'm staying with mom now as a result.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [549]

>Staying in summer house with family  
>house use to be a funeral parlor  
>brother and I are playing vidya on the top floor  
>the room is completely closed off by doors and there are no windows or other ways for wind to get in  
>closet door that was closed completely suddenly starts opening itself  
>it opens half way pretty quickly  
>my brother and I are both completely quiet and pretty scared  
>finally after a minute of looking at the door my brother gets up and sees nothing's in there  
>we hear noises coming from that room at night ever sense then

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [550]

When I was a kid I was in the hospital a lot. I'm telling you, it still makes me shiver.

>Be inpatient in a hospital, nurse shows me the room where the children are  
>wicked snes  
>be playing super mario  
>cool kid sits next to me, we play for awhile  
>finally he turns to me and whispers  
>"I have cancer, they say I have less than a year left to live"  
>as he says that the other kids turn and watch us in the room  
>the look in their eyes, freaking black  
>they all just laugh, kid next to me nervously laughs too  
>nope.ico  
>Get out and have never been in a hospital since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [551]

Uh I kinda have one not very good.

>4-5 years ago  
>Be nocturnal  
>just moved into new house  
>Making sandwich one night  
>guitar laying against the wall starts to play  
>Nobody there  
>Nope.somethingcreative  
>Nope all the way back to my room  
>Eat sandwich  
>Sleep at friends house all day  
>Dad says he say people in the mirrors who werent there  
>Mom has Nightmares

These things don't happen anymore blessed out of this place got super christian for a whole year.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [552]

Don't care if you guys don't believe me, but this happened to my brother in the 70's, he's in his 40's now.

My mom was somewhat a witness, my sister was too young to remember at the time, I wasn't even born.

I'll write this from brother's point of view

- >Family is christian, mother's side used to be witches
- >Grandmother converted, but says family has a psychic gift
- >Go to sleep one night, have vivid real dream
- >Be 8 at the time
- >Dream of coming to strange house from store with candy
- >Open door walk down hall. Door on side of hall opens
- >Out comes humanoid creature fur on his lower half
- >Upper half can't be seen, it's ignited in fire
- >Creature is screaming in pain, runs for the front door
- >Freeze in terror thinking gunna run into me. Instead runs past me
- >Runs so fast, feel the breeze of air as it passes screaming and on fire
- >Wake up sweating bullets

Some weeks go buy, my mom gets a call from someone at the church, my brother goes with her.

- >Spot a corner store, have 50 cents, get some gum
- >Go to meet mom at the house she pointed at across the street
- >Stand infront of house, then freeze in fear. Looks familiar.
- >Walk through front door, walk up hall
- >Remember the dream. Hears mom praying and rebuking evil spirits from room with people

>Alone in hall  
>Feel breeze in empty hall  
>Nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [553]

A couple of months ago I was trying to sleep. I was almost asleep when I looked into a dark corner and saw a weird, crouching silhouette. It was maybe 100 cm tall, but didn't look very clear so I just thought "aw come on, why does my mind always have to play tricks on me when I'm almost asleep?"

Anyways, I closed my eyes and tried to forget about it when I heard a noise. It sounded like someone was sniffing and maybe scratching in the corner where I saw the silhouette before. The sounds became louder and louder as they moved by the wall, closer and closer to where my bed was. It stopped a couple of metres away from me but continued to get louder, going from just sniffing to grunting and breathing heavily. It started going towards my bed again, but slower now. At this point I was shaking in fear and sweating rivers. Soon I just couldn't take it anymore. I decided to just screw everything and open my eyes to see what it was. So I opened my eyes and looked out into the darkness... and it just stopped. It was nothing there anymore.

I've tried to convince my self that It was just my mind playing tricks on me, but man was I scared that night. It seemed so real at the moment.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [554]

>Be gaming until' 3 am  
>Turn off computer

>Darkness everywhere  
>Hear kind of a dragging sound  
>Pick up from pocket iPhone and light up the room  
>As I light over my wardrobe, the door slides open in front of me.  
>Huge glassdoor, takes force to get it moving  
>Nope out of room, sleep with littlebrother in guest bed.  
It really takes force to get the wardrobe door moving. Huge  
glassdoor, 2x3 meters.

Also a story relating to this one.

>Moved into this house a year ago.  
>Father having a welcome party, friends looking at house  
>My fathers bestfriend, has a gf who is kinda spiritual.  
>Go into attic  
>She freaks out, says it's 3 guys staring at her  
>Laugh it away, but she refuses to stay

One week later

>My little sister has a chalkboard in her room  
>Someone has written on it "Hello Milla"  
>None of us in the family has done it, she's too young to write.  
>nope

^This happened about a month before the wardrobe incident.  
Things have calmed down after that.

Another story from me;

>Be 15 years old  
>At cabin with a friend  
>Decide to watch The Ring 2  
>Doesn't really scare me too much.  
>Friend leaves next day  
>Later that day, gonna eat with family  
>Mother tells me to turn off all lights in cabin  
>Look everywhere and turn off every electronic device in house  
>Eat, finish before others

>Decide to go upstairs to room.  
>Hear some buzzing sound  
>Nope  
>Look to the left of stairs, some light on the ground  
>We had a really old tv, like those in the movie.  
>Tv on, with the same flickery background as there is in the movie  
>Nope  
>Run back to family, decide to eat some more

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [555]

>be 14  
>middle of the night  
>alarm goes off in house around 1 am  
>check house, no opened doors/windows, no one there  
>dismiss it as electrical error  
>an hour and a half later  
>be awake playing diablo  
>suddenly, all doors in house swing open  
>they literally blew open, and they all hit the wall going back  
>sounds like freaking cannons going off  
>mom and sister freak out  
>close all doors  
>go back to bed (tried to at least)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [556]

I have one. Last year, at night, I was putting out my garbage, pushing our bin outside of my gate. My home is at the far end of a long gradient, with the road clearly visible.

When I was pushing the bin, I glanced down my street, toward the

road (which was fully lit due to streetlights and stuff) What I saw was a tall, thin humanoid, almost black/shadowy figure. It was very lithe, its arms and legs incredibly long, and it was running as though it was wading through water. There wasn't any indication of hands or feet, essentially long stumps.

I've seen some pictures on /x/ (fake or otherwise) that show similar figures on motorways, and one 'stretching' its limbs to climb some apartments. Still, weird.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [557]

>I'm 13 living in creepy old family farm house.  
>Grandfather dies suddenly. Worth noting..  
>Didn't know then, but he was a freakshow alive  
>Suffice to say he was some kind of cult leader.  
>His own brand of Christianity cuz he thought he had it right and all churches were wrong.  
>In other words, a nut.  
>Grandma worshiped him  
>hopeless trainwreck following his death.  
>set up a room for her downstairs in the dining room.  
>Many times observed grandma having full on conversations with my grandpa.  
>Overheard her asking him why he left  
>Why he wouldn't allow her to call 911  
>Or take an aspirin  
>Could have saved him  
>Now she's alone  
>He made her watch him die  
>It was in God's hands, not his or hers.  
>Can't say I'm sorry for him.  
  
>Blew it off somehow as Grandma just coping.  
>Then it got weird at night.  
>I would awaken during the middle of the night >go out into

the hallway.

>Downstairs I could distinctly hear the Andy Griffith Show theme song being whistled.

>I know, it's absurd.

>Next day ask casually who was watching the show late last night.

>Grandma insists TV was off all night.

>But I had seen the flickering of the light through the vent in the floor, and heard the sound...

>I laugh to myself, thinking it's funny

>Figure grandma has a TV habit

>Must be ashamed for some reason.

>Think it's kind of cute and weird.

>Happens again. Every night for a week.

>Every day at lunch same conversation

>Finally they are fed up and tell me it's old

>That night I hear it again and start to walk down the steps.

>See the flickering of bluish TV screen light

>Can even hear that high pitch hum of old TV screen

>And distinctly hear the warped Andy Griffith Theme

>Sounds the same but now that I listen to it again

>What I was hearing then was a lower pitch

>Slightly off-key, and more somber sounding

>sad almost

>No skeletons popped owt and no blood was everwhere. But there's no good ending or resolution. It's a weird story, but I swear it's true.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [558]

Not spooky, but paranormal.

>Go to park with group of friends

>park is mirrored so both sides look the same  
>start walking in notice another group with as many people also walk in  
>sit at bench other group sits on bench mirrored to ours  
>we start talking are conversation gets heated  
>I stand up for some weird reason I look over to the other group that walked in  
>I notice they're copying our movements to the key  
>I tell group they stand up and the other group does  
>get really Creepy vibe  
>On guy in are group starts dancing to see if one will copy  
>sure enough  
>so we all start doing weird stuff  
>the other group copy's  
>I shout to them "Okay, enough's enough, thanks for the laugh."  
and procede to laugh  
>The person is shouting back at the same time...it's my voice  
>guy in are group says "Brah it's us..."  
>slightly nope.jpg  
>we start walking over to them  
>they start walking backwards and they disappear  
>we nope of there  
>still don't know what we saw

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [559]

>visiting grandma 1 week ago  
>talking about paranormal stuff, suddenly she remembers something  
>told us that something creepy happened 2 days ago to her  
>night time  
>she's going out to take some water outside from the well  
>looks at the window  
>a face, white, two glowing eyes, a bit greenish, looking at her  
>noping out, staring at the face  
>looks at a wall, then back at window, face is still there

>she says "stay away from me, I didn't do anything bad to you, you don't do anything to me" something like that  
>finally goes outside to the well, nothing there  
>gets some water, goes back in and looks at the window  
>no face there

That really gave me the shivers when she told that, been thinking about that for a while.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [560]

>Be 6  
>dad buys a used car for parts  
>he pretty much stripped out everything  
>car stands in the barn  
>no wheels  
>It is supported by some logs, it can be easily knocked down  
>get inside alone, carefully not to move the hull  
>play car race  
>suddenly someone from above calling my name  
>wasn't scary at all  
>get outside  
>no one  
>get out of the barn, to see if it's on the roof  
>still no one  
>suddenly a crash  
>one of the logs under the car rolled out  
>windshield cracks, glass splinters on the driver's seat, where I sat  
>mom runs out, hears the noise  
>'what happened?'  
>'dunno, one of the logs slid out'  
>never get into the car again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [561]

>Just got into my bed, this happened about three-four weeks ago.

>Grandfather's ashes up in the closet, creeps me out, but probably nothing to do with the story

>anyway, just got into bed, bedroom door's closed, pitch black

>as soon as I get settled, I feel like something's watching me

>covers over my freaking head

>bed starts to shake, can feel something moving towards me

>start hearing heavy breathing in my ear

>all of my freaking nopes

>ripped covers off, raced for freaking light

>look around room, freaking nothing

>nope.

>slept in the living room.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [562]

Be about 7 years ago. Living with parents in what used to be great grandparents house. Got off of work at 10p. By the time got shower, homework, and laid down was about 1 am. Couldn't sleep, about 3 am hear somebody walk down hallwAy and stop at my bedroom door. Thought was dad that has insomnia messing with thermostat. Hear footsteps go back to living room. Hear two people having a conversation, figured dad was watching tv. Hear footsteps come down hall again and go back, conversation continues, happens 4-5 more times finally pass out. Get up next morning getting ready for school ask dad why he keep walking up and down hall last night. Dad says he sleep all night long never got up. Nope.rom

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [563]

About two years ago, me and a friend were rummaging around this house. The previous tenant supposedly murdered his son with a pocketknife and drove off a cliff. There wasn't anything creepy in the house, found some old food that smelled like rot baking in the sun for months.

On the way home me and my friend nearly got into a car accident because we couldn't brake, swerved off road and had to put the car in neutral to come to a stop.

Found a pocket knife jammed under the brakes. I thought my friend was playing a trick on me but I realized trying to get us killed isn't much of a prank, and he was with me the whole time, no time to go off and put a knife in my car.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [564]

>17  
>we move to a new house  
>laying on my bed one night  
>hear what sounds like my dad coming down the hall  
>seems like he's running  
>I set up just as the sound gets to outside my door  
>nothing  
>wait a few seconds for the door to open  
>"d-dad"  
>hear the stomping again going back down the hall  
>open the door real fast  
>nothing  
>he couldn't have made it to the stairs before I opened the door  
>nopenopenope  
  
>later  
>laying on the bed again

>hear this sound from my closet  
>the door was partway open  
>starts to open further  
>okay enough  
>jump out of bed and throw the door open  
>STOP SCREWING WITH THE DOOR  
>clothes are swinging  
>suddenly have a major panic  
>take some steps back  
>door slams shut  
>back all the way to my bedroom door  
>closet door starts opening slowly  
>feel like if I stood there I would see whatever it was leaving the closet  
>run downstairs  
>get downstairs  
>I can still hear it upstairs  
>sounds like it's tearing it apart  
>I start crying  
>call my dad  
>he can't leave work  
>call my boyfriend at the time  
>he comes over  
>still sounds like something stomping around upstairs  
>he comes up with me  
>we check each room  
>get to my room  
>everything from my closet is laying around the room  
>my mattress is standing on end propped against the wall  
>nope so hard I move out and live with my aunt

Dad still hears stuff there at night, says it sounds like someone stomping from room to room followed by door slams and stuff.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

>be 15, with best friend  
>hanging out in forest, as usual  
>plain daylight  
>start seeing shadows running through the trees and stuff  
>wtf  
>we try talking to them  
>Most inhuman/demonic scream we've ever heard  
>NOPE.jpg back home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [566]

>be 16  
>walking down street  
>streetlights start turning off  
>see red eyes above streetlight  
>NOPE  
>try not to focus on it and run away

true story srsly

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [567]

>Be last night  
>Almost asleep  
>"Hey anon, WAKE UP!"  
>Open eyes and reach for light  
>Before I turn it on I hear my bedroom door open and light from the hallway comes in  
>See a shadow go across it  
>Bring arm back and just lay there stiff as a board for several minutes  
>Scariest part is I live alone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [568]

- >be about 6
- > get italian singing doll for birthday
- > hate dolls
- >let it stay in my room to make my aunt happy
- > weird atmosphere all of a sudden
- > starts walking and singing
- > slap it and run for mommy

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [569]

- >be a year ago
- >live alone
- >fall asleep
- >dream about something being wrong with my mirrors, in a creepy way.
- >wake up, see top of head rising from behind my bed.
- > I get up, see it going down again. Don't move for an hour, then go look.
- >Nothing there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [570]

- >having a nice dream when suddenly black "seeps" in my line of vision
- >everything except a small circular field covered in black, circular field very dim
- >sudden feeling that I had to wake up, that I needed to
- >try to tell that feel to piss off and let me go back to my dream

>feeling won't relent so finally I wake up to make it go away  
>the door is open a crack, but instead of the light from the other room it was pitch black  
>mad cackles  
>test for sleep paralysis - nope - turn over, shut eyes, go back to bed  
>wake up twenty minutes later, light in the hall is not covered in black, everything's as it should be.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [571]

>Sitting late at night watching tv  
>Hear something near my stairs  
>Get up slowly and quietly walk over  
>See a person walking up them  
>Follow them, trying to be quiet  
>They go into my room  
>Close door behind them  
>I go up and open door  
>No one there  
>Search whole room  
>All windows in the room can't be opened, so no where to go  
>Nope all the way back to the living room and sit there the whole night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [572]

>Be last night  
>Be alone  
>Hear walking past my bedroom door.  
>Hear breathing against bedroom door.  
>Loud banging in kitchen under my bedroom.  
>More walking around my house.

>Called all my flatmates, nope none of them in house.  
>Go down next morning, stuff is moved in my kitchen.  
>Double check doors, front door, all the windows.  
>All locked from inside, no way something could have gotten out without making a massive noise (Have big wooden back and front door)  
>Walk to bedroom  
>Hear "I was in the kitchen the whole time." in my head  
>Nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [573]

>be a week or two ago  
>going to bed  
>I have lit incense in my hand, it is slightly glowing  
>there is a mirror in my room  
>as I walk in, I can see myself in mirror  
>I can see something partially block the crack of the door behind me  
>only one in the house  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [574]

>be 14  
>riding bike on dirt road in country side  
>drive by unknown roadkill, covered in flies  
>pause to take a look at the bloody mess  
>thing sits up, guts hanging out, flies scatter  
>stench is overpowering  
>thing is the size of cat, but with nickle sized jet black eyes  
>noped all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [575]

Noping is a state of mind.

I was never one to act irrationally to a event which was overwhelming and on the verge of mega-scary.

I always am just about to get to sleep when I realize just how screwed up my should have been nope events were. I am also incredibly paranoid and a huge wimp but just not able to connect the dots at the best of moments, these are my stories.

>Be 5

>Intense fear of the bathroom of my old house a fear that continued until I left.

>Didn't believe in spooky ghosts because my sisters would always try and scare out of me with made up stories and dressing in masks and costumes

>Walk in bathroom humming my monotonis safety song along to the tune of the ceiling vent above the shower

>I always mocked the existence of ghosts and said as long as I hum this song I will be safe every time I had a shower until I was twelve

>having shower

>look up at fan

>think "I'm not safe"

>See a freaking face behind the fan blades of the vent

>disregard as imagination and keep staring

>the face screams with no sound

>humming cuts out

>vent fan guard unbolts and I swear hits me square in the face

>cry only because of how bad it hurt and think nothing of the situation other then my misfortune

>continued having shower

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [576]

- > Wake up at 2am
- > Can't sleep
- > Turn on PC
- > My creepy folder opens up automatically
- > "gotosleep.jpeg" pops up
- > NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [577]

- >Few months ago
- >Moving into new apartment
- >Spend first night there, don't really have much with me yet
- >Set up for the night
- >Turn out lights and begin to try and sleep
- >Almost asleep when I hear walking
- >Jump up and grab flashlight I brought
- >"Whoevers there has three seconds to show themselves!"
- >Walking stops
- >Silence for about 5 seconds
- >Suddenly I'm pushed backwards by an unknown force
- >Feel unbelievable rage run through me and I jump to my feet
- >Running foot steps now
- >Follow the sound to one of the rooms
- >Door slams in my face
- >Tear it open and turn on light
- >Nothing there, just the empty room
- >Feel chill going up my spine
- >Nope slowly back to where I set up my makeshift bed
- >Don't sleep the rest of the night
- >Over the next few days of moving in, some more weird stuff happens at night
- >Would only happen when dark out
- >Wake up with scratches sometimes

>Over the months I get used to it and kind of co-exist with it

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [578]

My old house was scary and I always slept with my two sisters on make shift beds on the lounge room floor (we all hardy slept in our rooms as kids).

>Be on the edge of the dreamtime

>Both sisters dead asleep which was surprising since they were incredibly light sleepers

>We had an old late 18th century transportable sewing machine that was passed down from my grand mother, here mother found it in scotland but it never worked. When the valve like hand wheel was turned nothing happened so we put it next to the computer because we were classy.

>hear what I thought was rain and neighbours laughing

>I went to get up, pissed off that the neighbours wouldn't shut up.

>I opened my eyes and said to myself "shut up" in an irritated tone

>The laughing stopped.

>I as clear as day saw the figure of a woman turning the wheel of the sewing machine which worked and made a pitter patter sound like rain on a tin roof.

>The figure was starring straight at me and started laughing again still spinning the wheel. The pitter patter got louder and drained out the giggling.

>I was scared for a second but disregarded it as my imagination and convinced myself the sound was rain turned my head shut my eyes and went to sleep.

>I slept easy because the neighbours shut up I liked the sound of rain.

>The sewing machine worked the next day and I thought nothing of it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [579]

>be 16  
>visiting cousins house in MA  
>always heard stories of basement being haunted  
>lolyeahright.jpg  
>go to bathroom at 3 am  
>everyone sleeping  
>nothing weird happened  
>go to bathroom again at around 5 am  
>toilet brush and casing in sink and shower door open  
>no one awake since everyone downstairs with me was asleep  
>separate bathroom upstairs for people upstairs  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [580]

>About 6-7 so a long time ago  
>Big window is next to bed, has curtains that block out the whole window  
>Curtains are drawn on this particular night  
>Wake up at like 2am  
>Look out the window (biggest mistake)  
>Two glowing red eyes floating  
>NOPEEEEE  
>Can't have been an animal as they were too high up  
>Flip out, close curtains as fast as possible  
>Cannot sleep at all now  
>Keep on peeking around curtains  
>It stays there  
>Eventually fall asleep  
>Not there when wake up

>In my mid 20s  
>A few weeks after my second child was born  
>Wake up to him crying  
>Instantly jump out of bed and walk to his room. Still half asleep.  
>Woman is cradling my crying son  
>Assumed it was my wife  
>Decide to use the bathroom instead  
>Walking back, look in and the baby is asleep, wife's gone  
>Get back in bed, she's there  
>I tap here and thank her for getting to the baby so fast.  
>She was dead asleep. She said she felt me get out of bed, so she never got up.  
>I had assumed she "beat" me to the baby's room. She swears to god she never got out of bed.  
>Realize my son was WAILING while being cradled by that "woman".  
>NOPE  
>Told my wife, and left to stay at her mom's for the night with my baby, left wife and daughter at home.  
>Moved him to our spare-bedroom the next day.  
>Till he was 8 and despite the fact he'd never been told the story, he said he had nightmares about a woman standing in his bedroom at night.  
>NOPE again

>In my early 30s about 2008, on holiday with my family and a couple of mates and their families  
>Telling ghost stories  
>My mate jokingly sets alarm on radio to start while telling stories to scare us all  
>Son of my other mate tells story about someone who died  
>Just as he said the words "he died"  
>Radio turns on at max volume  
>Radio host says "yes, he died!"  
>Everybody NOPES  
>Probably just a coincidence  
>Calm down, continue stories  
>Radio turns on again

>Everyone nopes a bit again  
>Mate says he only set the radio to come on once  
>Everybody pretty freaked out  
>Notice two red lights through slanted cupboard  
>Think back to childhood  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>Turn on lamp, realised it's just a fire alarm  
>Next morning  
>Look in cupboard  
>Only one fire alarm light  
>NOPE  
>Dafuq happened that night

>What a \*coincidence\* that mate's son said he died just before  
radio host said "Yes he died"  
>Why did the radio come on again  
>What was that second light

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [581]

Happened to me when I was living with a friend.

>be 19  
>move in with a friend with a three story house  
>the people that live there own a church, are very religious  
>sleep on the 2nd floor  
>the room has a sturdy wood door and a closet that opens to the  
hallway  
>have to sleep next to the closet  
>hear my coat hangers hit each other each night  
>one night I finally decide to remove them and just lay out my  
clothes  
>as I'm getting done I look over in front of my bed, I see a kind of  
gray-red pair of eyes staring at me then the move as if the thing  
was laughing  
>next morning tell the owners

>told me to move out, that I have been contacted  
I never actually knew what they meant by "contacted".

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [582]

>get a job immediately after high school  
>become pretty good friends with some of my co-workers  
>we decide we should get a house together near by, so we could drive together and stuff.  
>scope out a few places, find one that seems to be perfect  
>two bedrooms on the main floor, an upper room which is practically just a big living room with a closet, and a basement, so 2 rooms and 2 makeshift ones  
>when we move in I begin putting my stuff in the upper room, eventually getting to clothes last  
>when I open up the closet I notice that on the left there is a small little door with a latch on it  
>opening it I find that it leads to the attic  
>I immediately get this overwhelming bad feeling about it  
>I really can't explain it, but I back out and slam the door shut  
>I figure "I'm just screwing with my self, come on nothings there"  
>I open it back up, and I just feel it again, like a huge wall of negative force practically yelling at me to get out  
>hear something coming from within, again back out and slam the closet door shut  
>co-worker opens up my door and asks why I'm slamming the door  
>tell him that there's something wrong with this closet, and how it feels evil  
>he doesn't believe me, laughs while walking up the stairs  
>I stand back, he opens the door and goes in  
>he freezes for like a good 5 seconds but what seemed like forever before he backs out and slams it shut  
>he looks at me with just pure fear

>get the other two guys involved  
>they both come up, check out the closet, and they both feel it too.  
>we're all pretty freaked out by this, can't explain why it's doing that  
>one of them says I can just use his closet, and to not screw with it  
>later that night, first time I'm actually sleeping in the bedroom  
>laying in my bed, trying to fall asleep  
>all of a sudden hear something screwing with the handle to the closet  
>immediately nope out of bed, begin going down the stairs  
>feel like something freaking pushes me  
>fall down, knee slams into the mirror on the door shattering it, get glass all up in my freaking knee and leg  
>have to go to the freaking hospital  
>come back the following day, immediately barricade off that freaking door.

I'm still living here, still in the upstairs. Occasionally I'll hear scratching or pounding coming from the other side of the wall where that thing is. I don't know what it is, but I don't want to screw with it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [583]

>in bed at night  
>hear footsteps upstairs  
>upstairs is only loft, used for storage with not enough headroom to stand up straight  
>nope  
>footsteps move to and stop above my bed, which is top bunk and about 3 feet from ceiling  
>nope 2: nope harder

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [584]

This is one of a 3 NOPE experiences that happened to me.

- > 1AM
- > Wake playing Gears of War in my room
- > Wearing headphones as to not disturb my parents and grandparents
- > My bed is a matress by the window because that's the way I like to sleep, also because I have a deep phobia of that space beneath a bed (third NOPE experience)
- > The window gives away to the yard, the yard connects to a pine forest, that leads an area that belongs to the airport, which is nearby.
- > These woods were never scary before because thanks to the airport area, it was aways well light and airport cars where aways driving in the distance.
- > On this particular day the lights were out and now airport crew was patrolling (holidays)
- > Woods were stupidly scary so I closed the shutters and locked the window with a padlock.
- > Pause the game to get a sammich from the fridge
- > As soon as I touch the door I hear a distinct sound comming from the window
- > Tap-tap
- > Stand still to listen better
- > Tap-tap
- > Chill goes down my spine
- > Tap-tap-tap
- > Realize there's someone or something outside because it sounds just as if someone is tapping a finger agaisnt the glass.
- > Realize whoever is outthere knows I'm inside because the light is on and the shutters are illuminated.
- > Tap-tap-tap (getting more impatient)
- > Decide to go to parents room nearby and wake them up
- > As soon as I touch key to unlock the door, tapping stops
- > Ok then

- > Taps on the other side of the door
- > OH GOD
- > Back away sit on mattress.
- > Taps return to window
- > Taptaptaptaptappitytaptap
  
- > Lay down on the mattress and try to think of what to do
- > Decide to get my phone and dial my granddad since he always sleeps with his phone next to his nightstand
- > Nervously dial
- > Someone picks up
- > "Gran, it's anon, there's someone outside my window."
- > Hear a distinct laugh, it's no my grand's laugh, then the phone loses signal.
- > Realize that even though his room is on the opposite side of mine I didn't heard it ring
- > Tapping alternates between window and door, door and window
- > Padlock on window starts to beat agaisnt the metal
- > Decide to lift the side of the sudder a few milli-inches, just enough the peek through
- > See a white pale eye-less head looking straight into the window ( not in my direction)
- > Head starts to turn.
- > Drop to the floor and stay alternating looks between door and shutters.
- > Grasping my pocket knife and my xbox controller desperatly as if something is gonna bolt through the door and into my room
- > Taptaptaptaptap
- > Oh god oh god oh god.
- > Went on until 5AM.
- > Next day construction/airport crew are back
- > woods not scary anymore
- > never happens again
- > luckily we moved out before the next holliday season
- > next day granddad finds his phone outside, right next to my window

This happened when I was travelling with some friends and we

stayed at another friend's home

- > Everybody sleeping on the living room
- > Wake up to pee
- > On the way back notice there's someone in the kitchen
- > Tall old man in a suit
- > Looks very pissed, just looks at me with a stern face
- > "Go to sleep Jonathan."
- > Think it's someone who lives in the house
- > Next day inquire about old man and why was he so pissed and how he knew my name
- > Nobody knows what I'm talking about
- > Pretend I was trying to scare them
- > Go spend the next night in a hotel

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [585]

- >Be couple of months ago
- >2:30 AM
- >Browsing some NOPE thread.
- >See someone mentioning one man hide and seek
- >Go google it
- >Start reading about it
- >While reading have this fear so I close it once
- >Read some other stories from this thread
- >Open the instructions about one man hide and seek again
- >Start reading them again
- >After reading for awhile, but not whole
- >Suddenly hear a scream outside(Window was open)
- >After that scream my vision goes all interlaced red
- >Or something like that
- >NOPED and close that window
- >It still takes some time until I go from interlaced to normal view
- >Scared to go to sleep.
- >Freaking One man hide and seek instructions.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [586]

>5 - 6 years ago  
>be with my dad on walk with dog  
>spotted a few deers farther  
>looking at them and talking together  
>we forget the time  
>it's dark (no problemo, moon was shining)  
>walking slowly to home on old unused road  
>look at the sky  
>something luminous flying above us  
>it wasn't airplane, flying so much low  
>NOPE.jpg  
>me and dad speeded up our footsteps

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [587]

This happened just two days ago.

>In bed  
>Be screwing around on my phone  
>About to go to sleep, tired  
>Lay in darkness waiting to fade to sleep  
>Hear faint noises  
>"Is that... Rock music?"  
>Sounds just like Three Days Grace or some edgy rock band like that  
>the sound is coming from my closet next to me  
>Dismiss it  
>Music again  
>Screams are muffled in the music  
>Hear scream in my right ear  
>Freaking bolt out of bed

>Turn all lights on  
>Calmly NOPE to the living room  
>Tfw you don't even listen to rock

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [588]

> Be Biologist  
> Be doing biologist stuff  
> Buddies are setting camtraps on trees while I'm at camp trying to get a fire going  
> Fire won't catch  
> Bill sits next to me  
> Feels cold, but since everything was cold never cared about it  
> "This freaking lint won't make a spark, crappy equipment, where's Sam with the lighter?"  
> Keep complaining for a while  
> Realize the person next to me isn't talking  
> Feel a slight chill creeping up my spine  
> Slowly look ahead  
> Can see Sam's and Bill's flashlights in the woods ahead  
> Who the hell is sitting next to me  
> Turn around, all I see is something black  
> NOPE  
> Wake up next day  
> Sam and Bill are standing on top of me, white as milk  
> I'm laying in the middle of the ground a little bit away from the camp  
> They said they heard screaming and when they came I was nowhere to be seen  
> Had spent the whole night looking for me, shouting, yelling, all they got in response was a deep grunt.  
> Try to get up, pain everywhere  
> mfw this is what I looked like when they tore my shirt off  
> mfw I had torn both my pectoralis (as if trying to push/fight something away, to the point where the muscle tore ) and broken

5 ribs and a clavique

> mfw I'm never doing field trip work again  
> mfw everynight I NOPE at the slightest feel of something brushing agaisnt me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [589]

>Be around 5 living with Mom  
>Parents got separated  
>Mom was an alcoholic and often had to get her friends to babysit me because of it  
>Always used to be terrified of the hallway with the stairs for some reason  
>Could hear scratching if you sat on the stairs for long enough  
>One night I'm at my grandparents and my mom and her friends are sitting in the living room  
>hear banging up stairs  
>Mom "Oh that's probably just anon"  
>Friend "Anon's at his grandparents isn't he?"  
>NOPE.jpg  
  
>Tells me this story  
>Mom has ingenious drunken idea and decides it's a good idea to try "Call out the spirits"  
>She invites some of her friends over and goes full retard by acting like she's a medium saying "Any spirits reveal yourselves"  
>Silence  
>Hear something banging down the stairs  
>OHGOD  
>The door leading to the hallway starts shaking and you can make out faint screaming as thought someone is banging against it  
>Lasts for about a minute everyone is frozen in shock then total silence  
  
>Most people too freaked out and we all head into the kitchen

>Realise mom is acting weird and she stammers over to me almost falling on me out of fear push her away and she falls back  
>Everyone staring at me and I apologise  
>They all decide they're too freaked out and head home  
>Mom looks at me with pure rage and starts proclaiming that I'm "lucifer", grabs me opens the door leading to the stairs and throws me in then closes the door behind me  
>Dark and I'm terrified I have no idea what is going on and I start to hear something scratching along the walls.  
>Bang on door crying and yelling for her to let me out but she has it blocked from the other side  
>Run to the front door unlock it and NOPE out of there, head to one of her friends in nothing but my socks in the middle of november  
>Friend understands and lets me stay at hers  
>Mom comes around asking why I left as though I'd done something wrong and tells me she'd never do that when I explain what she did and hugs me.

I everyone started to claim that the house was haunted after that incident and I moved in with my dad when my mom was seen as unfit for parenting in her condition.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [590]

Only got two interesting ones, starting off with the more boring one.

>Live in a family with a long history of spirituality.  
>Know how to "Feel" spiritual energy and such.  
>Know how to power crystals using own energy, other such things (Not really relevant).  
>Enough backstory.  
>Be a couple years ago.  
>Living in Arkansas, living in middle of nowhere in a camper with no proper electricity and no running water.  
>Little power we have goes out and I go up to see if the breaker

flipped.

>Walk up the driveway that leads to breaker (It's up a hill and the treeline is thick on either side, standard Arkansas)

>Feel things watching me.

>Nothing there.

>Stop in my tracks, beginning to nope.

>Not able to tell intentions of my stalker.

>Decide it's harmless, throw down a protection just in case.

>Never messes with me.

>Freaking power doesn't come back on.

>Be a few years later.

>Grandpa dying with lung cancer, moved him in his trailer up here.

>Back room is always dark (Just the way the trailer was positioned)

>Back room is in the spot of my stalker

>Always feel things watching me from there

>Brother thinks there's a dog in there, too

>Turns out to be residential, and we co-exist to this day

Next one is a little more scary.

Second story, don't remember 100%, it was a long time ago.

>Be 5 or 6 or something like that.

>Dad moved out, went to Canada.

>Decide to move into new neighborhood.

>Looking for houses.

>Go to this one house.

>Walk in, brother, same as thought was dog, is still breast feeding.

>Walk in the house, immediately see blood everywhere.

>Start talking about said blood.

>Only one who can see it.

>One doorway, right when you walk in projects black from under it. No freaking idea.

>Brother gets really quiet, until he needs to eat, or drink, or whatever you call it.

>Mother sits down with him on fireplace.  
>He turns blue, can't breathe the second she sits down.  
>Rush out of the house, once again being knowledgeable in this area.  
>As soon as she hits the door, he starts breathing.  
>I nope my way out of the house, still looking at the blood and that freaking door.  
>Nope all the way back home.  
>Nope ourselves into a different house.

All I've got, outside of misc. Arkansas woods encounters. Willing to share those, as well, if interested. Also willing to answer questions about spirituality and exactly what we do.

(Captcha: That Amongg)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [591]

only really had 1 nope experience.

>woke up to my bed shaking slightly  
>hear sniffles  
>tv turns on  
>NOPE.jpg  
this was just last night...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [592]

>Be last night.  
>Rainy outside.  
>Hear someone bang into my door.  
>Thing actually pushes inward a bit.  
>Can see shadow under door.

>Grab bat and swing the door open.  
>No one there.  
>Close door, can't see shadow anymore.

I asked around, found out I was the only one on the floor at the time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [593]

>me couple of months ago  
>friend myself and sister playing a franks box  
>entire atmosphere of room changes from some kids just screwing around with ghosts to ominous heaviness  
>we all look at the door when we hear a little girls voice say something through the static  
>we all can feel somethings on the other side of it  
>suddenly footsteps walking away and down the stairs  
>nope.avi

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [594]

Another one, better too in same house.

>strange stuff going on, footsteps in rooms no one was in etc  
>sister went to bed early(she was acting wierd for the last few months so she went to bed early all the freaking time)  
>me being the jerk I am, I go up her staircase to screw with her  
>get to the top and turn the corner and open her door  
>as I open the door, I get an intense feeling of dread and fear  
>fully open the door and it felt like a mix of freezing cold air and evil went through me  
>next thing I knew I was down the stair and had jumped 6 or 7 of them going down

>mom thought I had fallen down stairs

Nothing has scared me that badly in my life, I literally lost all coherent thought and it was completely flight instinct.

I haven't experienced that since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [595]

>Be 10

>Dad & I shooting deer our property so they stop eating our plants

>Dad has me hold the spotlight

>No deer

>Dad goes in house

>I don't

>Shine spotlight in lower pasture

>Two eyes, bipedal thing looking at me

>nope.rar

>Thing drops to the ground

>Can't find it again

>No one believes me.

For real, either there was some hobo in my field, or I saw sasquatch.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [596]

>Be kid

>Live in family house with parents, inherited from grandparents

>Dog gets weird sickness, looks like epilepsy

>Has to be put down

>Still barks at night

>Turns out every dog living in the house for a few years gets this sickness

My mind was full of what when my mom told me that last point.  
And what a weird house it was.

>Attic of same house

>Be kid

>Me and my brother won't go to a certain space at the end of the attic because of weird feels of fear

>Everything else is fine

>"Haha, bro, we are being silly"

>Get some friends into the attic

>Tell them nothing about the space

>Nobody goes there, even stepping on each others' feet to avoid it

>They are eyeing the space nervously

>Years later, am adult, say "Screw this, I do Karate"

>Go to space

>Hair standing up, cold sweats immediately

>There is a cabinet there

>"Just like in my horror movies, here goes nothing"

>Open cabinet

>Inside is a crayon picture of a man without a face and a porcelain doll with only one eye

>Nothing happens, feels get stronger

>Nope out of there

Man, I probably forgot most of the stuff going down. My mother was big into occultism, my father came from a family of seers. Weird.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [597]

>be 17

>mom's friend from other country comes to visit for a month

>loves our house and becomes almost a part of the fammily  
>leaves to her country and dies a couple of months later  
>asks on her will to leave everything to me and my mom,  
includind the urn with her remains  
>her family doesn't let it happen  
>several nights when mom was on a trip or something hear noise  
in the dark ( moving things around , trowing papers away etc)  
>it won't stop until I say good night and that my mom wasn't  
there

We moved from there a couple of years ago, but the land lady  
says it still happens from time to time, and that the new guests all  
leave in less than a couple of months.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [598]

>Around 7.30am friday  
>Going to highscool  
>I live on the third store, going to get stairs  
>walk to them  
>Screw that, let's use the lift  
>walk to it  
>uhm... better do some exercise today  
>walk to stairs, light is off but I can see without problems as I  
have an illness that allows me to see in dark and there was  
enough light coming from the window, so light wasn't low for my  
eyes  
>stop at the first step for half a second, see a shadow that isn't  
usually there  
>"just my imagination"  
>going to the second step  
>the shadow moves  
>Woah, what was that?  
>hear footsteps running that the stairs  
>thinking about chasing it, but it was running very fast, I was still  
sleepy

>I keep going down  
>it goes down to basement

I left without problems, but since that day I check every single shadow every single morning I left.

It was like a kid of 7~8yo big, its footsteps were very light. I don't know what the hell was that, but I don't feel safe no more there. Some days I still feel like it's watching me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [599]

>Sometime around midnight  
>window open  
>house is right next to 100 acres of woods  
>hear a long, deep howl  
>think nothing of it  
>about 10 minutes later, I hear a man shouting and screaming from far away in the woods  
>ohgod.jpg  
>silence  
>hear another howl  
>next morning I go out to investigate  
>all I find is a jacket with huge claw marks all across the front

## Story #2

>about 2 am  
>wake up randomly  
>go to close bedroom door  
>see a tall, black silhouette standing in front of me  
>I say nothing, It says nothing  
>start to feel a very "evil" feeling in the room  
>NOOPENOPENOPE  
>slam the door in the things face and hide for about 30 min

I continue to have short nightmares of thing. Whatever it was, it certainly wanted me dead.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [600]

>Last year around midnight  
>Moved to a new house within the month or so  
>Just walked into my room after using the bathroom  
>Hear a voice saying "I love you"  
>Ask my brother if he said it, he said no

The only person I know that would say it would be my grandmother who died of cancer, but she died two years before we moved.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [601]

>down south visiting family  
>it's getting dark out  
>never had this strange feeling.before like I'm really being watched  
>on my way back to the house in there huge back yard hear weird noise  
>start running trip over rock see something dart behind tree out my periphial. it was some cloaked looking person  
>allmywhat.avi  
>oh my god I was freaked out. Scramble up, sounds like it's running behind me  
>under the hood I can't see anything like a blank face  
>really my only paranormal experience

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [602]

>Be 17  
>Getting ready to take a shower  
>pulling back curtain  
>Eyesight flashes like an action movie, showing a child in  
bloody robes staring at me while my back is turned

>Regain control of body  
  >Whip around and see nothing  
  >Leans against wall for five minutes, wondering what had  
happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [603]

>be 10  
>on the computer browsing runescape forums  
>Everyone was gone from the house, except for my grandma who  
was asleep two rooms down  
>Hear intense breathing RIGHT behind me, like serial killer  
breathing, you know the kind  
>10 year old wimp brain tells me not to turn around, and if I stay  
still he won't notice me

Then I turn around like 3 minutes after it stopped, it was gone.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [604]

>me at the age of 4  
>wake up because some crappy bright light woke me up  
>source of light is immediately in front of my window  
>realize we live on the 6th floor

- >run to my parents
- >tell then some stuff is happening
- >get sent back to sleep
- >light is gone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [605]

- >be 8 or 9
- >still up around midnight
- >door is ajar, can see hallway through it
- >grandpa died a few months back, his ashes were given to my parents
  - >getting ready for bed, take off glasses
  - >by chance, look through door
  - >grandpa standing there
  - >can see him in detail, even as it was dark and my glasses were off
    - >question reality while I look at him
    - >he looks at the ground and then phases into it
    - >nope all the way to my mom
    - >I didn't see my grandpa in real life, only a few pictures
    - >described him to mom
    - >she said it was a perfect description even though I had not seen his average attire because the pictures were wedding pictures

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [606]

- >Be 11
- >Be in bed with the door open, facing away from it
- >Hear foot steps on carpet
- >Feel someone staring, hear light breathing
- >No fear, just rage

>Throw off blankets and yell to scare my little bro  
>No little bro  
>No sleep that night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [607]

All sorts of weird stuff happened at my great-grandma's house. A few examples:

>be terrified of the corner across from the toilet  
>the corner is unnaturally dark, more so when I look directly at it  
>nearly headbutt through a glass shelf trying to get away

>next morning, grandma asks why I've been digging around the closet  
>lolwut? the door's always been closed.  
>door has been open every night when she comes in to check on me  
>it is closed when I wake up

>be fighting with my cousin  
>steal his gameboy and lock myself in the guest room  
>TV turns on at full volume  
>starts to channel surf through static  
>turn TV off and give gameboy back  
>cousin says dead great-grandpa scared me because I was bad

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [608]

> be 10  
> waking up at exactly 3:23 all through my childhood  
> would listen to music before I went to bed, then put my mp3 player under my pillow

> one night  
> wake up  
> alarm: 3:23 am  
> see my mp3 came out from under pillow  
> look back as I put it back under  
> child sized white figure standing in doorway  
> lock up  
> try to yell, get feeling of evil, can't make a sound  
> stared for maybe 2 seconds, felt like forever  
> hide under blankets for about 4 hours until sun comes up

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [609]

I know most horror stories begin with a crazy affirmation of it's truth, but I really remember seeing this: I can't explain why, I imagine the most logical reason would be the effects of sleep deprivation on a young boy, though I did live in a developmental center because my mom tended to such kids (unfortunately, she got fired for whistleblowing after watching a kid being put out naked in the cold, which my mom couldn't take--they're being indicted right now.), and they had experiments tested on kids:

[http://www.cbsnews.com/2100-500164\\_162-672701.html](http://www.cbsnews.com/2100-500164_162-672701.html)

"House on Eldridge" we always called it. To the pictured is the main administration building for the asylum.

Anyway:

>Staying up late, parents out  
>Watching "Animal Planets Funniest Home videos, all bundled up cozy  
>Spider craws down tapestry of the wall  
>Multiple spiders start falling down the wall  
>there are now hundreds of spiders repelling down lines of web like firemen down a pole

>I run screaming into my sister diana's room  
>Mom comes home, asks why I'm under the covers  
>Nothingisthere.jpg



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [610]

I don't know why all the ones posted on this board are so predominantly negative :(

One was when I was four or five. I used to see the this transparent kind of figure, he was an old miner, he even had a dusty old hat on and dirt on his clothing, he'd stand at my doorway to my bedroom (I lived in a big old wooden house in the bush in Australia )

Then my partner passed a month and a bit ago.

Exactly a week after the funeral I saw his silouhette in the window sill at my friends house, exact same frame, and with his hair, the same length when he passed... his hair was waving in this invisible wind. I blew the figure a kiss and it stared there for a

while. ( I had to have a mask on whilst I was visiting him a lot of the time and as such he couldn't see my face so I'd blow him kisses )

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [611]

>Be 15  
>Been doing weights for a few months  
>Wake up one night with a feeling of dread  
>There's a figure standing right next to me  
>Freak out and punch it as hard as I can. It would leave a massive mark followed by a dark bruise on a person.  
>It runs out of my room and slams the door  
>I run out and nope all the way to my parents  
>Only child so no siblings, just my parents and I in the house  
>I demand them to show me their stomachs so I can see any marks of being hit  
>They have none, they've been downstairs watching a film the entire time  
>mfw the bathroom window was wide open  
>mfw I punched some random guy who was watching me sleep

My mum told me when I was little I used to complain about a guy standing outside the window watching me and sometimes he would climb into my room. After I punched him I bolted the windows shut, put locks on my doors and slept with a knife for 2 years.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [612]

>Be 7 or 8  
>Family dinner in the yard ( I was in our province)

>see a girl that looked like my cousin look through the curtains  
>I asked people if my cousin was there  
>they said no  
>mfw I was about to sleep in that room  
>mfw I still did, good thing I was with my parents

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [613]

When I was young (from like birth until I was like 14) I was terrified of the dark. One night I was sitting in my room and no one else was up, I had a nightlight on and some christmas lights in my room. I started hearing footsteps of which I could only compare to if a ventriloquists dummy was walking down the hall. It continued for a while and I kept seeing a small shadow as though it was pacing back and forth just out of sight outside my door.

Needless to say I wet the bed even before sleeping and was terrified to leave my door open at night.

That may not be creepy to you guys but I was utterly convinced I was going to die.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [614]

Contributing a bit to hopefully save this glorious nope thread;

> Be a few years ago  
> Asleep  
> Wake up from heavy knocking on the door and my mom's voice  
> "Anon wake up. Dad is in the hospital, he's had an accident."  
> Me: "What? How? Is he okay?"  
> "The doctors say he's in very bad shape. We need to leave right

now."

- > Me: "What happened?" (while scrambling to get out of bed and put on my clothes)
- > "I don't know the doctors said something about some truck aquaplaning onto the wrong side of the road because of rain and"
- > At this point I open my door expecting my mom to be outside with lights on and stuff
- > Instead greeted by complete darkness and utter silence, literally hearing the last word she said in a weird echo in my head due to sudden complete silence
- > Stare at the darkness wondering what just happened
- > Motheroftrolls.jpg
- > Two seconds later, higher brain functions kicks in and I freeze
- > Mom has been dead for the last few years
- > Wat.png
- > nope back into my room and sit in front of computer because sleep is out of the question
- > Tell dad about it and he wats a bit, but we write it off as a dream
- > Months later while sleeping
- > Phone rings in the middle of the night
- > Answer it, it's dad in the hospital, he had an accident
- > Apparently a SUV had aquaplaned onto the wrong side of the road and hit dad head on
- > The only reason he was alive was because he was wearing his seat belt, something he usually never does
- > Tells me the reason he put on the seat belt was because he saw the heavy rain and was reminded about my "dream"

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [615]

- >in '05
- >be in Spanish class
- >talking to a cute girl, sitting on my desk, waiting for class to start
- >suddenly the feeling of dread you get that only lasts a fraction

of a second when you know something bad is about to happen and you can't do anything about it, like watching a car hit the car you're in or seeing someone fall from a ladder, overwhelms me.

>source of dread feeling can't be seen with the eye, but it can be seen with the 6th sense "vibe" NOPE.PNG everyone has

>it's presence is so strong you can "feel" its form

>it comes into the classroom

>it jumps over 3 rows of desks

>it's now 2 rows away from me and 1 from the girl, who has no clue what's going on and just picked up that I'm no longer listening

>I'm frozen in place but at the same time "telling" it (via vibe) that if it comes any closer I will murder it

>it raises its "arm" and points to a kinda nerdy guy in the front row that I knew but never really met

>it walks up behind him and whispers something in his ear

>\*snaps finger\* the dread feeling vanishes just like that

>the guy slowly turns around, pale as a new white shirt

"D-did you f-feel that Anon?"

>"Don't even freaking start man, that was creepy enough."

"It... it told me something, but I couldn't understand it."

>"No it didn't, just shut up about it, you didn't hear or feel anything."

"So you did feel it!"

>both of us get bad heebie-jeebees

>everyone else, including the teacher, were wating so hard

>me and the guy later became friends because of the shared paranormal experience

>and it wasn't the last one...

It was just him and I, and we never actually saw it, we just felt it. He said even with his back turned and finishing his homework he

could feel it walk into the room.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [616]

Here goes mine!

>Be 10 minutes ago.  
>Hungover as fuark from New years celebrations last night.  
>Live in a flat above a old lady's house  
>Go to get a drink of water.  
>As I'm heading back to my room I see something in the corner of my eye.  
>Don't look in its direction but start walking faster to my room.  
>As I'm walking through the darkness I keep feeling like it's just behind me.  
>Get into my room, close the door and lock it.  
>Goosebumps and cold shivers as I'm typing this.

What the hell guys?! ;\_;

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [617]

> Be 13  
> Be staying at girlfriends house for christmas  
> History of paranormal activity in house  
> Go to make a sandwich  
> Go to fridge to get ham  
> Fridge door blocks my view of hallway  
> Close fridge door  
> See silhouette in peripheral, ignore it  
> Finish making sandwich  
> Butter knife rushes towards my chest  
> Luckily it was just a butter knife

- > Freak out
- > Leg it up the stairs
- > Girlfriend is asleep on the bed
- > I Get in next to her
- > Hear creepy voice singing 'ring a ring a roses'
- > Nope
- > Door opens and see see through girl in hallway
- > Her face is rotting and decayed and her eyes are un-naturally dark circles.
- > Bed shakes violently
- > Yell out for help
- > Shut eyes in hope it is a nightmare
- > Girlfriend asks what is going on
- > It all stops

To this day I have not been able to sleep in that house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [618]

Well, one time I my brother and my mom were sleeping in the same room as me and at like 2 am the tv turned on by itself showing a solid piink image and makingthe worst freaking noise you can imagine. Like radio noise very very loud. My mom unplugged that stuff and we were all freaking out, we never knew WTF that was....anyone with a similar story?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [619]

- >late at night, around 8 to 11 years old
- >taking a piss in the bathroom just outside my parents' room
- >finish my piss and washing my hands
- >look in the massive mirror that covers the whole wall behind the sink

>catch a silhouette in the reflection and a bit in the corner of my eye  
>turn to look right at it  
>black three dimensional shadow figure around my height standing in front of me  
>try to yell, but can't even though my parents were so close  
>stand, unable to move just staring at it  
>it disappears and I complain to my parents and they calm me down

The weirdest part was that earlier that night I decided to do that catholic "our father" prayer with a rosary and errything because I thought it would protect me from bad stuff, a practice which I assure you was and still is not common for me, being that I am not very religious.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [620]

>Be around 13 (or 11, don't remember)  
>Clock was around noon and it was summer and sunny  
>Play with lego on the top of the stairs  
>No one else in the house  
>Hear the bathroom door downstairs moving  
>Thinking the front and back door is open and the draught is causing the bathroom door to move  
>Shrugs it off  
>Noise is getting more annoying  
>Suddenly realizing the doors aren't open  
>Goes down to investigate  
>Bathroom door closes with a bang as approach it  
>Runs out of house

Some more:

>Being around 10  
>Screwin' around with the Windows Sound Recorder Windows 98

used to have

- >Sings nonsense lyrics (because it's hilarious when 10)
- >Listen to what we've recorded
- >The sound file is almost a half minute longer than we recorded
- >Listens to the last part of it
- >Someone is mumbling then suddenly shrieks. Voice is like someone has slowed down the voice speed, giving it a dark sound
- >lolnope.png
- >Close off the computer

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [621]

- >2011 summer grandma died and her house was all alone
- >Be 2012 summer and the house is still alone (No one buys)
- >I bring my gf to the house
- >We don't enter grandma's room, or touch anything
- >Strange felling... a bad feel
- >Gf is scared "Anon, I want to go home"
- >"Ok I say
- >We clean up the room, the feel is more and more, is like we shouldn't be there
- >Don't be stupid Anon, I say to me
- >"Anon please lest go..." gf is terrified
- >I look to grandma's room
- >WTF the closet is open, I enter and close it... strange
- >We are going to the exit, I take a look to the kitchen
- >Oh god... all the freaking doors are open...
- >Balls of steel, I enter and close them all
- >While then my gf was at the door and star screamin ANON ANON PLEASE!
- >I run, She is at the door, THE HELL IS GOING ON
- >Anon please... let's go...
- >The freaking house is actually throwing us away
- >I switch off all the lights and we go...
- >The bad, wrong feel disappear
- >We laugh

>I still remember the freaking open closet

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [622]

When I lived with my parents, sometimes at night I used to hear this 'clacking' (best way I can describe it - like someone had two wooden bricks and they were being clapped together) right outside my bedroom - which looked out onto the front driveway. It always used to start down the road parallel to the side of the house - move closer (VERY slowly) until it was in line with my house. Then it seemed to move down towards the front door, staying there for about 5 minutes - then slowly back and down the road again until it was too far away to hear anymore. This always happened around 2 - 3 in the morning - and happened many times over a number of years.

Anyway - never really NOPED at the time but have been thinking about it recently and creeps me out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [623]

>Innadesert with pops  
>it's night  
>Hear screeching and footsteps coming towards me very fast  
>Hi-tail it out of there like a melanin enriched individual experimenting with mind-altering substances  
>MFW I go back to the spot where that happened the next day  
>MFW footprints on the ground  
>MFW tiny footprints, and broken branches everywhere

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [624]

>Be 8  
>Move to new house with mom and step dad  
>every night for the first week I can hear heavy breathing coming from the closet  
>occasionally during the night the closet would shake  
>Nothing inside it but boxes

Also:

>Be 6  
>Move to England with mother  
>in new house find an odd looking picture of an old woman in the corner of my room  
>throw it out  
>The same picture has appeared in the corner of my room in every house I've lived in since

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [625]

Alright, so I was roughly 9 or 10 and my little bro used to play soccer at this "community center," which was actually just a field with soccer goals, bleachers on one side and an orchard on the other.

At that age, I was a super shy kid and therefore didn't know anyone there, so I would find stuff to occupy my time. This particular time I see a kid playing with a soccer ball, which isn't out of the ordinary, but he's playing by himself on the edge of the orchard and not wearing a uniform or communicating with any of the coaches. So, being a kid with nothing to do, I go and start kicking the ball around with him. After about an hour or two, I decide I should go find my mom. So I tell him I'll be back and run

across the field to find her.

She asks me what I was doing over there. I tell her I was playing with some kid. She asks "who?" I point to where he was, and he was nowhere. I thought he might have gone to talk to his mom, but because of the small amount of people there, clearly he wasn't.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [626]

I think this was around Christmas of 2007. I was 16 or 17 depending on what part of the month it was. My friend and I decided to go see I Am Legend and then screw around afterwards. We drove to this Wendy's off the freeway.

There is a canyon and a water treatment plant out somewhere under the freeway. We walked along this bike path for a little bit. It was pretty chilly out but once we got about halfway down the bike path it was freaking freezing. It was an hour until sundown. As we were walking we saw a cyclist go by heading the same direction as us. He waved and went on. Not two seconds later the same cyclist went by again. Waved and went on. Not too spooky. They might have just been twins or on a team and wearing the same gear or something.

We climbed down the hill next to the path and hung out on the huge supports under the freeway. I had climbed pretty far up one of them and could see pretty far out. my bf and I had been texting and he wanted me to come over a bit early so we could go see xmas lights.

The sun was almost set at this point so we decided to pack up head out. As we got off the supports and started climbing up we both got this weird feeling like we were being watched.

We climbed up to the top and got back on the bike path and

stopped so I could light a smoke for the walk back. Everything was really quiet, pretty much the only sound was me fumbling for my pack. I don't think I would have noticed it if I hadn't been standing half facing the way we came up.

It happened pretty sudden, I almost had the lighter up and lit when this huge black thing rolled itself up onto the path. It was as big as a cougar, but had human like limbs. It was starting to get dark but whatever this was it was pitch black. Just a solid black mass. It hadn't made a sound until it rolled onto the path. My friend grabbed my arm and we freaking booked it down the path. I only looked back for a split second but whatever it was it moved on all fours. I couldn't see any features on it. No mouth, eyes, ears, nothing.

Being a stupid teenager I was a heavy chain smoker at the time (with asthma, hell yea I was cool), and my friend had to drag me most of the way. We sprinted nonstop until we reached the car and got in. Was probably the most terrifying thing I have ever experienced.

Also sorry for my awful story telling skills.

Oh, forgot the reason I mentioned the biker, we never saw anyone head back down the path and there were no cars aside from ours in the lot. Doesn't mean it was paranormal, maybe they lived nearby and just biked there. But there is an end to that bath with nothing but brush and canyon on both sides, The end is the treatment plant and there is a huge razor wire fence with cameras everywhere so they would have had to have turned around and come back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[627]**

>Be 11  
>Spend night at grandmother's house

>Grandfather died in the living room (Where I was sleeping on the couch)  
>Hear sounds coming from back of the house.  
>Wake up grandmother, tell her.  
>"Oh it's just the cat, don't be scared"  
>Get back on couch, almost sleeping.  
>Hear another noise, just contemplate it's the cat.  
>Cat jumps on side of couch while noise is going on.  
>Nope. Stay up all night with TV loud to drown out sound.

Never spent another night there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [628]

I was a kid, I really can't remember how old I was, and I shared a room with my brother (I still do, sadly).

One day my brother stayed over at my grandmother's house so I got to sleep in the room by myself, back then I really didn't like sleeping by myself but now I would kill for some alone time... AHEM! So that night I went to sleep early so that I could fall asleep with the lights on, my mother or great grandmother would turn them off for me. I woke up that night because I heard a snarl, I immediately got scared even though our neighbors owned a dog, that strange sound was way too close to be next door, so I peeked out from under my blanket and saw that it was EXTREMELY pitch dark which was strange because of many reasons (the moon, the neighbors leave a light on in their backward, there was a streetlight that shined bright enough to let a small ray of light in my room). I, very scared, jumped out of bed and reached for the light switch, the lights wouldn't turn on, as I frantically flipped the light switch I heard something next to me, I can't really describe the sound since I can't remember it I just know I heard something. I reached for the door but it wouldn't open, I got so scared I started crying and hitting the door. Thankfully my mom heard me and tried opening the door, she

couldn't open it either and yelled at me to unlock it, I unlocked (or locked) it and my mother tried opening it again but couldn't.

I felt something grab my shoulder and at that moment I was paralyzed for a second, then I started flailing my arms, I swear to God I hit something, I hit something and it sounded like I hit it hard. After that the door opened and I ran out of that room and when we looked there was nothing, the lights were fine again and the room wasn't as dark.

We never talked about it, I kind of wanna ask my mother right now but I really just want to believe I ate too much candy or something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [629]

>Living in a swamp when I was like 4-7  
>No actual plumbing, house got burned down before we lived in it, was full of mold and stuff  
>Someone died in my room (Didn't find out until we moved)  
>at 7 mom was in a car accident and couldn't come up stairs to check on me  
>Middle of the night books start flying off my shelf, stuff rattling everywhere  
>Lock up, too scurried to move  
>Step dad comes flying up the steps to beat me for being awake and making a mess in the middle of the night  
>Don't really remember the rest

Lots of freaky stuff in that house, The boy who was never there, the weird lights and sounds, the "bugs" that never went away.

>Be in the same swamp, around 6 yr old lil me  
>Plumber comes to find out that we do in fact, have no plumbing  
>Plumber and mom talking in the kitchen  
>I had JUST learned to blow bubbles from bubble gum, (\*so proud

as a kiddo\*)

>What I thought was the plumber's son comes over and stares at me, we chat for a minute or two  
>I offer him some of my favorite blueberry gum  
>>Show him I can make a bubble and pop it  
>Boy takes gum then runs out the front door  
>SWAMP by the way, no neighbors with kids for MILES  
>Tell mom when she comes in there that the plumber's son is a weirdo  
>Plumber and mom look at each other  
>Plumber has no son  
>Mom hightails me outta that house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [630]

>an hour ago  
>eating cookies because they are good  
>scrolling on /x/  
>closet door suddenly bursts open  
>NOPE NOPE CLOSE IT NO GET OUT OF THE ROOM

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [631]

> 11 years after my oma (grandmother) passed away  
> on the train heading to a job interview that is a big deal for my future, really nervous  
> feel a hand on my shoulder and hear her voice "it will be okay anon"  
> immediately feel relaxed and more confident > nail the interview and get the job

Never really believed in ghosts but I will stand by this forever.  
Thanks oma.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [632]

>At home, playing vidya. Three dogs sleepin' on the floor, just chillin' out. It was Dead Space 2 for anybody who is curious. I am alone at home.

>The backdoor has a screendoor in front of it. I hear it creak open.

>The freaking door opens.

>I stop. My heart starts to pound, my hands are now gripping in the controller so hard I know it's going to crack. I just know it.

>Neighbor does not announce himself. My dog picks up his head and looks confused.

>I hear footsteps. Heavy, weighted, slow footsteps. I hear the ticking of a pacemaker. Footsteps stop just behind my chair. I turn around, freaking petrified.

>Nothing there. Doors are not open.

My grandfather passed away a few years ago. His footsteps sounded just like that, and he had a pacemaker. I strongly believe that his ghost was there. Or something.

This one is slightly. . . Bad. My friend I were convinced of silly things. I won't say them here because it would only serve to embarrass me. It's two parts. Another piece of backstory: we always went into our spacious backyard at "night" to contact entities because we were certain that things were out there.

---

>Talking with friend, walking my dog. We come around the backside of the house, I lock up.

>There's a thing. A white, albino thing. Easily six feet tall, on all four legs. Thin. Bone-thin.

>It looks at me. We're about one hundred feet apart, give or take.

>It runs away, silent as the grave. I can't even hear it moving

across the grass. It's big. It should be loud.

>Fear shows on my face, my friend is grabbing my arms and shaking me, trying to get me to say something.

>I want to tell him to turn around, to look at it, to acknowledge it, but the words are stuck in my throat. Until it's out of sight, I finally tell him what I saw.

I've never seen the white thing again. If I had to liken it to SOMETHING, I would say imagine the werewolf off of Harry Potter. Kind of like that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [633]

Some time passed. Can't remember exactly when. We're walking out again, friend managed to convince me to go out. I just. . . SEE that white thing in my minds eye. I know it's out there, I can feel it.

I'm choking on my own fear. I'm about to burst into tears, it's that bad. I finally stop in my tracks, unable to continue. I actually AM crying now. I'm shaking and crying.

My friend is scared too. I don't cry unless there's a good reason to.

I close my eyes, and I'm telling you, I FEEL something. Another presence. I feel this ghosting sensation over my face. Something is touching me. I hear a voice in my head. It's adrogynous. "Don't be afraid, little one."

It sounded freaking corny as hell, but this wave of warmth washed over me. My fear dissipated in an instant, and colors bloomed to life behind my eyes.

It was over. Maybe seven seconds had passed. But my fear was just GONE.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [634]

- > be 15
- > hang out with some people who are also into /x/ related material
- > one kid thinks hes a satanist and says he sacrifices goats in his yard
- > always go to school really early in the morning because I live and hour away from it and have to ride the bus
- > dark and foggy morning etc
- > satanist kid tries to spook me in the morning and it works and I feel uneasy etc.
- > fast forward to lunch period, it's an hour long
- > still be a little uneasy about what happened earlier, be talking about ghosts and stuff with friends while in library
- > all of a sudden weird purple orb type thing goes by me, feel it on my ear and hear it, sort of sounds like a light saber?
- > look very visibly shaken by this
- > both friends say they saw it too
- > nope.avi

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [635]

- >be 13
- >staying up late over summer break,playing games and whatnot
- >1 am
- >garage opens
- >wat
- >light in hallway turns on
- >garage shuts
- >lights turn off

MFW I saw my family go to sleep, and I would have known if

anybody had left earlier.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [636]

I'll start mine.

>be 12yrs old.  
>house not big enough (share room with aunt or mom)  
>that night ive decided to sleep in my aunts room  
>about 1,2 o3 am I wake up to got to the bathroom.  
>didn't close the door cause it was fast  
>hear some noises in my aunts room  
>take a look to some shadows

Now let me explain where those shadows were and why that position.

Puppets and Dolls in the whole room.

----dolls----  
----medium level of the room--  
----lowest level----

>the shadows were moving as a normal human being  
>oh god oh god I closed the door and I couldn't even pee.  
> then after take some courage I went to the room and I found the doll laid it down in my bed but still... as usual.  
>tell one of my best friends in my childhood  
>he told me that something similar had him happened  
>next we went straight to my house took a hammer and destroyed the doll. (it was of Porcelain)  
> 2 days later my aunt and grandmother tell me why I did break it...  
  
> I told him what happened and the didn't tell me anything.  
> 2 years later I recall to my aunt the situation

> she seems weird while talking about it...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [637]

### **[In response to the above.]**

>chating with friend as I read this thread  
>talking about paranormal stuff  
>she told me of ex who had nightmares with a porcelain doll of his mother  
>ex throw doll into the trash  
>later the doll appear inside the house again  
>he had to burn it

I'm so scared right now...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [638]

>Reading this thread  
>Hear a scratching sound  
>idgaf  
>Scratching becomes louder, it's coming from underneath me  
>Realize that there are two suitcases under my bed  
>Won't move for a long time

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [639]

>9 years old  
>just moved to a new house  
>look around the back yard

- >see a red rock with lots of holes in it
- >pick it up
- >something pricks my finger
- >doesn't hurt too bad, but can't find what it was
- >put it back
- >tell mom
- >"I'll check it later"
- >next day
- >ask mom about the rock
- >"what rock?"
- >go outside
- >it's missing

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [640]

- >be 14-17 ( happened all the time until I moved out )
- >house in brum UK With tall trees at the end of the garden
- >house has a creepy feeling, always feel watched
- >struggled to sleep
- >walk downstairs into the kitchen to get a drink
- >avoid looking outside the window above the sink
- >get the someone is watching you feeling (every freaking time)

Now this didn't happen everytime, sometimes I would just end up standing there just looking at the trees expecting it but still happened a lot

- >watching the trees
- >see it standing there just behind the trees

Looked more like an alien then a ghost but it was about 7foot thin and nude / pale. Long arms too like down to its knees.

- >freeze just looking at it
- >it's head would always move about
- >it's arms would rise up kinda like a zombie does

>run upstairs into my brothers room ( loft conversion facing the garden ) and just watch it

Nobody would believe me, only my brother as he said he saw a tall naked man run past th window once, he said the man had no face tho.

No idea what it was, prob just a tall naked bum but it looked freaking odd.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [641]

>be younger  
>try to sleep at night but can't do to something poking me in the foot  
>keep getting up and checking...but nothing there  
>goes on for years  
>stops about the time I turn 12 or 13  
>grow up forget about it  
>now 30 (way to old to be on here)  
>starts happening again...this time to me and my wife

Tried several things to get rid of it. Still happens 2-3 time every couple weeks.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [642]

>Be last night  
>Feeding dog  
>Walk into coal house (or at least it used to be. Now it's where the dog sleeps, eats etc.)  
>Opening tin of food  
>Feel something touch my loins

>Look down thinking it was dog  
>Nothing there  
>Realise he's outside  
>He couldn't have ran out because the side that was touched is next to the door  
>Think cat might have broke in and touched me  
>Stepladder leaning against the door  
>He's only a kitten, he couldn't have moved it  
>Scoop food into bowl, lock back door and get out of there as fast as I can

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [643]

>be 18 late at night living at parents house  
>walk downstairs in darkness after waking up needing a drink  
>dad is sat on the sofa looking at the tv, but it's detuned to static  
>"umm hi dad what you doing"  
>he turns his head awkwardly and looks at me and says "nothing what are you doing"  
>"just getting a drink" awkward silence, walk on and get my drink and walk back through the living room pausing to look at my dad who is staring blankly at the tv again, shake it off and walk up the stairs  
>dad walks out of their bedroom and smiles at me and says "up late anon?"  
>"wtf you were just downstairs"  
>"lol no I wasnt I just woke up in bed"  
>we both go downstairs together  
>tv is on like I had seen, detuned to static, sofa is empty  
nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [644]

I will tell you guys where this happened so it may happen to you. My father and I have spoken to numerous people and they say they have experienced this as well at this location.

>Bath, UK  
>Smallcombe woods  
>Walk through the graveyard to get into the woods, walk along the bottom of the woods following the barbed wire until you get to the stream up a slight slope  
>There should be a little waterfall from a dam my dad and I built when I was a kid and it filled up with silt and mud

The experience:

>I was 16  
>My dad and I were walking our dog there around 9pm in July so it was still fairly light  
>My dog was playing in the stream, I was messing around on the swing rope, my dad was throwing sticks for the dog  
>Suddenly this screaming started coming from further up the woods  
>We both look at eachother like wat  
>Dad says "It's probably just kids"  
>About 3 minutes later, a cloaked figure (a woman we think) runs down to below the stream and screams and points at me with this gnarled old hand "ANON! WE SHALL SEE YOU SOON"  
>My dad, a normally very calm and logical man freaks out and starts telling the guy to piss off  
>"Anon (my father this time)! Born in the New World, raised in the Highlands!!!" and ran off screaming  
>Dog is barking her freaking head off freaking out  
>I'm freaking out. My dad is terrified. Some random woman knew our names, where my dad was born (Illinois) and grew up (in Scotland).  
>I was freaking out because I thought they were going to kidnap me  
>We run out of there avoiding the graveyard by running through the field and going through the farm

People we've talked to in the area, like dogwalkers, say that the

person has revealed information that a randomer would never guess, like where they grew up, their name or their relative's names. It's National Trust woodland and it's not very big so I doubt there's some creepy Blair Witch there but it was unbelievably scary.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [645]

>22 years old  
>need to lose weight so start running a route through a local nature reserve, I usually do this just after work before it gets dark  
>stay late at work one day, it's dark before I get home to change, decide to go for my run anyway  
>running along the path as it winds along the river by the forest and past a burnt out old building  
>listening to muddy waters on my walkman  
>see a youth bent over on holding their leg by the path  
>me "hey kid you ok?"  
>it "I just hurt my leg I'll be fine"  
>me "you sure? ok then"  
>carry on running with headphones back on  
>suddenly feel something weird  
>look around, youth is running along the path behind me staying about 20 meters back  
>take my headphones off "hey! you're ok?"  
>nothing  
>it speeds up and for the first time I look into its face, black eyes pale skin, doesn't look quite human, just slightly off  
>don't speed up  
>it brushes by me looking at me malevolently as it runs off  
>what just happened?  
>two days later see newspaper, "child found dead in forest after falling from a tree."

Swear to god it was that same kid, broke his leg and his neck at the same time and died instantly. He was found the next day 2

miles off the path I had been running on.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [646]

- >living with my parents.
- >be sleeping normaly.
- >Wake up at 3:33.
- >That's wierd, because I never wake up during the nights.
- >start to get chills from nowhere.
- >Cold swet is running down my forehead.
- >Start to hear really hard breathing behind my door.
- >shieeeet
- >Try to get some sleep.
- >close my eyes, and It feels like someone burst in top of me.
- >open my eyes and there is nothing in the darkness.
- >Still hear the heavy breathing behind my door.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [647]

To me this ain't creepy, but maybe someone might think that this is creepy.

- >Be 8
- >Grand dad dies.
- >There were lots of weird phenomenon after the dead of our grand dad

After our grand mother got back to home from the hospital where my g.dad died. There was a big wet spot on the couch, at the same place where our g.dad usually sat.

When my g.dad was lying/dying on hospital bed, my uncles wife saw angels; angels who were praying next to my g.dad.

Few months passed and nothing creepy happened. But after some time something strange happened.

>grand ma' going to outside  
>It's winter, so there is already snow on the ground.  
>G.mom lives in few story high building.  
>He went to take an elevator but forgot something inside, so she didn't went out instead she returned to get something from inside.  
>right as she steps in, she saws snow food prints, which werent her food prints.  
>At the same time she could smell our g.dad's scent.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [648]

>roughly 4 am  
>hear something banging around in my closet  
>still half asleep  
>"hey, get out of my closet"  
>short squat shadowy figure opens the door shuffles out of my room, in to the hallway, and goes downstairs.  
> suddenly realize what happened  
> WELP, I'M WIDE AWAKE NOW.  
>don't blink until well after sunrise.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [649]

>Be 5  
>Trying to sleep at night, not having that hard a time.  
>Under covers, sense there's someone standing in the center of my room, watching me.  
>Creeped out now.

>Eventually fall asleep soon after.  
>Snooze.jpeg

>This continued happened for a few years... like, one or two.  
>Complain to mom that, "People keep coming into my room at night."  
>She says it's probably ghosts.  
>I eventually get the idea to leave the bathroom light on so it'd illuminate the hallway  
>Hopefully keep ghosts out  
>Seen shadows before I fell asleep  
>Then I teh sleeps

>Eventually, mother starts finding Child Porn on the computer.  
>Don't know who's putting it on there  
>None of my bros's friends  
>Not me, I'm a little kid

>Eventually, ghosts stop coming  
>I haz a confused.

I'm 20 now, and still don't get it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [650]

>be many moons ago  
>in bedroom, playing vidya and doing the usual teenage activities  
>get a strong urge to pee due to consuming large quantities of fizzy beverages  
>open bedroom door and look around  
>hallway is dark, bathroom is all the way at the other end of the hall  
>steel nerves and sprint to the toilet  
>slam door and turn on all the lights  
>piss with the power of a sea god's fury

>finish my business and flip off the lights before heading back to bedroom  
>get about halfway there and then feel like I'm being watched  
>spin on my heel and see nothing but darkness  
>feeling ballsy  
>raise both middle fingers at whatever might be staring  
>feel cold air rush by me  
>moon walk back to my room and shut and lock the door

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [651]

>Be last week  
>Wake up hungry, go to grab midnight snack  
>No food in house, pour last bowl of cheerios  
>Half-asleep, take it back to my room to eat  
>Fall asleep mid-bite  
>Spill cheerios on floor  
>Oh noez, I'm hungry  
> Get off bed, bend over to clean them up  
>Talking to myself, ask, "Can I eat these?"  
>From under bed, "Would you?"  
>Shrug & finish cleaning them up.  
>wake up in morning, recall spilling them  
>tweak.PNG  
>nothing under bed

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [652]

Let me tell you about the building this took place in before I tell my stories.

'The Crack House', was lovingly dubbed so because it was a very old, decrepit apartment building that some students lived in right

off of campus. Near everybody knew it was haunted. Especially the basement where small parties and concerts with mosh-pits would happen (local crappy student bands. My fave was Thunder Bison)

There's a section of the basement nobody goes into unless they're trying to prove they're cool. There's the entrance into an unnaturally dark room with low ceilings, a dirt floor, and random metal machine parts everywhere. If you go through that room, there's an entrance into another room with a few windows, junk, and a stairway in the center leading to the low ceiling. Even with light coming from both sides, the center room is dark. The rest of the basement has a higher ceiling and sweet graffiti urrrvrywhere. (hell yes, art college)

First, the experiences I heard about from others.

There was a kind of ledge in front of the entrance to the dark room that people would sit on during the parties. People would frequently feel as if they were being tugged on. Purse straps, hair, clothes, etc. No biggie. Also, my friends and I went down there one evening while it was empty just to nose around. Other than the general ominous 'being watched' feeling while in the dark room, on the way out, my friend standing ahead of me felt a hand lightly push her back as if impatiently guiding her out.

I think that area may be where the entity 'lives' or something. That's why it acts up when loud parties are going on and it feels so wrong and creepy to intrude into the dark room.

Now for my experiences.

I would frequently stay the night at my friend's apartment in The Crackhouse. On our way up the steps one afternoon, she dropped her new hookah and the bottom of it shattered. She picked up the pieces and put them in a frying pan on her stovetop (it was really the best place since she was just moving in and didn't have a garbage bin, table or bowls yet.)

Later that night, I was in the coziest blanket pile on the floor, but I couldn't sleep for the life of me. The hallway into the kitchen was heebjeebin' me out. I rolled to face away and just as I was getting comfortable and falling asleep there was a sound like the hookah shards being swirled around in the pan. I quickly sat up and looked towards my friend. She was laying there wide eyed looking at me like 'wtf was that'. We nervously giggled a bit and went back to sleep, not wanting to disturb whatever was going on. The next morning, the pan was moved halfway off the stovetop and onto the countertop.

This one involved a Oujia board, but I think it was less one of those junk heaps and more the fact that these people lived around the area above the dark room and were being very loud.

So these fools were trying to summon the basement entity to ask it stuff. They were getting weirded out by the answers because they were the same ones other people had gotten. the same strings of letters and year numbers. One of the girls slammed the board shut. right after, this strange, flesh colored blur bolted across the room and into the open closet with a thud and a small avalanche of books and stuff from the shelf inside.

I was in the basement with my friend (same one that lived there) the morning after a loud concert with a pretty violent mosh pit. I was looking for lost teeth, but failed to find much other than a plastic baby leg and millions of beer cans.

my phone never rang while I was down there, but I was on the local bus system later and saw I had a voicemail. Listening to the automated voice, the message was from the time I was down in the basement. It was static and muffled wind noises. then very clearly around the end of the message was a damp, hoarse voice whisper-shouting 'get out.'

I kept that message on my phone for weeks and showed it to so many people, but then one day it was gone. probably a time limit to how long my phone kept voicemails.

Last really good one I can remember. Same building, but more like

aliens and less like ghost.

It was a fine, chilly night and I was chillin' with some friends on the roof of the building on this little fenced in porchlike area. I was in the middle of telling a joke of some some dumb stuff when I stopped mid sentence and stared over their heads. WTF is that?!, I said.

Everyone turned and saw what I was looking at. This flame way off in the distance spiraling slowly down through the sky. It would go out for a second every minute or so and reappear further down its logical spiral path. I thought maybe it was a helicopter on fire spiraling out of control at first, but really, it was moving too slow for that. Plus it spiraled back up for a minute before going out permanently after about 5 minutes of doing its thing.

I looked in the local news and all over the internet to find a story about it the next morning if it was indeed an aircraft, but there was nothing. Not even police sirens that night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [653]

For some reason, I don't get shivers, but these creepy posts make my eyes water. Weird.

The only thing I can contribute:

- >5 years old. Live in apartment
- >Mom got me cryptkeeper mask for halloween
- >mask creeps me out
- >decide to throw it away.
- >go to room one day
- >look under bed
- >freaking mask. looking at me
- >take scissors to mask and throw it away

>feeling guilty, I tell mom. She is like "yeah, I understand it was creepy"

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [654]

>Be 5 or so years old  
>Move to new house  
>Wake up at 3am  
>See woman standing in my doorway  
>next day  
>wake up at 3am  
>See woman standing in my doorway  
>this continues for a few years

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [655]

Bumping with a short one:

>Lying on top bunk alone in room  
>decide to go to sleep  
>turn away from tv, facing wall  
>sudden fear strikes me  
>I'm paralyzed, staring at the wall  
>I feel so heavy and can't roll over to see if anything is behind me  
>Imagining someone eye level staring at me

I don't remember if I ever was able to turn over and look or if I just fell asleep. That kind of paralysis stuff never happens to me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [656]

>Be 18  
>Go visit my grandfather, seems just as healthy as he had for the last few years  
>When we leave I get this overwhelming feeling that I cannot explain that creeps me out when I shake his hand.  
>Next morning mum wakes me up unusually with a phone in her hand  
>I say something like "It's grandad, isn't it?"  
>He died

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [657]

> Sitting in room reading a magazine with window open.  
> Something touches my leg, think it's the breeze and ignores it  
> Something touches my arm  
> Look up, see woman with no face floating in front of me  
> Scream and run into my sister's room because WTF just happened

Another one

> Grandfather died, we had his funeral service (including wake) at our house (it's our culture)  
> After burial at cemetery, return back home and have a memorial celebration  
> Suddenly, all the lights turn off in the house - no evidence of power outage in neighbourhood, no power would turn back on

And another one... still creeps me out thinking about it

> Be 5 years old  
> Growing up poor, living with my siblings and dad in a small space in a house. Upstairs section is off limits to anyone in our house we were renting, pretty much abandoned. House was

crappy btw, total slum house in the Philippines... so you can hear everything

> Every 8 pm we'd hear the phone ring, but only from upstairs (no one is there btw). Sounds like someone is talking upstairs.

When my dad checks no one is there

> Every time we're going to bed we hear purposely loud footsteps coming from upstairs, like stomping. Always at the same time

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [658]

Allow me to contribute.

1)

> have a mentally abusive, borderline alcoholic with severe narcissistic personality disorder for a father  
> us three children grow up without ever confronting him about it  
> he visited our house on a weekly basis (we lived with our mother)  
> my brother suddenly got a strong feeling that he needed to say something about our past to our father  
> father visited, we brought it up, he got passive aggressive  
> for the first time EVER, he left without saying "I'll see you guys later"  
> next time we heard from him was two weeks later, he had drowned in the lake at our cabin

2)

> on one night, dream about a grim reaper above the lake where our cabin was at  
> two months later, my father drowned in that lake

3)

> dream about a guy I hadn't seen or thought about for years (I knew his face and name, that's it)  
> in the dream I see him talking to a tv-camera and a reporter

> next day, there's a school shooting and he's interviewed on television

4)

> visit a friend twice a week by car, always use the same route  
> one night, drive as usual, but realize I've taken the wrong turn  
> still confused, thinking wtf, why would I do that, a girl runs into the middle of the lane, waving her hands  
> I hit the brakes, she comes by the passenger side door, crying, in panic  
> I ask wtf, she steps in the car without asking  
> I reluctantly take her home

Never have I been "autopiloted" to take a wrong turn since or before that.

5)

> wake up in the middle of the night to the feeling that something's standing next to my bed  
> it's 7ft tall, dark, wearing a black robe or something  
> I turn around, there's nothing there  
> wake up next morning, go downstairs for coffee  
> as I walk down the stairs, my mother's telling my brother about how she woke up to and felt a dark presence in her room last night

It is important to note that she hasn't talked about similar incidences since or before that, nor have I experienced similar things before/after.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

**[659]**

>be 17 then  
>ask parent to not come into my room I'm skyping  
>she says ok  
>continue to skype until I hear a faint groan

>look over at my door(it's not on the hinges cause just because  
>exactly when my eyes meet to the center of the door it  
sounds/looks like someone ran up and tackled the door  
>I have no pets  
>mom was upstairs  
>heard footsteps running up to it ever since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [660]

>2.15am reading this thread  
>hear something scramble across roof of house, sounds heavy  
and big  
>cat wakes up and runs away from next to me  
>dog barks next door  
>go to look out window  
>hear grunting  
>ohgod.psd  
>see shadow jump onto fence and onto neighbours roof  
>it's a massive freaking possum.  
> sigh with relief then the thing stops and stares at me  
>close curtain and nope back to computer

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [661]

> be 7 or 8 years old  
> scared of the dark, would never move from bed at night if wake  
up, all hands under covers always, etc  
> one night wake up ~2am ish  
> lie on back with hands not under covers in total darkness  
> calmest I have ever felt in my life  
> eventually look at the doorway  
> black silhouette standing there  
> it's man-shaped, taller than the doorway

> I watch it walk towards me  
> it holds out its hand  
> I take its hand and get out of bed  
> it leads me towards the front door  
> after a few steps I snap out of the trance, turn around, and get back in bed  
> still completely calm  
> go back to sleep  
> next morning ask entire family if they came into my room last night  
> nobody did  
> wtf

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [662]

>be 16-17  
>in bed one morning half asleep  
>start having dream about watching Riku from Kingdom Hearts being able to fly  
>he tells me he can teleport too  
>tell him I don't believe him  
>he says he will prove it  
>immediately get snapped awake  
>involuntarily roll onto my back  
>out of the corner of my eye I can see a black figure standing next to my bed  
>completely paralysed  
>my eyes roll up into my head  
>start shaking like I'm having a seizure  
>I can feel the shadow forcing itself into my mind and pushing me out  
>absolute terror  
>start pushing back and trying to move my limbs  
>finally manage to throw my arm out to the side  
>snap out of paralysis, the shadow is gone, everything seems normal

>nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [663]

>Be 5-10 (happened during a 5 year span)  
>laying in bed  
>Always wake up in the middle of the night  
>To the same exact thing  
>A black cloaked figure standing in my closet  
>Not allowing me to move  
>Only stare at it for varying lengths of time  
>Never find out what it was  
>Never see it after it tried to force me out of bed and walk to it one night

I think it was trying to possess me...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [664]

>be 7ish  
>be staying at aunt and uncles' house  
>me and my cousins go to some neighborhood garage sales.  
This is a pretty tight knit community even though it's in the suburbs, so nobody is really worried about us.  
>go back behind this house because there's supposed to be a cool slide there or something  
>one kid, sane age as us, is there at a little clubhouse thingy, playing by himself  
>we start talking to him. He's talking about how his folks broke up and about how much he loves his clubhouse. He seems genuinely depressed even though he's 7.  
>I'm too young to notice anything unusual about this  
>cousins get creeped out and we leave

>later I figure the kid was just autistic or something  
>we talk to the adults and they say we did the right thing  
>still not sure why everybody was so creeped out by the kid

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [665]

Well way back in the 1950's my nana's brothers had just moved to Canada so once a month they would ring home. This being rural Ireland circa 1950 they didn't have a phone at home so they'd have to go to the payphone up the street.

Anyway someone would have to stay behind to watch the youngest sister who was just 2. This time it was my Nana who was 12.

Anyway whilst sitting around she heard this clip clopping approaching the door; it sounded something like hooves. Then it spoke in this raspy voice.

>It's a man, looking for your mercy.

The accent was local enough but there was something off about it. It was then she noticed that the door was unlocked so she ran over and bolted it shut.

The clip-clopping started to move away from the door, towards the back door. So she had to run to the other side of the house to lock it too. There were three doors in total so you can guess the rest.

Also:

Well back in the early 90's when I was only a baby my mum had just moved into a new house up the street.

She woke up in the middle of the night, one night and saw a

figure facing away in the corner wearing this long orange and brown paisley coat. Her head was out of view, either because it was directed straight at the floor or because she didn't have one.

My mum told my Nana about this later on and she said

>That sounds a lot like X she lived here before the priest (used to be a parochial house), she had a brain aneurysm on the doorstep and she always wore a coat that looked just like that.

Once More:

I know I was exactly 7 yrs old when this happened

>Still in stupid swamp

>Be exactly on Halloween night (full moon too)

>Upstairs in my room

>In bed after a night of trick or treating

>No other siblings, only one who can come upstairs is step dad

>Hear noises in my room like rattling and creaking of old stuff and get scared, they stop, I figure it's just the house settling

>Something pokes me in the side, no animals, no people awake in the house

>Grab what poked me in the side, I can feel through the blanket (which is over my head and hand) that it's a finger. A BONE FINGER.

>I uncover my head quickly like a brave kid

>Shouldn't'a dun that bro...

>Look up to see what looks like the grim reaper, Too skinny for step dad to be wearing a costume to scare me

>Literally rip bone finger off and throw it away from me

>Thing shrinks back into the darkness of my room

>Sit still crying on my bed until morning

>No sound for the entire night. Not even the wind

>Tell mom the next morning, couldn't find the bone finger

>She tells me it was a dream, I insisted it was real

>Still remember to this day

I still don't know what it was.

Finally:

Another, this one's pretty cliche but because it's so old I like it anyway.

Way back in the 1920's shortly before my great-granda went to prison him and his friends were playing poker at the pub.

Then this man in an immaculate black suit strolls in an says in an accent that was anything but native, the sort of fancy educated Atlantic accent that you'd hear on the TV.

>I need some shelter for the night, do you mind if I sit down for a few with you men?

And he was welcomed to the game, for the first few rounds nothing seemed strange byt after a few he started to play insanely well and began to clean them all out. My granda dropped something (most likely a card) and reached down to get it, on his way down he noticed that the man had cloven hooves where his feet should be.

He got back up trying to look as though he had seen nothing and the man in the black suit looked at him with a deadly serious stare; he knew what he had seen and my great-granda knows that he knows.

Nothing happened to my granda but one friend who lost died later that week.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [666]

>Be like 12

>Just moving into a new house, in freaking nowhere's-ville Colorado

>No houses around for about a mile, and that ONE house is a

story for later. (Later in the thread, I mean)

>1st time inside my new house  
>it has been abandoned for years  
>I know this because there is a thick layer of dead flies  
>hear something coming from downstairs, faint rumbling  
>only I hear it

>mind you I'm 12 and I've ALWAYS been afraid of basements  
>go downstairs  
>it's about a 30F tempature drop going downstairs.  
>\*gulp\*

>there's a hole in a wall that looks like it's a window (It was a broken window frame. 6 feet below ground)

>nothing but black in there (To this day I have no clue what is down there.)

>another hole in wall, a different one, it's where I thought the sound came from

>looks like a door was there  
>about 3 lock holes in the wall  
>freaking nope.

>go in room

>turn on a light

>nothing but stark white walls and a drain in the concrete floor  
>look to my right at the wall

>there was an electric port with a Christain cross light night

>above it written in blue marker

>"God save us"

>NOPE NOPE NOPE TO THE NOPE

>run upstairs and never go back aside for small courier jobs

Now this next part of the story is two or so years later.

>Go down with a couple great friends, have those laser thermometers

>Drunk on adrenaline and good times

>shoot laser to bottom of stairs

>75F

>go into the room

>shoot laser at wall (the writing is still there for some reason)

>66.6F

>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [667]

When I was maybe eight or nine years old, I was sleeping at my friends house for the night. We decided since it was night time and really dark, we'd go outside and place hide 'n seek, right? Well, we did. Everything was cool. I was the seeker, and him and some other friends went and hid around in a forest. Cool.

Started looking for them, which was then cut (very) short, after I had encountered from what I can remember to be a tall, white haired, grey skinned woman, almost skeletal. Her eyes were red, and her hair was very thin. Like a rotten corpse. It just stood there. I tried to run away, but I just watched it. It waved its finger at me and I continued to run like hell. Didn't tell anyone, still to this day have no freaking clue what I saw. I've spoken with some others from /x/, and they've described the exact same lady / zombie thing to me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [668]

Very short but it creeped me out for days

I was in my basement talking to my sister or something and I heard very distinctly some kind of vocalization from behind my couch, where the wall is. It was pretty loud and it almost sounded like a child's wordless noise of surprise or fear. It was only for like a second, but I swear to god or whatever deity you like I heard it.

The concerning part is that I sometimes heard other, less vocal noises from that wall, but always chalked it up to plumbing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [669]

>live in a flat  
>nice old neighbours living above us  
>every night when I randomly wake up I hear sounds  
>furniture being moved, random bumps  
>usually at like 2 AM.

Just realized this.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [670]

Time for me to get off my lazy butt and contribute here.

>like a half a year ago, or a full year (idk, doesn't really matter)  
>Be on my iPhone late at night watching satanic/occult videos  
(2edgy4life)  
>Light is on behind me and stuff  
>Black shadow, darker than it should be darts across the carpet  
and moves into me really freaking fast (as big as a man and I was  
sitting on the floor)  
>Immediately shoot up, pissed off, balls of steel, turn around and  
pretty much give whatever it was the vibe that I would freaking  
rip its freaking head off if it came near me again and not to screw  
with me anymore)  
>Pissed off as can be, also scared, but more mad  
>Nope.avi  
>Nope out of that room and left my phone there, slept in other  
room for night  
>Came down stairs into the room next day  
>Got a feeling that I should get out  
>Nope up stairs for another hour  
>Come back down and it's all good

>Grab my phone, flip room off (balls of steel again)  
>Now I am good and set, I actually want something like this to happen again, I like paranormal stuff

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [671]

> Be like a month ago  
> Be staying at brothers house for weekend  
> Be playing Black Cops 2  
> History of weird noises in brothers room  
> T.V goes fuzzy, like a mix of static and t.v  
> Volume auto-mutes  
> Static buzzes around what sounds like a girl shouting 'help'  
> Roaring noise  
> Banging on walls  
> Brother falls unconscious  
> Banging reaches wall behind T.V  
> Banging, static and noise stops  
> T.V turns off  
> Lights turn off  
> Shuffle to back wall crying  
> Lights turn on, see brother with eyes rolled back but eyelids open stood up  
> He walks towards me  
"Anon! Do you know what I did?"  
> Confused  
> Bro, whats wrong?  
"I am not your decrepid brother!" Creature shouts  
> Hear girls voice scream  
> Vase flings off shelf and hits brother on foot  
> Brother falls over  
> Brother wakes up 10 minutes later with no recollection of events.  
> Tell him what happened  
> He boards up the door and we never enter that room again  
> Ask landlord

> Apparently in that room the previous owner was found hanging, suicide.

Even more interesting, sort of subsequent story.

> On the day my brother is moving out we are upstairs  
> Near the boarded up room  
> Begin shifting wardrobe which is pressed against wall  
> Behind the wall is a door  
> Never noticed it before  
> Open it to find bag with lots of stained woodwork equipment  
(saw, files, a few knives, etc. . .)  
> In bag is also pictures of, disgustingly, it haunts me to this very  
day, pictures of mutilated bodies  
> It gets stranger, they are all young children  
> . . . NOPE! Nope! NOPE!  
> Call police  
> Recommend we keep this away from the media  
> Rapidly pack brothers stuff and leave as fast as we can

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [672]

Alright. Here goes mine.

>be around 7 or 8.  
>used to live with my mom and her boyfriend.  
>they broke up so my mom and I moved out and stayed at Mom's  
friend's house for a while until we could get back on our feet.  
>we slept in their basement every night that we stayed there.  
>one night in the basement, while I was sleeping, I woke up.  
>I sat up in bed in an attempt to roll over onto my stomach.  
>I happened to glance across the room.  
>a brightly glowing figure was sitting in a chair in the corner of  
the room.  
>it was like a big blob of light. Kinda in the shape of a person.  
>it was almost entirely white with a little red in the middle. Like it

was wearing some kind of red shirt.

>hid under the blankets. Closed my eyes. Covered my ears.  
>tried to go to sleep but couldn't. Just layed there until morning.  
>kept my mouth shut. Never told anyone.  
>same exact thing happened a few days later.  
>the second time, the figure was entirely white. No red.

To this day I've only told a few of my friends about what happened. I've never even told my mom even though she was laying right next to me when it happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [673]

>walk down street with my bro  
> be 3:00 A.M.  
> Have high grade LED Flashlight that aluminates about 200 feet infront of us  
>Walk past tree that has blanket hanging from it that I mistake for a person  
>shine light on tree that is like 5 foot away and it stays freaking pitch black, can't even see bark  
>don't realise anything was weird until you're half way up the road  
>look back  
>Pitch black figure crosses street from side with tree to side we're walking on and in our direction

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

### [674]

>in basement, chilling with cousin  
>creepy house, lots of weird stuff there  
>hear scratching upstairs, assume it's his dog  
>dog comes running downstairs, terrified

>scratching continues  
>grab a baseball bat and go to his room (where it sounded like it was coming from)  
>open the door  
>nothing  
>curtains billowing in wind  
>>window is closed  
>nope  
>cousin asks "Anon, what the hell?"  
>piercing scream from the middle of the room  
>book it out of the house and down the street  
>my ears were actually bleeding from how loud that was  
>don't come back until his parents are home

>before this, was reading in room across from cousin's  
>heard crying coming from across the hall  
>might've been his sister, go to check  
>knock, "Clair, you ok?"  
>no answer  
>doorknob turns slowly, door opens  
>room is empty  
>hear someone whisper my name in my ear  
>went home

The house used to belong to my grandma; she died in my cousin's room. Come to think of it, Claire was named after her.

I've got another one before bed. Not greentexting.

So, a few days later I asked Claire about this and she told me that was normal. She's really into paranormal stuff, (introduced me to /x/, actually) and she suggested that we use an Ouija board.

For the first ten minutes or so, nothing happened. Then it pointed to a bunch of random numbers. We wrote them down, and they were our birthdays and the date they moved into the house. Then it said something like "You know better than to mess with this, Anon."

Out of bleeding nowhere, the lightbulb in her room shattered. We

ran downstairs with the board; she was scared to leave it by itself. We told her parents what happened, but they just thought we made it up and broke the light ourselves. She gave the board away the next day.

Will post more if the thread's still alive tomorrow.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [675]

>me and friend walking train tracks about 2 in the morning  
>approach tunnel  
>both stop for no reason even though we've been through much longer tunnels a million times  
>hear something run on the gravel (anyone who's walked on track gravel knows what it sounds like when someone runs/walks if it's human/fox/cat/etc)  
>definitely human, turn and about to run in case it's police  
>friend refuses and tells me there's no one there  
>on the left hand side is a straight 30 foot drop, on the right side is mass of brambles, track is straight. Basically they would have no where to go  
>friend has his camera on him  
>I tell him to take a picture and if anything is there it'll show up  
>he takes a picture  
>nothing there  
>I still feel funny and tell him I would rather go back  
>we get home  
>uploads pictures from the night onto computer  
>blatant mans face popping out from around the tunnel wall  
>Nope out and haven't been back since

I wish I still had the picture. It's not the first time it's happened. Further before that on the track there used to be a bridge we could sit under, he took a picture of his friend of our friend under it and I swear there's a mans face behind my friend. This one is much more prominent than the one in the tunnel and it's one I might actually be able to get a copy of.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [676]

Can't really remember much, but my sister told me stories about the house we used to live in.

>Sister & friend in living room.  
>Parents are going through divorce.  
>My sister says "I miss my mum" under her breath  
>Loud laughter throughout the entire house.  
>Nopenopenopenope  
>Her and her friend run into bedroom  
>Supposedly hear chiming sounds.  
>Parent comes home. Sister is crying.  
>etcetcetc  
>Eventually googles what chiming sounds mean. Apparently some connection with a demon, or something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [677]

>be 17  
>friend wants to break into an abandoned house on his country road  
>be sketched out, but he says there is probably a bunch of valuables  
>goodenoughforme.mp4  
>walk to house  
>overgrown with vines, wood nearing complete dilapidation  
>have to climb onto 2nd story porch and break a window to get in  
>house filled with boxes stacked to the ceiling  
>little tunnels constructed through boxes  
>find lots of booze and guns

>make way to kitchen through box tunnels  
>open microwave  
>exploded cat inside, hair, skin, blood and guts everywhere  
>look back at friend  
>light turns on down a staircase behind us  
>NOOPENOEPNOEPNOEPNOEP

never went back.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [678]

Short but I'm sure it was something...

>home alone browsing 4chan before going to bed  
>go to bathroom, come back, close door behind me, sit in my chair  
>suddenly just feel 2 eyes piercing through me from behind, just like the feeling when you just know your friend is hiding from you and you know he can see you, but you can't see him  
>turn around and notice the door is open, close it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [679]

>just moved into new place.  
>it's an old apartment in an old city.  
>roommate tells me it's haunted  
>tells me a few stories and we joke about it.  
>a few nights later I'm on the computer watching a movie.  
>pause it for a second after I think I hear my roommate calling me.  
>feel chills down my back  
>start hearing whispers by my ear  
>NOPE.

>run to the bathroom and hide in there for awhile.

Nothing has happened since and I'm hoping it was just a "hello".  
Freaked me out all the same.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [680]

>be last year around february

>be at friend's house

>seriously creepy railroad tracks within 200 yards of his house

>he comes up with the crazy idea to venture to said railroad  
tracks on the middle of the night.

>BRILLIANT.JPG

>We pack some food and stuff as we plan on camping out  
there.

>also pack some weapons as there are violent hobos on the  
area.

>We head out

>dark

>We had to travel through some woods to get to the tracks

>arrive at tracks

>all of the sudden We both simultaniously get a terrible feeling

>friend mentions a drop on tempature

>ohgod.wav

>it got seriously cold

>hear inhuman growling and screaming in the woods to the  
east of the tracks

>we take out our big hunting knives for safety

You know when in movies and someoneis posessed and they  
kinda have two voices at once?

>hear something scream like that

>nopenopenopenopenopenope

>we nope back to his house and never talk about it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [681]

>with sister in basement  
>playing vidya or something  
>loud noise from behind couch  
>sounded like a small clip from a child crying  
>she heard it too  
>nothing behind couch  
>cat is flipping out  
>has never hissed before, hissing at couch  
>nopenopenope  
>both nope upstairs  
>nothing else happens  
>Few days later  
>on same couch  
>loud bang from behind wall  
>hey mom the plumbing's acting up down here  
>there are no pipes behind that wall  
>single specific lightbulb above that couch starts flickering  
>DONE.JPG

There may be a body in that wall.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [682]

>3 or so in the morning  
>My mate and I are out walking  
>Start walking down a long street  
>It's really badly lit (right next to a radio tower)  
>Walking, talking, laughing  
>All of a sudden everything goes beyond silent  
>Not a single noise except for our breathing  
>We both freeze in place, something isn't right

>It smells like death, literally  
>We both start backing up  
>Get back to the main road  
>Normal sounds return, cars and the such  
>Friend says to me, "The worst part it, something in the sky has been circling us"  
>Look up to see something that looks like a satellite  
>It's moving very fast, dashing behind clouds, circling us  
>fleemodeengage.jpg  
>Make it back home in about 5 min after sprinting  
>Weird noises all night out side my house  
>Nopenopenope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [683]

>just happend  
>was listening to spotify while reading /fit/  
>suddenly music stops  
>wtf  
>open spotify window  
>status bar says "account is being used somewhere else, music paused"  
>wtf  
>hacked?  
>suddenly hear something  
>is that.. music,,?  
>check under my bed,  
>my nexus 7 is there, spotify running and playing "Warsovienne" by Red Army Choir  
>I'm sure spotify wasnt running last time I used it  
>I'm also sure I did not leave it under my bed  
>nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [684]

>Go to friend Anon's house.  
>have multiple friends over  
>everyone wants to have a seance  
>start chanting with the candle and stuff  
>We asked for Anon's dead grandfather  
>after about 30 mins, I start to nod off and sleep  
>I wake up when it gets REALLY cold  
>Open eyes and I'm looking down at my friends and my body  
>NOPE.jpg  
>Awaken back in my body  
>friends are staring at me funny, asking me if I'm okay

Apparently I was answering questions that only Anon's grandfather would know. Anon's grandfather was from Argentina. I was speaking fluent Spanish and I have no recollection of it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [685]

Alright, this is a pretty nice thread. I'll share.

>be like 5 years old  
>grandpa died before I was born  
>for 1 week start seeing someone in my room  
>only could see him in the reflection of a small TV  
>happens every single night for at least 1 week  
>person is sitting at the end of my bed  
>terrified every night  
>bed used to shake when the person moved  
>never saw out of the reflection  
>told my parents  
>they ask what did he or she look like  
>I describe him  
>they show me an old photo of my grandpa  
>holycrap it's him exactly

>it never happened again

Sometimes I wonder if it was a dream, but it couldn't have been because my parents know. We talk about it sometimes. But it's literally never happened again, and my house isn't haunted. In fact my family is the only family to ever live here. Weird.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [686]

>A few weeks ago.

>Listening to music, wearing sunglasses (I like it dark).

>Notice spot on lens, try to clean it.

>Doesn't work.

>Focus on it, it's a... reflection of my eye? Weird.

>Eye in lens blinks, I don't.

>GAH, throw glasses to the ground.

>Music stops, hear heavy breathing coming from earbuds.

>Can actually FEEL the breath inside my ear.

>Earbuds join sunglasses on the ground.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [687]

I don't have many close encounters under my belt. Just one really...

>On Toronto Island late at night last summer

>Be with girlfriend

>Be speeding to catch the last ferry back to the city

>Suddenly, a black thing (Not more than half a foot tall) moves onto the path, right in front of us, but disappears (not fade, just disappear) just as it hits the middle of the path

>Girlfriend asks "Did you see that too?"

>I replied "I just thought it was me seeing things."

I also had something funny happen last night.

- >On /x/ last night
- >Go downstairs for food or something
- >Walk back upstairs, catch something in the washroom out of the corner of my eye (just seeing things, I bet), ignore
- >Notice my room lights are off
- >I thought I left them on...
- >Just about to open my door and enter, when the light turns back on
- >NOPENOPENOPE

I'm a coward.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [688]

- >Living in Yonkers, NY
- >Need to take train
- >Waiting at station
- >Strangely empty, literally nobody there
- >6:30 AM
- >Standing around
- >Hear vibration in tracks, assume train is coming
- >Getting louder
- >Gets really cold
- >Feel rush of air like that of a train going by
- >No train in sight
- >Lasts for 5-10 seconds
- >Stops
- >Complete silence
- >Can smell strong stench of smoke

I left soon after.

Never got on the train that day.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [689]

- > Be my grandparent's house that is in the middle of nowhere
- > The dead of winter
- > They go to town for the day and don't get back to later in the afternoon.
- > Since the house is in the middle of the family farm they often leave the back door unlocked so mycousins can get in and out while working.
- > When they get back door is ajar and my grandmother has odd feeling about the house.
- > Feels like there is someone/ something else there
- > They check throughout the house
- > Eventually make it to last room which has huge curtains and the only source of light is a pull-string light in the middle of room
  - > She gets bad feeling as she starts in and turns back
  - > They go to bed and lock themselves in room
  - > All is well
  - > A week later they are cleaning the house and make it back to that room
    - > She finds a space had beem cleared out behind the curtain and there were very large muddy footprints there
    - > Whatever it was was inches away from her that night

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [690]

- >babies are 5 months old (twins)
- >living with boyfriend's family
- >turn on baby monitors and come downstairs
- >have to use the bathroom
- >as soon as I sit on the toilet I hear my daughter crying over the monitor
- >cut off monitor, run upstairs
- >both babies are still sleeping in the same position

>daughter still has pacifier in her mouth (at this age they can't control motor skills)

That was my daughter's cry too. As a parent, you recognize your child's cry in a room of children and it was hers. Freaked me out. I hated living in that house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [691]

>twins are one week old  
>bring them to visit boyfriend's mom  
>grandparents also come over  
>spend some time together  
>grandparents get in car to leave and grandpa asks "who was that little boy"  
>only little boy there was my one week old son  
>he says there was a little boy running around being ignored  
>asked why nobody would pick him up when he held his arms out  
>find out boyfriend's mom and 5 year old niece have seen him too  
>then call his ex girlfriend and she's even seen him  
>apparently some little boy is clinging to my kids' father

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [692]

>Be 10 year old me sleeping at a friend's house  
>We both hear something like whispers coming from the bathroom  
>went there to see what's happening  
>about to open the door  
>whispers stop  
>maybe was just wind

>door bursts open  
>nobody's inside  
>NOPE  
>sprint to the living room like a boss  
>stayed and eventually slept there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [693]

Here's mine:

>Be 8, living with my aunt at the time  
>Everyone is downstairs, I'm upstairs playing in my cousin's closet  
>Find carvings from the girls who previously lived in their house, had their names and other stuff which I've forgotten  
>Leave the room because I feel weird  
>Fast forward about 2 weeks  
>Playing upstairs with barbies  
>Hear a whisper in a girl's voice asking if she can play  
>Nobody my age to play with (Cousin's were older, brother's were jerks) I say yes  
>Proceed to play games all day and talk  
>Get into my cousin's perfume by accident, I think I spilled some or something  
>Aunt smells it and comes rushing upstairs, asking me what I'm doing  
>Tell her I was playing with (I forgot her name) and it was an accident  
>Looks confused and asks me who that is  
>Take my aunt to the closet and point at the name  
>She doesn't say anything but takes me downstairs and gives me cookies and watches cartoons with me  
>Never see the girl's voice again

I've seen her once or twice though, on the stair well going to my cousin's room. Spooked the ever living hell out of me and my

mom always thought I was lying to get attention. Now that I'm older, I still get a weird feeling when I go to my cousin's room, and I can still smell that same perfume that was spilled.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [694]

- >at home on computer
- >computer is in basement, with the main TV and everything
- >playing Lotro, freaking around in fellowship chat
- >hear a quiet, mumbling whisper through my speakers
- >turn up speakers, nothing.
- >nobody in fellowship has a headset on
- > shrug it off

An hour later

- >go upstairs to grab some tea
- >in kitchen, hear someone move in the living room
- >walk to living room, see someone walk out right as I enter
- >everyone else is in bed
- >follow to see if anyone's up
- >nobody
- >go back downstairs
- >look back up at the doorway, only to see a woman in a black dress walk from the doorway
- >nope and go back to the computer

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [695]

- >2 years ago
- >family visiting some friends in the bosnian city bosanska krupa
- >me and some cousins in cousins room

>they tell me stories about an old haunted factory at the end of the street  
>you wanna check it out?  
>yeah sure  
>arrive  
>factory seems to have been hit by artillery or an air strike  
>we're standing in front of a barricade made out of trash so people can't trespass  
>small abandoned houses to the left and right of us  
>no windows,walls have creepy drawings inside  
>look back to factory  
>start to feel very uncomfortable  
>you can really feel that something very bad has happened around these parts  
>look at destroyed windows and huge holes in the structure  
>looks like shadows passing by the windows  
>guys....d-do you see that  
>yup  
>so this is totally normal to you?  
>yeah it's always like this  
>hear a scream coming from it  
>NOPE  
>anon where are you going  
>screw you guys I'm getting outta here

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [696]

>1 AM  
>typing up nasty fiction involving a tumblr person I hate  
>hear banshee-like scream of "JUST STOP IT!"  
>feel weight being pressed against shoulders  
>chair with me in it literally gets pushed to the ground  
>I wasn't hurt (thank god)  
>entire atmosphere in my room changes  
>just sit on the floor for 20 minutes  
>think to myself, "maybe that was wrong"

>later  
>lying in bed  
>making up jokes in my head (forgot what they were...)  
>hear a silly "Ahahahaha!"  
>NOPE.wav.mov.dmg  
He's watching me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [697]

This happened about a year ago

>Wake up at around 11am  
>Notice I'm home alone  
>Mom has left me note on table telling me to empty washing machine  
>Washing machine is down in basement  
>Turn on the light on the stairs and walk down  
>As soon as I reach the bottom of the stairs the light starts flashing about 3 times, followed by clicking  
>NOPE.mov  
>Sprint to the laundry room and unload the clothes faster than I thought humanly possible  
>Sprint out of the basement faster than Usain Bolt getting chased by police  
>Never happened again

I checked my entire house and I confirmed I was the only person at home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [698]

>Be 11 or so.

>Living innalog cabin 30 20 minutes from a town with less than 1,000 people.  
>Explore vernal pond just out of sight of our house on a summers day.  
>Get an uneasy feeling, deep down.  
>Start to panic, look around.  
>See something large and dark moving laterally to me, just behind the tree line.  
>Hear a growl I have never heard before or since.  
>Feel of terror that seems attached to the growl in an unnatural way makes me...  
>Nope out of there.  
>Parents see me freaking out.  
>Step dad takes me, armed with hockey sticks to investigate.  
>Nothing.  
>Parents have no idea what it was, but say growl was just a plane overhead, and my imagination.

What I saw was too big for a mountain lion, and colored too darkly.  
And wouldn't some predator rather ambush me, or chase me down as I noped out of there?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [699]

>Day after my brother's funeral (he was murdered)  
>Taking a shower in my parents bedroom  
>Shower's near the door of their walk-in closet  
>La la la singing singing  
>Open eyes and I see my brother walk by  
>Thinks I'm hallucinating  
>Closes eyes really quick  
>Sees the back of his head as he walked into the room and disappeared  
>NOPE  
>Start screaming for my mom while jumping out of the shower

still covered in soap

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [700]

>few years ago  
>walking out on train tracks behind park like true /x/phile would  
>an hour's walk along the tracks  
>out in middle of nowhere  
>freakin' awesome old tree house off to the side  
>SICK.jpg  
>whole thing was rotted and comin apart  
climb anyway; empty  
>feel tingly, think it's fear of a collapse  
>climb back down, stand up  
>COVERED in daddy long legs

I'm talking COVERED. I must have brushed up against one of those nests that look like toupees.

I flipped out, and I'm not necessarily that scared of spiders.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [701]

>Be stalked by kid for way longer than I ever should have.  
>Come home from school, lock door immediately and check all windows are locked.  
>Chill mode in bed  
>Huh, lump?  
>Pull back sheets(A normal sheet, and two comforters)  
> Dead Rat, it's belly been sliced open and its organs were carefully placed next to it...  
>ALLOFMYNOPES  
>Sprint to friend's house and hide until my parent's come home.  
>First time he ever made it in my home.

>Move within the month

I have posted about this guy before if anyone recognizes his style.  
I don't like to think about it, but it was very likely he was in my  
house when I got home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [702]

First time posting in a nope thread. Forgive me if they aren't that interesting. I've got two.

- >Living on a mountain, in the woods.
- >Only have a couple of neighbors. The ones that live a ways down the hill have 4 large dogs.
- >At my grandparent's house. Shoveling the snow off of their front and back porch.
- >Sweating and tired, so I take a break.
- >Sitting on a snow pile. Watching a fairly big group of nuthatches chattering on a tree about 40 feet away.
- >Suddenly, the nuthatches flip out and fly away.
- >Right after every other bird in the trees surround the property books it. Crows, Robins, Blue Jays, everything.
- >The neighbors' dogs start freaking out. Barking. A serious bark, as in, they were in "attack mode" if you will.
- >Kind of unsettled, thinking of what could be happening.
- >Suddenly, the barking stops entirely.
- >The forest and property is completely silent.
- >Nope back to work.

This one isn't very "Nope" worthy, but it was rather unsettling when it happened.

The second:

(This one happened the other day, as a matter of fact)

- >Dreaming I'm being chased. By these guys. (You know them if

you've ever played Shadow of the Colossus, or Ico)  
>The dream is getting intense. Multiple shadows are chasing me.  
So I wake myself up.  
>I wake up, and I can not move any part of my body.  
>Uh-oh. Sleep paralysis.  
>I try to open my eyes, but I can't.  
>I'm awake, and know I'm in my room. The dream itself stopped,  
but the sounds of the dream continue  
>Start to panic, trying to open my eyes, as I can hear the  
shadows approaching my bed.  
>No. No. No.  
>I'm trying with all my power to force my eyes open.  
>Right as I hear them right at my bed, right over me, I open my  
eyes, and I can move.  
>Cry.

This was a very heavy event for me, since I have an extremely emotional past with the games Shadow of the Colossus, and Ico. Which is why I felt myself crying.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [703]

>Hanging out a bro's place.  
>It's old and pretty roomy.  
>We were in his room, screwing around and playing vidya at  
about 2 in the morning.  
>Without warning a very faint scratching sound comes from  
inside the walls.  
>Bro says to ignore it, saying it was squirrels.  
>Ignore it.  
>Over the course of about 20 min it gets louder and louder.  
>scratch scratch scratch...Scratch Scratch Scratch... SCRATCH  
SCRATCH SCRATCH!  
>Can't ignore it anymore so bro bangs on the wall with a fist.  
>It stops.  
>Then 10 min later the power goes out much to bro's complaints.

>Scratching it back, but this time it moves up the wall very very slowly until it's in the ceiling then stops.  
>Me and bro can only listen worriedly.  
>BANG!!!  
>Something hits the inside of the ceiling crazy hard, way too big to be a squirrel.  
>Loud, high pitched squeal out of no where and the ceiling gets hit again, sending down flecks of paint.  
>Bolt with bro, our feet so loud on his old wood floors that we can't hear anything else as we run in the dark.  
>On the dash to the door I notice that the door to his attic is open.  
>It was closed before.  
>Heart is pounding in my ears now.  
>Bust down the door on our way out, not bothering to open it.  
>We jump in my car and NOPE right out of there to my place.  
>He sold the house a month later.

Never sure what it was, could have been an animal but man, what could climb up your walls and then almost bust out your ceiling?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [704]

>be like 20 min. ago  
>me thinking "hmm havent heard my phone go off in a while must have left it in the truck"  
>be too lazy to get truely dressed, put on some loose shorts and go out  
>get phone, walking back up to house, thinking terrible horrifying thoughts  
>suddenly hear sound like a plastic cup dragging across the concrete  
>think "it's just the wind  
>get inside and realise... there was no wind  
>NOPE lock doors

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [705]

- > be a few minutes ago
- > Sleeping due to fever and sickness
- > sleep on stomach
- > wake up during sleep to cough
- > Have huge room
- > Sleep with night light due to tendency of getting up in the middle of the night and going to the bathroom
  - > corner of eye see large black shadow moving across the room
  - > Was still able to move my body, not sleep paralysis
  - > NOPE.jpeg
  - > Shut my eyes and tell myself to not open them no matter what
  - > Hide under covers like a little child

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [706]

Good thread, I'll contribute 2 of my experiences.

- >be like 9 years old
- >watching a movie with parents late at night (late then was probably like 12 lol)
- >decide to go to bed
- >walk to bottom of the stairs
- >all lights off in house
- >see hunched over dark shadow dart across the hallway at the top of the stairs (two walls block seeing either way.)
- >NOPENOPENOPE
- >continue watching tv with parents until they go to bed as well
- >still feel uneasy the whole night as the shadow darting across the hallway towards my room

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [707]

>Live in normal regular place nothing strange ever happens  
>Be up at like 2am  
>Hear strange sound like a type of boom  
>Look outside  
>3 people taking pictures of each other  
>it's a cul de sac in a gated community who goes out in freezing cold and takes pictures in front of a house  
>Hear another boom sound  
>People outside gone  
>Doorbell rings  
>No one rang it didn't hear anyone running away  
>Call cops they find nothing  
>Wtf happened?

Anyone have something like this happen?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [708]

>be 8 year old wimp  
>sleep in room on a bunk bed w/ brother on 2nd floor  
>older 16 year old brother is complete sociopath who always want to scare the crap outta me (lives on third floor)  
>wake up one night, see dark figure come out of closet, head towards my brother on bottom bunk.  
>scream loud as hell like the wimp I am.  
>mom busts in, "What's wrong, anon?"  
>Dark figure goes back in closet before she sees it.  
>"Mom, 16-old-anon is in the closet trying to scare me."  
>opens closet, nothing in there but toys  
>she goes up stairs, everyone is in bed, all is well

>except in my head for the next 18 years

>be 10, asleep. same room but brother is now in his own room.  
>wake up to loud banging in window  
>dad comes into room  
>get the hell up and come with me if you want to live mode.  
>follow him to my parents room. all my brothers and sisters in there.  
> dad slams door shut, sets off police alarm.  
>loud banging on parent bedroom door, all windows, and their bathroom door.  
>police shows up. dad refuses to let any of us leave room. makes cop come upstairs to us.  
>they will never talk about that night

I'm 23, done two deployments to afghanistan, fire fights, faced death, what not. I refuse to go back into that house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [709]

>Be around 13  
>Be just me and mom living together.  
>Woken up from nap in the evening by mom banging round in her room, must have lost something, is making some serious noise  
>Go down stairs to make some food.  
>walk in kitchen turn light on, grab pizza rolls throw in microwave.  
>Realize that I forgot to take out the trash and my mom will be home in like 10 minutes.  
>Take out trash, walk into kitchen to take my pizza rolls out of the microwave.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [710]

>Be last tuesday  
>Sitting in Sen. Eng. class  
>Teacher begins to go on a rant about feminism and how awesome it is  
>Looks me square in the eyes  
>For some reason, time seems to slow down  
>Her skin becomes deathly pale, and her eyes seem to disappear, giving way to big, black sockets  
>She becomes more gaunt than ever, and suddenly mouths out something along the lines of "This is how men will meet their downfall"  
>Time seems to speed up to normal again  
>The girls in class are clapping and cheering with such fervor  
>Teacher just gives me that sweet smile she always does

I have no idea what freaking happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [711]

I've heard/seen a few things in my house that make me question if we are the only people there. While I've contributed most of these experiences to sleep paralysis, there are still some things I can't explain.

>Be walking downstairs in house when I was around 13 or 14.  
>Middle of day so house doesn't creep me out like it tends to do at night.  
>Walk past sister's room to get to kitchen for a snack.  
>Hear a young girl's voice calling, "Mom?" with no response.  
>Think nothing of it, go back to my room after getting snack to play some xbox.  
>Realize hours later, sister has been at friend's house all day for a sleepover.  
>NOPE

>No sleep that night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

[712]

- > Staying with family in Europe
- > House built by my great grandfather
- > The basement looked practically medieval
- > sleeping on a futon in the kitchen due to the rest of the rooms already being taken
  - > Laying on the Futon with the blanket off to the side because this was in the middle of summer, and Europe was going through a series of heatwaves that year
  - > My older sister who was one room over starts whining about how the curtains moved on their own, tell her she's just seeing things.
    - > about 20 mins later that night the temperature suddenly dropped hardcore in the kitchen
    - > pulled on the blanket but was still cold
    - > At this point I started having a really bad feeling.
    - > Like something was hardcore off
    - > I started looking around the kitchen and it for some reason I'd say that it was almost somewhat illuminated, but no light source
    - > older sister from the other room gets up and passes through the kitchen to get to the washroom
    - > She turns on the hallway light passed the kitchen so that she wouldn't be disturbing me too much
    - > As she was entering the hallway and leaving the kitchen I noticed that there was a figure standing there, and my sister straight up walked by it without paying it any notice.
    - > I realized then that the figure looked to be a middle aged woman somewhat plump, wearing a flower dress and a apron, her face was too dark to make out any details.
    - > It was facing me, and staring at me
    - > NOPE.jpg
    - > sat up
    - > figure was still there unmoving

>closed my eyes and reopened them  
>figure was gone  
>older sister never saw any person  
>No one else was awake

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [713]

>Spend night at gf's house  
>Fall asleep watching movies  
>Wake up around 4am and everything is dark  
>Go into kitchen to get some water  
> Go back into living room and lay back down on couch  
>Looking around in the dark,I notice 2 green freaking eyes staring at me  
>THEY HAVE NO PETS  
>The longer I keep staring at them,the more scared I get. They blink occassionally.  
>I can't tell what kind of "creature" it was.  
>Finally chicken out and cover myself with a blanket until I pass out.

This guy here again. Here's another incident.

>Over at gf's house.  
>Working on her parent's desktop since they had viruses.  
>Sitting there talking about PC stuff to her when all of a sudden we hear the front door downstairs open and close by itself.  
>We both look at each other since we knew everyone shouldn't have been home for another 4-5 hours.  
>We hear heavy boot steps walk up the stairs.  
>I go out to the stairs and nobody is there.  
>Search the WHOLE freaking house and find nobody in the closets,under beds,etc

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [714]

>be a few years ago  
>be with friends going to camp on the beach  
>about 230-3 am  
>chilling at our makeshift beach fire  
>hear noises  
>ignore them at first but they continue.  
>then see a tall black figure with what looked like a scythe  
>NOPE.jpg  
>stay awake until dawn

Haven't camped on the beach since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [715]

This literally happened around 6am this morning.

>Spending night at friend's house.  
>early in the morning.  
>She comes back in from talkin to her friend  
>crashes on the couch adjacent to me.  
>20mins pass and notice something odd out of corner of eye  
>Giant white shadow person standing in kitchen by back door(small goverment housing)  
>Is just standing there looking from side to side.  
>finally notices I'm staring at "him"  
>Ohcrap.jpg  
>Lock "eyes" with it and look away for remote to tv  
>LetThereBeLight.gif  
>White SP keeps staring at me.  
>Start praying under my breath really low  
>Keep doing this off and on while trying to keep eye contact  
>Sun starts coming up  
>WSP doesn't care  
>It starts to move closer towards me and friend

>Praying hard as hell and telling it it's not welcomed there  
>Hair stands on end and flight/fight kicks in  
>Fight apparently wins out and I jump off couch  
>See floating black flubber thing on ceiling where the WSP is fading  
>Jump up and swat at it with right hand  
>Nothing there just swipe ceiling  
>Book it back to couch for pocket knife(I wasn't thinking at this point)  
>WSP is gone  
>NOPE.jpg  
>Horrible crushing pain on left shoulder and forearm  
>WSP standing on other side of room again.  
>Looks pissed off and finally vanishes as the sun finishes rising.

>Her pa comes down stairs cause it's around 7am now  
>Tell him what happened and he looks super scared  
>Starts asking me a bunch of questions about what I saw  
>White shadow "person"  
>Stands about an inch under the ceiling height  
>Really broad shoulders  
>Must be a male  
>Oh that's her guardian. Showed up when she was born.

Apparently her aunt (who is from <exico) is a psychic and has seen him also and he's not an angel.

>OHGOD.jpg

>Take off shirt  
>Check shoulder in mirror  
>big red hand print mark on shoulder  
>consistent with how big WSP was  
>Feels like shoulder muscle is crushed and feels kinda hard  
>Her dad makes coffee and leaves for a soccer game  
>She's up and about now  
>GAH.jpg  
>Oh yeah he's really protective of me.  
>noreally.jpg  
>She heads up stairs to her room to change

>Idea.jpg  
>What if I tried talkin to him?  
>Start experimenting to see if it's sentient  
>UhOh.jpg  
>IT. IS.  
>Start referring to it as blanco  
>Ask it to squeeze my right hand if that's okay  
>Feel something touch my hand  
>Ask it to squeeze harder so I know it's him  
>Bad idea. Hand freaking hurts now too  
>Ask if it's protecting her if so touch top of my head  
>Top of head touched  
>Ask a few other simple question and choose various body parts to touch if yes  
>All directly on mark  
>Notice what seems to be like small strands of something white billowing off me slightly  
>Nope.jpg  
>Continue with questions not wanting to piss him off  
>Finally asks him if I can tell her about what just happened  
>Squeeze right forearm if yes  
>Feel something wrap around right forearm  
>Can you gently squeeze harder?  
>AHHH.jpg  
>Can actually see arm hair depress as grip on my arm tightens  
>run up stairs to tell her about it  
>Head back down stairs again.  
>Shoulder still hurts  
>Ask him if he can fix me shoulder  
>Feel something grip shoulder hard  
>Pain almost all gone  
>wears off after a little while longer  
>apologize for earlier attack on him  
>Wanna work together to keep her safe?  
>Don't hear anything but the whole room suddenly feels less oppressive.  
>Never sleeping here again.

What was kinda weird also was that the whole night I saw another like 7-8 creatures/shadow people/not-sure-whats as we were just walking around the government housing area (aka projects).

4-5 I had direct contact with face to face and a few others I saw in the distance but no further than about 30-45 yards away. The whole night was a decent night though.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [716]

>getting back late from a show with my drummer, drive back to his grandmas house.  
>sitting in living room  
>hear someone walking in the attic (his room and his brother's old room are up there)  
>hear it walk from his room over into his brother's and back again  
>walks into his brother's room again and sits on bed  
>his brother's bed was old and would creak super loud even if you touched it  
>hear it lay down and roll around some  
>gets back up and walks some more  
>>window slams so hard that upstairs that it rattles windows I'm sitting by  
>we slept up there the night before the window was up 2 inches if that so it couldn't of fell and made that much noise  
>it walks back to his room and stops

His grandma wakes up and says hi, we ask her if she heard all that upstairs and said she heard someone in bed and thought a friend was up there, we said NOPE and she's old ballsy lady so she goes up, opens the window again and said nothing was up there. Got a few stories about that freaky old house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [717]

I got a nope of myself, not so long ago.

>sitting in the basement tvroom  
>laptop, 3:00 am  
>hears some pounding from upstairs like walking  
>probably my sibling  
>go upstairs need to take a piss  
>dining room light is on  
>NOPE UPSTAIRS  
>come back down  
>it's still on  
>run downstairs  
>panic voicecall to friends  
>the sound is like workboots and pushing things around goes on until 5-6 am  
>finally talk a golf club and hit it onto the ground and stomp upstairs full rage  
>the sounds stop  
>light is still on  
>nope upstairs and never sleep downstairs

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [718]

>Be walkin' home late one night  
>Be about 2 am and it's raining  
>Dark man in rain coat on other side of the road  
>Looks creepy  
>Notice he's carrying a garbage bag in shape of body over his shoulder  
>Also see knife in other hand  
>Tells me to, "Come here."  
>NOPE.avi

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [719]

>At cousin's house  
>Tells me his house is haunted  
>I was like "lulz ain't no ghost"  
>Call out to ghost  
>Nothing happens  
>Middle of night hear breathing right in my ear for three hours straight  
>Wanna come over again?  
>Nope.avi

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [720]

>be age 8  
>friends and I play stab you in the back game  
>play it in abandond house  
>my turn  
>friend does the ritual and hits me in the back lightly  
>at exactly same moment his hand lands a loud bang  
>door to water heater flys open  
>NOPE.sys

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [721]

>dad dies  
>three months later, go riding with friends, driving around  
>they decide to blindfold me  
>tell me to tell them when to turn left, right, or go straight  
>after 30 minutes of driving, hit a dead end  
>decide this must be our destination

>go up hill at end of dead end to fence  
>on the other side of the fence is a graveyard  
>directly in front of us is my dad's grave  
>NOPE.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [722]

>last year  
>sister made huge painting of a face with some blue stuff over it  
>she says it's herself or something like that  
>creppy staring face  
>grandmother is staying with us for a few months so I sleep in the living room, normally I don't mind but with this face staring at me all night...  
>some night  
>lying in my "bed" right onfront of the painting  
>turn round  
>thing "stop staring at me"  
>turn around to the paint  
>she has eyes closed  
>NOPE  
>get under sheets, try erase that half second from my mind and fall asleep

Pic related is the face next to my cat, you can see it's pretty big.

### **[Image too large. Search EyesPainting.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [723]

>Happened last year  
>Playing Lacrosse in one of my schools gyms  
>The ball hits the post and goes into the hallway that leads to

the basement and Pool area

>Apparently A girl drowned in the pool and she is still there.  
Also my school is suppose to be one of the most haunted places  
in Ohio

>I go into the hallway  
>Theres 1 light on  
>Go to get ball  
>Light Turns off  
>I hear wet footsteps (I was the only person in that part of the  
school)  
>Nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [724]

>Walking home from bus stop, 11PMish, listening to some Burial  
>See what looks like a horse in front of me.  
>Get closer, it's clearly not a horse. Probably a dog or something.  
Some huge creature. The Hound of the Baskervilles.  
>Oh god, I'm crossing over.  
>Pass by the Hound.  
>See the Hound with its head in some bins eating  
>Thing looks up at me.  
>NOPE out of there

What could it have been? I live in suburban London.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [725]

>Be 10  
>Live in Haunted House  
>3:00 AM-ish  
>Only one awake in the house  
>On my DSi Internet

> Start hearing heavy breathing  
> Think It's a nose whistle  
> Holds Breath to see if it was  
> Breathing still continues  
> Leave DSi still on  
> Leave my room and sleep on the couch  
> Next morning, tell Mom  
> She said it was a dream  
> Think yeah, it had to be  
> Go on my DSi  
> See the history was the same in my "Dream" at about 3:00 am to 4:00 am  
> NOPE.avi

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [726]

> be 6-7 at best friend's house (same age)  
> playing hide and seek in his giant basement  
> pitch black, all lights off, no windows, etc.

Basement Description:

> basement stairs lead to wall, left and right turn.  
> if right, little room with door to very narrow, but long laundry room  
> if left movie room with hallway leading out  
> halfway down hallway on the left is one end of the long laundry room  
> other end has wood stairs ascending to garage. Door always locked cause nobody ever uses it.  
> forward is the game room, a bedroom, etc.  
> everything fully finished except laundry room

> way we play is the seeker gets the pair of ghetto night-vision goggles, hider gets nothing. Seeker has to wait at the top of the stairs until Hider says go on walkie-talkies then promptly turns his off. Hider wins if he gets to the stairs without being tagged

>be in super-secret hiding place  
>haven't seen friend for longer than usual  
>creep out of hiding spot back in game room and work my way down hallway  
>obviously can't see anything so going by feel  
>think he is hiding for ambush in movie room by the stairs  
>decide to creep around through the laundry room  
>door to laundry room already open, I feel  
>turn into laundry room and see a blue light gently pulsing from atop the stairs at the far end.  
>can't move my body and simply stare at this obviously benevolent and powerful light  
>don't know how much time passes, though it couldn't have been long  
>light suddenly shifts to red and gets brighter, but darker shade  
>at the same time I think I hear a short, soft growl  
>ScrewThisGame.jpg  
>I booked it up the stairs

I never told my friend what exactly I saw, but when we got his mom to go look, she said the door was closed and no lights were ever on in the garage.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [727]

>Middle School 7th grade or so  
>History class, learning about slave ships or something  
>All have to get under desks to see how it felt  
>Laughing while I go under  
>go down and see a strange girl who wasn't in class  
>Front row of class  
>Jump up and see no one there  
>Refuse to join in the game

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [728]

>be 14  
>wake up saturday morning and have breakfast  
>it's like 10am  
>wonder why my mom and siblings aren't up  
>figure they'll get up soon so go on the computer to play vidya  
>before I know it it's noon  
>no one' up still  
>go check in mom's room, not there  
>start getting worried  
>check in brother's room  
>not there  
>sister's room  
>not there  
>car in garage?  
>yep  
>We lived 10 km from the nearest building  
>nope.cpp  
>walk up the road for ten minutes  
>no sign  
>walk the other way  
>nobody  
>go back home  
>walk to the woods across the road (I say woods but it was more just a field with lots of trees)  
>no sign  
>getting creeped out  
>go home and cry my freaking eyes out for an hour  
>decide that I have to do something, so I just play more video games  
>midnight  
>am pretty tired so I go to bed  
>wake up  
>everyone's back  
>ask them where they were yesterday  
>"we were here"  
>they say it's saturday

>I just lived a day that no one else did  
>nope

In retrospect I think it was just a really strange dream.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [729]

>Maybe 7 or 8, living in an old farmhouse  
>Little sister's room is screwed, toys go off on their own, hear banging from the wall connecting her room and mine (always ignored it), always cold, general bad feelings  
>We're painting my room so I have to stay in there for the night, she was a toddler and slept with my mom  
>Have a very vivid dream where I wake up and it's heavily storming outside, I lay in bed for a while, then get up and stand in front of the open window, looking down for a minute or two  
>In the dream I jump, and I wake up just as I hit the ground  
>Wake up, the window is open, no way I would have left it open  
>Nope out of there and never EVER go in there again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [730]

>last winter, 20 years old  
>be living in santa fe, NM  
>one of the oldest cities in the US  
>live in 2 story house, bedroom is on second story, roof of the living room is right outside my window (can get out the window and walk on it)  
>open window because the house was built in the 60s and the heat is all screwed up, ~80 degrees in my room  
>falling asleep, first time experiencing sleep paralysis  
>hear crunching of snow outside of my window  
>can't move, sit there, terrified

>eventually noise stops, have eerie feeling of being watched all night  
>fall asleep  
>wake up, footprints (of a shoe not 2spooky4u bare feet or anything) on the snow of the roof  
>nope everywhere  
>some guy was watching me behind my blinds at night.

>be 18  
>same house  
> I sleep naked  
>friend (fat chick that has crush on me) asks to hang out  
>sure, she's a bro  
>she hugs me really tight and says 'so what did you mean by those pictures chris?' acting all sly and stuff  
>what pictures.jpg  
>check my phone, pictures of me sleeping naked sent to her ~ 3 AM  
>pictures taken from the ceiling looking downwards

What the hell, man.

Not sure if creepy neighbor or what.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [731]

>Be my Dad  
>Decides to take a midnight stroll  
>Comes across same cement bridge  
>Sees light coming from beneath  
>Peers over, sees group of people sitting in a circle around a fire  
>They're all dressed in black robes and hoods and chanting some strange nonsense  
>Satanworshippers.jpeg

This is very close to my house. I've heard screams and other

weird stuff has happened. One time I heard someone playing the bongos back there. Bongos.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [732]

Reminds me of a few times,  
first one happened

>family moved to a new place  
>brother and I just playing video games,  
>all of a sudden we both feel weird feeling  
>turn around we see a shadow looks like an older man wearing a hat  
>being older sibling look out the window see nothing  
>book out the front door to try to find can't see anything noone was outside  
still to this day no idea what it was

another

>Hanging with a friend they tells me about some abandoned house we walk to it  
>feel weird as we get to this one room upstairs  
>tell her to continue without me going to go outside and have a smoke  
>almost finished hear them start running down the stairs  
>ask them what happened  
>tells me about some thing about a man shooting his wife and kid in a closet  
>they had found blood in the closet in the room  
>starts to rain  
>we start hearing stuff on the other side of the house  
>we run back to their place in pouring rain in the middle of nowhere

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [733]

>be 2002 living in a motel 4 miles away from the Somme  
>motel and its some 11 rents is the only building within miles around  
>Huge battle During WWI took place there in 1916.  
>one night I was out in the back with my Dad as we were walking to a creek to fish. It was dark and we had a flash light  
>Smell gas it was very strong.  
>ask pa, He smelt it too  
>all of a sudden we see another light in the darkness, Very dull  
But it was blue  
>It was out in the distance in the open fields of grass  
>the light was swaying like a lantern  
> I point it out to dad  
>dad sees it and is kind of suspicious  
>we approach light from front  
>we hear foot steps  
>we hear more foot steps  
>we hear 100s of foot steps  
>we hear a full freaking army  
> we hope and run back to the car  
>I drive us back to the motel  
>next day find out a whole group of young German Soldier was gassed by the Brits on that road.

>stayed there 2 more weeks  
>second to last day hear a loud gun shot and a man Crying  
Nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [734]

>be at friend's house with some buds to watch a movie  
>dvd player is not working so we decide to try the Ouija Board to pass the time

>messing around and asking it stupid questions  
>think this is total BS and laugh with friends  
>one friend asks board if it is a demon  
>board says yes  
>a few people get creeped out and leave the game  
>host friend gets the dvd player working again so screw the boring Ouija Board  
>leave without saying goodbye to board (now see that's a mistake)  
>go upstairs to go and get a drink  
>look at fridge door before opening it for a second  
>freeze  
>can see the reflection of a thin crippled dark figure with pure white eyes behind me  
>turn around  
>no one

later...

>one of my friends said he saw a thin dark figure in the mirror when he went to the washroom  
>4 out of 5 of my friends there at one point or another say that they all saw the figure in a reflection of some sort  
>in the glare of tv, in the bathroom mirror, fridge door and in the window  
>only friend who was fixing the dvd playing wasn't participating in the Ouija Board didn't see anything  
>all of us - NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [735]

K, I'll go... Only told a few people this irl.

>Used to have weird creepy dreams as a kid.  
>Learn about slender man last year  
>Holy crap, been dreaming about him since early 90's

>Me and a friend start walking to the store to get some smokes.  
>(They make you feel good man)  
>Tell him about it before about a month earlier.  
>Really freaking foggy out side.  
>It's around 3am.  
>Looks good.  
>All is going as planned.  
>Decide to take a side street short cut.  
>Bout three feet into the short cut we stop and freeze.  
>Tall guy down the road just standing there facing us.  
>We stare for 5 minutes.  
>Couldn't make out his face.  
>Not a word spoken the whole time.  
>Friend pats me and says let's take the other way.  
>I nod.  
>Didn't speak the whole way to the store or back home.

---

>A couple months ago.  
>Be driving past old house with same friend.  
>I get out of car.  
>Friend drives off.  
>Thehellman.jpg  
>Start walking.  
>Look at the ground ahead of me.  
>Huge shadow right next to my shadow.  
>Look behind me.  
>Nothing....  
>NOPE.JPG  
>Walk faster.  
>Friend comes back.  
>Don't tell him about it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [736]

>Be 17  
>playing Resident Evil remake for GameCube. (that's right

GameCube)

- >Hear Mom's bedroom door close
- >Realize I would've heard her car enter garage because of garage door
- >Open my door, look down hallway
- >Mom's door open
- >Check for her or someone else
- >No one in house
- >Walking back to room, close her door along the way
- >Almost to my bedroom
- >Heard her door open again
- >Look at her door over my shoulder
- >Hear slight growl
- >All of the doors in the hall slam shut
- >NOPE.avi
- >No time for shoes
- >Just left

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [737]

- >Be sleeping at night
- >Suddenly hear a very loud scream just outside the house
- >Think it must be drunk people playing
- >Brother and sister wake up freaked out
- >Sister looks outside, there's no one.
- >Hear another very loud scream, this one really scary, as if someone was being hurt
- >Call parents to wake them up
- >"What is it?" asks mom
- >Bloodcurling screams are heard several times
- >Check outside: no one is there
- >Suddenly remember it might have been a fox and sigh
- >"What do you want?" asks mom
- >Realize my siblings and I are the only one who could hear the screams
- >Nope

Been asking around the neighbors if they heard it too, but it's just the three of us, nobody else did. Hate that I have no explanation.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [738]

>Taking a shower  
>Mom's outside grandmother's in her room. I'm the only male in my house 80% of the time  
>Suddenly hear the deepest dark voice shout "YOU"  
>Look around realize it sounded like it came from behind the wall  
>NOPE.  
>Broke down the shower curtain ran out but naked looking for my mom crying and hysterical  
>Couldn't close the bathroom door while taking a shower for at least 3 years afterwards

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [739]

>Visit my brother and his fiancee  
>At night, playing video games alone in the living room  
>Hear them seemingly arguing in the kitchen  
>Never seen them arguing, weird that that they'd do it around me  
>My brother runs to their bedroom, holding his face  
>I follow him asking what's wrong  
>He says he's got a bad headache, tells me to go to bed right now and not get up until morning  
>Annoyed that he orders me around, goes back to the kitchen  
>Find his fiancee crying in a corner surrounded by weird shadows  
>friggin'NOPE.gif  
>Grab her quickly by the hand and run to the bedroom

We locked the door behind us. My brother believed what we told

him but that's all. We waited in the room until morning.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [740]

- >Few days ago
- >4 am can't sleep
- >listening to music
- >hear my dogs outside barking
- >Not normal barking though
- >they sound angry like something is about to attack
- >Hear something fall out of a tree
- >Woods are right outside my window
- >assume it is a big cat. Seen a lot of those lately
- >Go to grab rifle we keep for home defense
- >Loading shells on the way back to my room
- >about to look out window
- >Hear dogs let out a furious bark
- >Hear something else
- >It sounds like a high human yelp
- >then descends into guttural gurgling
- >There's another sound...
- >Sounds like...static
- >Like you'd hear from an old radio or TV
- >It freezes me
- >I don't know why but I just sit the gun down
- >Lay back in my bed
- >Can't get those sounds out of my head

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [741]

- >be 10ish
- >flying home from Disney World (Orlando to Boston)
- >get window seat

>taking a nap  
>sleeping soundly despite engine noise  
>suddenly hear god awful sound like a cross between a baby crying and a snake hissing  
>it freaking drowns out the noise from the plane's engines  
>wake up promptly  
>everything is normal  
>ask parents about it (of course they didn't hear it)  
>try and go back to sleep  
>somehow fall asleep again  
>about an hour later the plane lands  
>pilot suddenly starts talking on the loudspeakers saying that something terrible happened in NYC and all flights are grounded nationwide.  
>yeah, you know where this is going

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [742]

>napping on couch  
>in deep deep sleep  
>suddenly wake right up, very afraid  
>hear childhood nickname, freak out  
>nope and go back to sleep.

Room mate also said that she had heard me calling out "Hello?" when she got home. I was at work.

Another time:

>in bathtub  
>being an /x/phile and reading how to develop psychically.  
>Hear my full name  
>Freeze  
>Nope the rest of the week

Apparently I've got a really talkative ghost.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [743]

>be 16 maybe 17  
>move to a new house  
>sears modern home so you know that it is old  
>go into the attic  
>see a small square room in middle of attic  
>I'm no newfriend, I know this is a nice coat closet  
>windows are blacked out  
>open door  
>nothing but a metal chair sitting in the middle of the room.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [744]

>be twelve  
>sleep in bedroom adjacent to parents room  
>since childhood absolutely mortified of ghosts and various apparitions (to this day believe that ghosts follow me at all times)  
>in this home it is the worst case  
>literally every night hear weak apparitional activity (breathing in ear, sounds on opposite end of room that I am not looking at)  
>so I'm in bed, it's the Witching Hour (really bad with sleep since childhood)  
>I hear the sounds on the opposite end of the room  
>man up and look  
>see shadowy figure sitting in desk chair, looking at me  
>NOPE.jpg  
>roll back over at light speed and fall asleep

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [745]

>Be 12  
>taking radio to bath with me  
>doodooodooo  
>Hear some one whisper "rain"  
>continue on with life and nope about it until I'm 19.  
more recently  
>walking to car from work  
>opening car door and see creeper creepin from his car directly across from me  
>annoyed and mean mug him and roll my eyes and say "piss off" at him  
>Sit in car, putting keys into ignition, look up to see where creeper had gone  
>he's gone. no more than 5 seconds had passed  
>officially weird feeling  
>NOPE  
several months later....  
>having coffee and catching up with good friend in home town  
>talking, laughing  
>glance at car  
>he is sitting right there in my seats looking very angsty and pouty  
>ignore, continue on with converstaion  
about a month later  
  
>driving in car down to the grocery store  
>all windows up, chillin music is on low  
>Some one blows into my ear from behind me  
>freak out, tell car ghost to get out because he is causing trouble

He leaves for a while and then

>Usually leave car unlocked  
>In house, need to grab something from car  
>walk out, start reaching for car door handle  
>Physically see the locks in my car go down into lock position

>keys inside, hanging up and room mate is GONE.  
>nope nope nope.

I also don't have automatic locking or time locking on my car, whatever it is. haven't had much from him since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [746]

>have old sanatory near my old hometown near a mountain deep in the woods  
>rumor is that this was something like a orphanage or a home for retarded children once  
>also rumor is that children were abused there, chained to their beds and stuff  
>partially burned down and was closed about 40 years ago, reason for fire unknown  
>decide to head there with a friend  
>get to big gate and fence with rusty barbed wire, can't see house from there; gate is used to keep jackasses (like us) away from the property  
>didn't work out that good, found a hole in the fence, climb through  
>instantly get a weird feeling like being watched  
>just as we decide to head to the house we hear footsteps rushing at us and a car  
>climb back outside, don't want to get caught  
>as soon as we are outside everything stops, no one there  
>NOPE.wav  
>go back  
>later find out that my cellphone somehow called a friend of mine, just broadcasting static. Phone went dead shortly after.

Also there was the ruin of a house right at the fence. Used to be the home of the caretaker once. Friend of mine told me that this guy was nuts, beating and abusing his daughter. Said that the sanatory slowly made him mad.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [747]

I was just taking a heavy bag of laundry upstairs to throw on one of the beds, nothing unusual.

I felt pretty tired and really sad but that tends to happen to me often. So I get to the bedroom and drop the bag on the floor.

>Suddenly I wasn't just tired I was completely exhausted.  
>I let out a large sigh  
>fall halfway onto the bed  
>close my eyes  
>open my eyes  
>Next thing I know I'm floating up to the ceiling and seeing myself lying on the bed  
>OH GOD  
>I was really freaked out and thought I was dying  
>I kept telling myself how there was no way I was going to let myself die so suddenly  
>I swing my arms frantically as if to swim through the air back to my body  
>Suddenly I'm in my body again  
>I immediately open my eyes and take a deep breath  
>I get up and don't feel tired at all  
>It didn't look like more than more than half a minute had passed  
>Then my grandmother asks me if I got the laundry upstairs

I also wondered if I was dreaming but I'd never had a dream that felt like that where I hovered over myself. It was also even scarier since something similar happened before.

>taking a hot shower  
>Once again I'm sad as hell  
>I feel pretty strange/tired  
>I lean against the tiled wall

>then I just quickly shoot out of my body like a gust of wind  
>next thing I know I'm floating  
>it's dark around me  
>for some reason I was wearing the comfiest clothes I own  
>I look down  
>I see the planet Earth before me  
>...I'm hovering in space...above the Earth  
>what.png  
>I shoot back into my body  
>I yelled a little  
>quickly turn off the shower  
>fall on my hands and knees in hallway

Never stay in the shower too long Anons.

All right I got one more.

>be a little kid maybe about 9  
>I'm trying to sleep on the bed in my grandmothers room  
>she's in the room behind me watching tv  
>lights are off  
>I look around the room a bit a see a dark shadow on the wall to the far left  
>I think maybe it's the shadow of a tree branch coming from the window  
>I look to the wall on right, beside the bed  
>the blinds are closed  
>I realize there's not enough light and the trees at the back wouldn't be able to make that shadow  
>uh oh  
>I quickly look back at the left wall  
>Nothing's there  
>I turn over thinking maybe I imagined it  
>I look towards the window  
>There's a dark shadow on the right wall  
>I'm freaked out and don't know what's happening  
>the shadow starts to move  
>it forms into a person  
>and all I can say is that...

>It started to look an awful lot like Freddy Krueger  
>I freak the hell out and bang on the wall behind me  
>my grandmother opens the door  
>"WHAT?!"

...many times before I used to knock on the wall because the tv was on the other side opposite of my head  
I learned not to do that often because my grandmothers a angry tyrant

>She's standing in the doorway  
>I'm look at her and fight with myself wondering what I should do  
>deal with the shadow ghost  
>or my grandmother  
>I finally make a decision  
>"Ahh...n-nothing."  
>"ARGH"  
>She moves to quickly walk away and close the door  
>"Wait!"  
>she stops, "What?"  
>"...can you turn the light on?"  
>She turns the light on  
>closes the door and leaves  
>I look over and the shadow is gone

I don't think I ever saw it in my house again. But I do remember that I did see a shadow ghost some other time...but I can't remember anything except that.

Great now I can't sleep until the sun's out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [748]

I've had an experience with something people call "Horsehead"

>be walking through some field near my house with a friend  
>could of sworn I heard a horse (this is where it all started)

>ask my friend if he heard it  
>no  
>we reach my house  
>my friend passes out like an hour after  
>it's 2 am  
>I hear the horse again and just sit there in silence  
>I go to my living room window  
>I could of sworn I saw a full bodied man with a horse's head and I was scared  
>atleast that's what I think I saw, it's what it looked like  
>I ran and cried the end

I've heard other Horsehead stories before so I know I'm not completely insane. Does anyone have any of their own?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [749]

>be younger  
>be sleeping  
>wake up like something is staring at me  
>radio is off ( I slept with it on)  
>ooookaaayyyy.jpg  
>hear breathing  
NOPENOPENOPE  
>stay under covers for an hour  
>come out  
>room to dar to see but I feel a presence in the corner  
>with a shake in my voice I say "go away"  
>feel that feel when you go down a hill really fast  
>all the posters fly off my wall  
>NOPE out of my room.

Moved outa that room, always been into paranormal stuff and I still feel a presence in the room I have now but I blame that on the fact I have the breaker and main power lever and 2 huge mirror for a closet door seeing as how all those things cause

paranoia.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [750]

>have to be no older than 6-7 years old.  
>be sleeping in bed  
>wake up in middle of the night  
>man laying next to me smiling  
>jump out of bed  
>turn the lights on  
>nobody there  
>wake up mom  
>tell her  
>she says it was just a dream  
>got spanked for waking her up  
>19 now  
>believe it was just a dream now

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [751]

>get last bus home from gf's  
>get in about 1:30 throw bags on the couch  
>go into the kitchen put kettle on for tea  
>standing there waiting was that a knock at the door?  
>nope  
>hear it again  
>go check door nothing doing all normal  
>nothing goes back in  
>happens again cept banging  
>go check again street lights are dead and just this black cat  
staring at me in the middle of the street  
>nopes the freaking door locked  
>maeks nice tea :)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [752]

>be 18  
>be out all night drinking  
>get home, feeling quite hazy  
>have shower, feeling really relaxed  
>wonder if I'm going to have a hangover  
>collapse onto bed, fidget into comfortable position  
>open eyes  
>woman watching me  
>did I take something tonight?  
>close eyes, open again  
>she's still watching  
>can't make out her face, covered in shadow from her umbrella  
>roll over, I'm seeing things, don't freak out  
>turn to look at ceiling  
>massive face in ceiling  
>looks old, no facial hair, intense look  
>light on, all gone

Few years back now, still remember it. Felt so calm when I saw the woman, but the guy's face scared me. Never happened since. Wish I'd said something or something.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [753]

>using camcorder  
>there is a silhouette of a man in the background of some of the shots  
>sell camcorder years later  
>guy asks if I have any spare tapes so he can use it right away  
>without thinking give him the ghost tape and tell him it's ok

to go over it  
>weird relief at probably ring'ing someone

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [754]

>be 13  
>be asleep at first  
>bed is placed against a wall  
>wake up at 3 AM with face pointed towards the wall  
>suddenly feel something is in my tight crappy room  
>feel it coming closer, swearing I feel a breath on my cheek  
>NOPE  
>Didn't move even a bit for about 5 hours, until my parents came into my room to ask why I didn't leave for school yet  
>I cried

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [755]

>Be around 8 years old  
>4 year old brother was recently killed, hit by a drunk driver  
>Be at night some weeks after his death  
>Be in kitchen doing dishes  
>Hear my dead bro's voice, very clearly down the sink drain  
>"I'm down here Anon, down here in the drain!"  
>Voice begins to laugh  
>Voice then begins to change...To transform into inhuman gurgles  
>Blood gurgles up into the sink  
>Run screaming and crying to tell mom  
>When we go back to look there is no blood  
>Still scared of sink drains

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

## [756]

Adding but I don't know how to do greentext, wish me luck.

>Be 15, scrolling through /B/  
>Around 2 A.M  
>Parents and sisters out of town, got the house to myself.  
>Hear constant whispering ,look around but no-one is there.  
>Continues for about 20 minutes.  
>Hear a defining scream like a banshee.  
>Look outside to see someone standing in the middle of my road (I live in the last house on the top of a hill with a huge wall and trees to the left of my house)  
>All creeped out, go downstairs to get a drink.  
>on the way back up the stairs hear the same scream but closer, almost like it was inside the house.  
>Scared now, I make my way up the stairs  
>Hear the same scream again, even closer, followed by the sound of 5 or so glass cups breaking.  
>NOPENOPENOPENOPENOPENOPENOPEN  
>run up the rest of the stairs and hide under my covers.

The next morning

>walk downstairs with a master sword (from The Legend Of Zelda)  
>see the whole floor of my kitchen is covered in shattered glass.  
>Clean it up, and my parents arrive home.  
>That night I hear the same scream  
>NOPE.AVI  
>Hides again like a wimp  
>never tell anyone about this

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [757]

>be 9ish  
>friend sleeping over  
>drive to video store with mom and my friend  
>feel kind of "clear"  
>long street lined with lights  
>say to friend "watch this"  
>lights go out in sequence as we pass under them  
>yep  
  
>still put lights out all the time  
>going down a block, looking out window, portions of parking lots, etc  
>I'm 30 now

Don't know why. my personal best was an entire grocery store parking lot and the mcdonalds sign beside it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [758]

bumping with two stories

>be young (grade school)  
>have ridiculous nightmare  
>wake up and be scared in my bunkbed  
>because I am scared look out into hallway to make sure no monsters  
>see in the dark a figure walking towards my room (almost zombie looking)  
>pinch myself, feel it  
>NOOPENOPENOPENOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [759]

>was like 6 or so  
>had a barbie bank that would say good things when inserting moneys.  
>was stuck in an upstairs closet.  
>later roof leaks like crazy covering everything.  
>Mom cleaning it out, finds bank, and starts to throw it out because batteries corroded the hell out of it.  
>It loudly and clearly in a gurgled voice says "Get out"  
>mom nopes the hell outside and then makes dad throw it out. scary stuff man.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [760]

>Move into new house with family in 1997.  
>Big old farmhouse.  
  
>One night, dad is working in basement.  
>Light goes out.  
>Mom and I are both asleep on second floor.  
>Dad thinks 'fuse must have gone out'.  
>Goes to check.  
>Light switch in the off position.  
>Nope.  
  
>Be playing Spyro the Dragon.  
>Mom from upstairs: 'Sweetie?'  
>Me: 'Yeah, mom?'  
>No reply, shrug it off.  
>Minutes later mom comes in front door from weeding yard.  
>Couldn't have been upstairs.  
>NOPE.  
  
>Second grade.  
>Wake up in middle of night.

>Older woman standing in doorway.  
>Glowing eyes.  
>Can see through her to hallway.  
>NOPE. Hide under covers.

>Weeks later.  
>Previous owner of house stops by because he sees us in yard.  
>Cheery conversation.  
>Mentions that his elderly mother died of a heart attack in the living room.  
>NOPE.png.avi.tga.vqa.shp.vxl

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## [761]

>Be about 13  
>Home alone, watching tv and stuff  
>Realize dog has disappeared, which is odd as he usually lies in front of the refrigerator  
>Think nothing of it, carry on watching tv  
>5 minutes later, hear barking and growling upstairs  
>Run upstairs, barking from the bathroom  
>Try and open the door, it's locked  
>Bathroom door obviously only locks on the inside  
>nope.jpg  
>Call dad and he eventually gets the door open, dog is so terrified it's pissed all over the floor

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [762]

>At home alone (2 story house)  
>Go downstairs for pizza rolls  
>Heat em up and put on plate  
>I rush up the stairs can't go to fast because of food

>room is directly to the left once you reach the top  
>get to the second step before the top  
>something takes its feet away from the doorway and back into the room  
>nope.jpg  
>Eat downstairs and wait until family gets home.

Still no clue about what I saw...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [763]

>be 12  
>at night  
>in my grandma's house alone  
>watching TV in the living room  
>hear weird tapping noise coming from the kitchen  
>go check  
>nothing  
>except that there is a bottle of tequila over the stove  
>we keep all the liquor in a gavinet in the living room  
>nope.jpg  
>heading on my way back to the living room  
>the glass of a family photo that was hanging in the wall suddenly cracked out of freaking nowhere  
>NOPE.bat  
>nope out of the house  
>waited in the yard until my mom arrived to pick me up  
>never told her about what happened

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [764]

> be 15, house to myself until father gets back  
> dad works night shift, trying to see how long I can stay up

> watching some crappy tv show, chillin' on couch  
> dog starts doing weird crap, circling and barking at kitchen  
> while dog does that, hear clatter like someone dropped bunch  
of forks onto the floor  
> investigate with dog, nothing amiss  
> go back to couch, slightly nervous  
> about half an hour later, dog FREAKS out, hear the forks sound  
again  
> NOPE all the way to neighbors house, BS a reason to stay over  
never more scared in my own house...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [765]

>be 12 or so  
>sleeping in mom's room because we were moving next day  
>wake up and see a shadowy figure sitting on mom's bed  
>think it's mom  
>"Mom are you ok?"  
>proceed to look to where mom was sleeping and there she  
was  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [766]

>couple months ago  
>nightime, waiting for my bus  
>creepy guy arrives to bus stop, looked crazy  
>I'm relieved when he takes different bus than mine (takes one in  
the same direction I'm going, I'm waiting for the express version  
of this bus)  
>few minutes later get on my express bus, it's pretty full  
>guy is sitting towards the back of the bus

Basically, he had to get off the regular bus at least a stop ahead, take the bus in the opposite direction past me, get off, take my bus, and make his way to the back to sit.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [767]

This is pretty recent, within the last year or so.

>at grandparents house  
>3 in the morning, have to piss  
>get up to go to bathroom  
>half asleep, not really watching where I am going  
>look up and see something go past the doorway really quick  
>freeze and about piss myself on the spot  
>go back to sleep, hold it until morning

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [768]

be 10-12 don't remember  
>about to move in to new house  
>in front yard  
>look into a window \* which would be my room soon\*  
>see a talk old woman in a bonnet, pale white, walk from one side of the window to the other  
>ask dad and previous owner about the old lady  
>they look at me like I'm retarded  
>go into room  
>my room oh crap  
>have nightmares for the entire time of living there  
>had an old barney doll in the closet  
>would go off randomly  
>I love you hyuck hyuck hyuck

>nope.jpg  
>mom comes in takes out the batteries  
>I LOVE YOU HYUCK HYUCK  
>momnope.jpg  
>burns it outside  
>more nightmares for the rest of my time there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [769]

>be 12  
>helping my mom at her second job  
>job is cleaning a church at night  
>she tells me to go dust some tables  
>while I am I see a figure out of the corner of my eye walk by  
> assume it's my mom and continue working  
>when I'm done I ask my mom what to do next by shouting in the direction I saw the figure walk  
>my mom answers but from the other side of the church

Some other freaky stuff happened at that place, usually involving shadow people.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [770]

>I once had a toy race car given to me as a gift for christmas  
>game was for toddlers I was 9/10  
>whatever, was grateful so I was just messing with it  
>get a weird feeling  
>take out batteries  
>keeps going

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [771]

>be 17  
>sitting with HS gf who's house is notoriously haunted  
>sitting on front porch looking and talking  
>car is in front of porch  
>see shadow walk behind car, it's a full blow person that's a shadow, coming out of nowhere, and seemed to walk just behind the car  
>behind the car is maybe 10 feet in front of us  
>look at GF to see if she just saw that  
>"did you just see that?"  
>her mouth is open, face frozen  
>"is that what you see in your house?"  
>"yeah anon, that's what I see"  
> nowayjose.jpg

that was the first and only time I ever saw a "ghost" or w/e the heck it was with another person, and I knew for once that it wasn't anything in my head.

That story is the pre story to this:

>shoveling crap in a barn on a family members horse farm  
>middle of nowhere.jpg  
>see shadow out of the corner of my eye  
>think "it's nothing"  
>keep seeing shadow  
>keep shoveling horse crap  
>focus on shadow in my peripheral vision  
>holycrapthisisactuallyhappening.jpg  
>keep shoveling horse crap like nothing is happening  
>turn my back, shadow gone  
>shouldhavenoped.jpg

Didn't tell anyone, was in the middle of nowhere for another month alone in the forest and on a farm a lot.

What a mind screw, I was so scared at night time, there is always a light on the front of the barn, but the rest of it is black as night, like behind and beside the barn, where the light doesn't reach...

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [772]

>be 12  
>First christmas in new house.  
>I have a little wind up santa that plays a tune and spins its head in a little bounce with the music  
>watching tv around 1 am  
>santa on the mantle across from me starts playing  
>staring at it  
>head stops when it is directly looking at me  
>Eye to eye  
>NOPE  
>Throws it away

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [773]

>be 12  
>newish house  
>get up to go to bathroom  
>go to the downstairs bathroom to avoid waking parents  
>hair feels like it's standing on end  
>crushing terror and paranoia  
>there is a man in a very neat suit stood by the back door  
>for some reason I do a double take  
>he is just gone  
>I stare at the door to try and see if it's locked  
>I guess it is  
>screw going near it  
>I never got my piss either

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [774]

>be 16  
>problem with my bedframe so I was sleeping on living room couch for a couple days  
>each night I hear weird noises coming from the kitchen, like appliances being dragged across the counter or stuff falling  
>upon investigation, nothing's amiss  
>last day on couch, get this intense feeling of being watched  
>tentatively stick head up  
>hear kitchen clatter again  
>see this tall shadowy man standing over me out of the corner of my eye  
>get this feeling of pure malice  
>NOPE  
>do not turn and look  
>do not investigation  
>blanket over head, head under pillow  
>wide awake for rest of night

Never happened again, nor have I had any other experiences. My dad said he heard the kitchen noises too, though. I do not believe in paranormal stuff so there must've been a rational explanation, but while I was cowering under my covers, I was freaked out.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [775]

>be 14  
>start having recurring nightmare of myself drowning in a nearby lake  
>I looked different but I KNEW it was me  
> told my mom

>she looked freaking terrified  
>she told me when I was 3-4 I kept telling her that I drowned in  
that SAME lake and that my name was james  
>she noped  
>I noped  
>the dog noped

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [776]

>Happend 2 nights ago  
>Be home alone  
>Headphones on, listening to music  
>Begin feeling those vibration type things like when people  
walk around on a wooden floor  
>Don't take it into too much account  
>Keeps happening  
>Go over to doorway to hear better  
>Footsteps walking around downstairs  
>Semi nope  
>My music then plays out loud  
>Footsteps turn into a sprint and a door opens  
>See dark, shadowy figure run through backyard into the  
woods  
>NOPE.jpg  
>Sit in the corner of the room until my brother gets home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [777]

>be 17  
>waiting for my bro to get home, so we can play Mario kart  
double dash  
>crap was so cash  
>bro calls home, says he'll be getting a little late, tells me to stay

awake for him  
>shure brah  
>decide to take a nap before my bro gets home  
>log-like sleep  
>suddenly woken up by the sound of a commercial on tv  
>wat.png  
>don't remember turning it on  
>it was one of those old, big TV's, and mine was screwed up so you had to turn it on then wait around 15 minutes for it to turn on  
>go downstairs, while going down the stairs I call for my brother  
>dead silence  
>hey jerk, you left the TV on  
>no response, the only noise in the house is the tv and my nope  
>decide to sit and watch tv while waiting for my bro  
>changing channels, after a while of watching one, it changed itself  
>have this happen like 4 times  
>screw it, I'll go back to my nap  
>turn off TV, head for the stairs  
>halfway up, TV turns on immediately, didn't even have to wait for it  
>nope upstairs  
>stay in my bed, fully covered until bro comes home, at around 12  
>tell him I'm tired so I don't have to go back down

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [778]

>At friend's house dog sitting for the week  
>Have gf with me because always scared being in their by myself  
>We fall asleep on couch  
>I wake up at 2am, lift my head up and look over couch, glass sliding door.  
>Someone is standing right behind me.  
>Dark shadow, no distinct characteristics

- >Say my gf's name softly
- >Does not wake up
- >Can't take eyes off person
- >Finally can not take it anymore and spin-over
- >Wake gf up in doing so, no one is there
- >Tells me to go back to sleep

NOPE

- >Tell her we got to go, make excuse about my mom calling
- >Still hate that place at night

Also:

- >So around this time, friend and I are interested in the paranormal
- >We go on <http://www.theshadowlands.net/places/michigan.htm>
- >We go to graveyard on a Friday night, full moon
- >We decide to bring my friend's video camera. We let it charge for about 6 hours, then take it with us
- >After being in graveyard for 30 mins, the camera suddenly dies.
- >Think nothing of it and leave graveyard.

Later that month

- >We return to the graveyard, friend brings in chick who doesn't believe in ghosts
- >We agree to take turns in graveyard by ourselves
- >I go first, in there for close to 20 mins
- >Ask questions to the graves, trying to get EVP
- >Camera dies again, I hear a child whisper "Leave"
- >I think friends are playing a prank on me
- >2 mins later, hear the child whisper "Leave"
- >Starting to get super nervous, start to calm down after 5 mins of nothing
- >Then a final whisper, "Please leave" coming from behind me
- >I turn around and look into the grove of pine trees.
- >The shadows start to get darker, only way to explain it is that the darkness seemed to swallow itself, and I see two red eyes in

the middle of the trees.

NOPE!

>I run as fast as I can, friend and lady chases after me. Will not talk until we are miles away.

>Thought I saw those red eyes in the rear view mirror as I was driving away

>While I was in the graveyard, my friend and the girl said they heard footsteps walking towards them

>They would get loud and stop directly in front of them, then stop

>This repeated until they saw me running past them, they ran after me

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [779]

>Visiting an old Bishopric turned museum on my town

>Said to be haunted, whole area around it included (some old houses, stores and officces)

>A friend of a friend that was coming along owns a barber shop near

>Go and visit for whatever reason

>Have some beers (it's 11:00 pm already)

>Guy confirms place to be haunted, says he have seen pretty screwed up crap

>Out of the corner of my eye, see something moving on that big mirrors barbers have

>Friend swears he saw some dude wearing some kind of colonial clothes passing by the door frame

>He said it was black and white, like video interference

>nope.jpg

>some time later hear scratching noises on the ceiling

>Look up

>Same dude just staring at us on all fours like freaking spiderman

>Run out  
>Never talk about it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [780]

> had broken into for sale house across street a couple of weeks ago because of rumors of it being haunted and felt a weird vibe ever since  
> be upstairs home alone hearing stomping downstairs  
> run to the top of my stairs  
> banging stops suddenly  
> listening terrified as it's quiet  
> hear in a super almost depressingly sick, deep, scary voice saying, "I want my mama."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [781]

>be 17, nice and snug in house for winter  
>feel a need to outside to at least experience the snow  
>go out at night because don't like to be out around daytime since I feel uneasy around other people  
>have some fun making little snow sculptures  
>hear a distinct crunching noise of someone stepping on snow, but very lightly  
>don't pay it any attention  
>hear another careful step  
Suspicion mode engaged.  
>look up  
>try and see what's making that noise, can't see crap because the lighting was crap  
>decide that it was probably my imagination.  
>hear a few more careful steps, getting closer  
>start edging towards my house

>break into a run  
>hear something start running behind me  
>reach the door, open it, and slam it shut  
>something bashes angrily against it  
>look through peephole  
>nothing was there

That was the first and last time I nearly died from fright.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [782]

>10 years old or something  
>be at grandma's house with my dad because it's her birthday  
>she lives quite a distance away from our house  
>we stay over for the night  
>get my own room to sleep in  
>bed is pretty comfy, I fall asleep quite easily  
>in the middle of the night, I suddenly wake up due to a weird sound that I kept hearing during my sleepy daze  
>outside my room, somewhere in the hallway I hear is creepy laugh that you'd hear from this clown doll that laughs when you push his stomach  
>the laugh keeps going and going in the same tone  
>freak out, get cover under the blankets  
>this situations keeps up for another 5 to 10 minutes  
>eventually the laughing sound slowly fades, as if it's walking away  
>can faintly but clearly detect the laughing continuing downstairs until it completely disappears  
>I'm frozen in fear, refuse to get out of bed and just try to sleep in the hope that it's morning soon  
  
>wake up, it's morning  
>tell grandma during breakfast what I experienced during the night  
>ask if she also heard the laughing

>to my surprise she doesn't think I'm a crazy kid that's making up crap, but rather listens to me as if it's an interesting story  
>tells me that she never witnessed this particular thing, but hinted at me that it's an old house, and old houses tend to hide secrets that only reveal themselves at very specific moments or something  
>I'm confused, so I just go 'okay...' and try to forget to whole ordeal.  
>can't wait to sleep in my own bed again at home

To this day, this is probably the weirdest thing I experienced during my childhood. I was young, so it could be possible that I didn't realize that I dreamt it all or something. But it felt very real at the time, so I'm not sure.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [783]

Another little thing that I remember, which happened when I was even younger. 8 or something.

>try to sleep in my room  
>unable to do so  
> think 'screw it, I'm going to read a book or something'  
>get out of bed and head for the light switch  
>as I hit the light switch, it SUDDENLY out of freaking nowhere appears to be morning  
>as I stand there flabbergasted, my mom opens the door  
>'Oh hey anon, awake already? Time for school! Get your clothes on'  
>to prevent any mental damage to my mind, I decide that I was sleepwalking and woke up in front of the light switch, seriously, screw this creepy crap

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [784]

- > be two summers ago
- > live in the middle of nowhere near no houses
- > in the kitchen upstairs washing dishes at midnight
- > window near sink was open
- > heard unexplainable sitcom laughter come out from distance
- > no tv on in my house ran and locked every door in my house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [785]

- >Be 4 or 5 years old
- >Move into Ohio apartment with parents
- >Furniture not bought yet, sleep on air mattress with parents
- >Wake up to use bathroom
- >See freaky figure walk from bathroom to my room carrying a VHS tape  
NOPE.gif
- >Run to bed and fall asleep in between parents

Also

- >Be about two hours ago
  - >Live in duplex with loud neighbors
  - >Hear strange silent hill-esque noises from next door
  - > 2am
- Wat.jpg

Not really a nope, but it was mildly freaky.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [786]

- > be around 9
- > watching TV in my room

> turns off TV and start walking back to living room  
> hear my older bro call me from my parents room  
> room was dark, see brother figure sitting on the bed  
> hear my bro talking on the living room, turn around and have a glance  
> bro is at living room  
> nope.exe  
> rush to the living room without looking back  
> almost in tears  
> no one believes me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [787]

>A few weeks after my first child was born  
>Wake up to baby crying  
>Instantly jump out of bed and walk to his room, half asleep.  
>Woman is cradling my crying son (I thought it was my wife)  
>Decide to use the bathroom instead  
>Walking back, look in and the baby is asleep, wife's gone  
>Get back in bed, and she's there  
>I tap here and thank her for getting to the baby so fast.  
>She was dead asleep. She said she felt me get out of bed, so she never got up.  
>I had assumed she "beat" me to the baby's room. She swears to god she never got out of bed. Realize my son was WAILING while being cradled by that "woman".  
>NOPE  
>Told my wife, and left to stay at her mom's for the night.  
Moved him to the other room the next day.  
>Till he was 8 and despite the fact he'd never been told the story, he said he had nightmares about a woman standing in his bedroom at night.  
>Move a month later.  
>Hasn't happened since.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [788]

>be 16  
>move into new house  
>decide to stay the first night alone to have the whole house to myself  
>mattress in the middle of the floor  
>see something moving in what would be my fathers room  
>old women walking kinda dragging along the wall  
>she drops  
>turn other way and nope my way to sleep  
>wake up next day and walk into fathers room  
>hand marks on the wall like someone was gripping the wall as they fell  
>go through a cabinet that was left behind  
>death certificate  
>women had heart attack in my dad's room and dragged herself into where I was sleeping

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [789]

I have quite a few back when I was on some freaky meds:

>be trying to get to sleep  
>room is only small, window is situated looking over my bed  
>open eyes  
>three figures standing by my bed looking over me  
>middle figure is particularly scary  
>old woman with long grey hair  
>nope under the covers  
>finally look again, they are still there  
>end up just sitting there for about 20 minutes  
>only disappear when I turn the lights on

I also woke up one night to see my best friend lying in my bed just smiling at me. He proceeded to sort of hover off the bed and onto the floor where I couldn't see him, laughing menacingly as he did.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [790]

>at best friend's house  
>he's in work and his family is in work too  
>waiting for them to get home  
>be sitting in his room smoking and playing vidya  
>hear front door open and close  
>NOPE. THEY SHOULDN'T BE HOME FOR HOURS  
>hear the sound of heavy footsteps running up the stairs  
>sounds like 3 or 4 people running up the stairs  
>open his bedroom door expecting to get attacked by burglars  
>noone there  
>search whole house  
>noone there  
>NOPE  
>go back to room and start panicking  
>as soon as I hear the door close the footsteps start again  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>turn volume up loud to drown out noises  
>they get home eventually and I'm almost in tears  
>I calm down and have fun for the night  
>next week I stay again and they go to work  
>BANG BANG BANG BANG  
>NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>go home

I haven't been back in about 2 months.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [791]

Friend told me his nope story.

>friend and his group decide to pay a visit to an old WW2 hospital  
>abandoned for some time and creepy  
>walks up to the entrance and notices a bicycle chained up to the fence facing a certain direction  
>group walks in, no incident  
>a friend was leading the way and walking up a flight of stairs  
>suddenly makes a u-turn and walks back down towards exit  
>doesn't say a word, just keeps walking  
>wtf?  
>the rest follow him out  
>that friend finally speaks  
>tells them that there were 2 red figures at the top of the stairs  
>everyone nopes  
>walk out  
>bicycle now facing the opposite direction  
>NOPE NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [792]

>early hours of morning  
>friends on guard duty decide to play a prank on another guy sleeping inside guard house  
>takes out phone and records  
>video captures a white figure underneath table that the guy was sleeping on  
>white figure turns its head to look at cameraman  
>flies off from underneath  
>mfw I saw that vid

That was the only time I ever saw 'something' caught on camera... camp was haunted as hell, even though I never once felt or seen anything.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [793]

>Be 14.

>Just moved into new house, where residential was built over some old farm.

>House is perfectly fine for first few months.

>Summer starts.

>Head down stairs for first day.

>Mom is there.

>"Anon, I know it's summer, but you and your friends shouldn't bring bricks into our backyard."

>Check backyard, There are bricks built up to resemble a little dog house.

>"That wasn't me mom."

>'"course anon"

I had just thought it was some teenagers, so I had moved the bricks into our basement, and closed it off. (I wanted the bricks, they were pretty cool)

>next day, brick dog house is back out there.

>It's just me at home today.

>No way my mom has the strength to move those, nor would my dad do it.

>It's investigation time.

>Leave my walki-talki outside near the house, continue day, then go to sleep.

>middle of night, gaming it hard.

>Walki-Talki clicks on.

>HORRIBLE screeching noise comes over it, like someone has slicing some animals throat while it screeched.

>Have to clutch my ears, the noise hurts.

>After that, remember s

Waking up next morning, head downstairs.

>Check walki-talki outside.

>The thing looks all burnt out, like someone had busted it open and ignited its insides.

>Dawn of the final night.

>Sleeping with sheets over head.  
>Hear something, like a creaking noise.  
>Hear something, extremely quiet, like a whisper, say something like "Are the dogs okay?"  
>Summon everything I have left, and say "Yea, it's okay, go rest."  
>Gets quiet, I pass out from pissing my pants.  
>Later that summer, learned that the farm where my house is now had a man who was specifically hired to watch the dogs, he had been fired, and later gone missing, never recovered.

The worst part is, they say he liked to build things with extra bricks.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [794]

>went on a family trip to an island resort  
>stayed in a big but rather old looking villa  
>was kinda creepy but tried not to pay any attention to it since I was on holiday  
>holiday ends  
>grandma complained that she was hearing olden day music at night  
>niece had pinch marks on leg and sister saw her 'kicking away' something while trying to sleep  
>father saw a white figure standing outside the window  
>brother and I slept through it all like it was the best holiday ever  
>don't know to be happy or sad to have never felt or seen anything

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [795]

>particular taxi comes in to drop a passenger off every

morning at my camp

- >one morning taxi comes in, but drives out without letting passenger off
- >guards went wtf.jpg
- >taxi comes back in after 5mins
- >guards asked what was up with the previous roundabout
- >taxi driver says that never happened and it's his first trip in
- >drops passenger off
- >guards went to check pictures/video of the 'first' taxi
- >picture of first taxi's undercarriage had a skeletal figure clinging onto it
  - >showed picture to half the camp, NOPED and finally got it deleted..

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [796]

- >in basement replacing hot water heater in historic district of berlin maryland
- >house is from the 1860's
- >feel like someone is watching me
- >look out basement window to see if I'm just imagining things
- >look out window
- >feel someone tap my shoulder
- >turn around quick
- >no one there
- >nope nope nope
- >finish instal quick and never go back
- >I'm positive I felt that

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [797]

- >Be around 6-7
- >friend sleeping over at mine

>Sleeping in the same bed on different ends  
>Small room lights are off and friends asleep  
>Look around room, can't sleep  
> Gaze meets the corner of the room and see the shape of a young girl  
>She has short colourless hair and her skin is without colour yet I could see her face in detail  
>Freeze up and stare  
>Begin to blink constantly trying to look at it from different angles to see if it was just an illusion  
>It's still there, looking at the floor  
>Is this really happening?  
>Heart rate increases  
>her head moves alittle  
>NOPE NOPE  
>IT'S REALLY HAPPENING  
>NOPE out under the covers and close my eyes pretending I saw nothing  
>Stinks of feet  
>Don't care just try not to move and pretend I was sleeping  
>Suddenly it's morning and I don't recall going to sleep  
>Talk to mum and she's acting really weird  
>"Laura came to visit last night"  
>Me:"What? who?"  
>"That little girl"  
>She has to be screwing with me.  
>She starts telling me about how she heard a girl crying  
>NOPE.AVI

She dismissed it all a week later saying she never said anything yet me and my friend both heard her say it, never told my friend about what I saw and I never got around to telling my mum for some reason.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

>be in living room  
>playing some videogames on my computer around 1 am o clock  
>a ghastly wind sound disturbs my ears  
>front windows of my house begins to shake  
>door starts to try to open softly forced  
>feel anxious and heart beats faster  
>check outside through the window  
>the streets are totally empty  
>sit back to computer  
>remember this crap is /x/ tier  
>continue playing videogames

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [799]

>be 8  
>family outing, come home late at night  
>change into pjs and go to sleep  
>have worst freaking nightmare I have ever had  
>like seriously I have never had this bad a nightmare before or since  
>wake up in cold sweat  
>I'm sitting in my mom's freaking car  
>must have been sleep walking  
>get out of car and walk over to front door  
>door is freaking locked  
>there was no other way for me to get out of the house, I don't have a key, my window is too heavy to lift and there's a 6ft fence around the back yard  
>did I fall asleep in the car and my mom freaking forgot me?  
>nope, I'm still in my pjs  
>ring the door bell and mom comes out  
>"Wtf are you doing out here, anon?"  
>go back to bed  
>to this day have no idea how I got outside

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [800]

This is my own dumb fault, but do not EVER screw around with cults thinking you'll be the one guy to make them look stupid and get people to quit or whatever.

>Be in california on two night vacation  
>Pass by the Church of Glory: End Times Brotherhood  
>Bump my friend on the shoulder  
>We decide it'll be hilarious to walk in  
>Door is locked  
>Hold face up to the door  
>Friend is walking away  
>Can't see past the curtain in the window but really want to  
>Door clicks open  
>Retardedly tall guy standing in the door frame who either has no eyelids or never blinks  
>Realize the curtain was his shirt  
>He was standing there the whole time  
>Look for my friend to make an excuse  
>Long gone  
>He asks if he can help me in one of those stupid deep tall person voices  
>Say no, I was just curious  
>He then says he will chase me if I walk away with a big smile on his face, assures me it won't take long  
>Stupidly walk inside  
>He walks behind me to a group sitting at school chairs looking at a white board.  
>Some lady hands me a pamphlet  
>Read it  
>Everybody is staring at me when I look up at them, they all look really happy  
>They invite me to group hug  
>Accept, because tall dude assures me again he'll chase me, which gets a laugh from the church

>We hug for like ten minutes as they sing some crap in Hebrew or something  
>They tell me all about the alien end times and how the only way to survive is to love the teacher so he can lead us to the final starship at the chosen time once his desciples are in order  
>Insist that I have to go back to my friend  
>Tall guy says okay, but he'll still chase me  
>Run out the door, he doesn't chase me  
>Don't tell friend about any of that crap, he calls me a wimp, just keep it all to myself  
>Get back home couple days later  
>There's a letter in my freaking mailbox in wisconsin from that church, I had not filled out anything  
>It just says "I said I'd chase you" over and freaking over

Now I live in Texas.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [801]

>Visiting friend in Detroit  
>Going urban exploring in the industrial district  
>No guns on us; just knives, a taser, and pepper spray  
>In the basement of some clothing factory  
>Find three decayed bodies hanging from ceiling.  
>NOPE 3; CHIPWRECKED

There were shopping carts with bags beneath their bodies. We guess they stood on them before kicking them out from underneath them.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [802]

>be 15

>wake up during the night with dry throat  
>go to get water  
>tip toe to avoid waking parents  
>as I walk out my room I see someone across the landing with a bag and golf club  
>freaking frozen still  
>he looks in parents room before turning and heading down the stairs  
>looks straight towards me  
>somehow doesn't see me  
>[amidreaming.com/whythehellarentidead](http://amidreaming.com/whythehellarentidead)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [803]

>be 15  
>01:00 am(ish)  
>at summer cottage  
>gottapee.jpg  
>go outside because no toilet inside  
>the second I step out I spot these two huge green eyes staring at me from nearby bushes  
>literally leap inside  
>lock myself in a closet  
>be there for 10 min  
>still have to pee  
>"it probably left already"  
>go for another try to piss  
>the eyes still there, though they seem a lot closer  
>piss pants  
>sob in closet until morning

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [804]

>Be 17  
>Go on a long weekend trip to some shanty old town with friends  
>'It's going to be fun' they said  
>Arrive in late at night because bus failure  
>The two main hostels in the place somehow all booked up  
>After walking around for an hour with our luggage find crappy old hostel almost falling apart  
>They only have one room left but is big enough and they agree to let us 5 stay in there  
>The building inside is super-creepy  
>Room upstairs  
>Tired. Got into beds immediately  
>Only a small, dim lamp for light  
>Lay on bed talking about how crappy the place is while falling asleep.  
>Suddenly notice a shadow on the ceiling  
>Shadow moves slowly, oily across the ceiling  
>Friends can see it too  
>Noticed there's nothing whatsoever between light source and ceiling  
>Sepulchral silence following the realization that we are seeing something... not normal  
>Shadow vanishes just before we start screaming  
>Joke nervously about it. Collective hallucination ha ha  
>We all know that we saw it. Never spoke about it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [805]

>Be 9  
>Home alone while grandma was on a date  
>Live with grandma and her parent's live on the same street four houses down  
>Be sitting in living room watching the Pokemon movie  
>Throwing Pokemon cards around everywhere because I wanted to feel like a trainer throwing Pokeballs

>Hear a tapping on the glass that faces the backyard  
>Freeze in place  
>Look at window and see a figure standing on the other side  
>Person breaks glass  
>Nope out.  
>Run faster than a Bugatti to my great grandparents  
>Tell great grandpa, and he calls the police  
>Police show up and look around, check for prints, none, and check the house to see if they're hiding.  
>Cop finds something on my pile of thrown Pokemon cards  
>Shows it to great grandpa  
>He begins to cry a bit  
>Grandma comes home not knowing crap (no cell phones)  
>Police tell her everything, show her what was found on Pokemon cards  
>She breaks down and cries  
>Police leave and we stay with Great grandparents until the next day when the window gets fixed.  
>Grandma replaces all the locks and buys a gun  
>Don't understand why they're so scared  
>Two years later I bring it up and Grandma shows me what scared her.  
>It was a picture from inside my closet.  
>The date on the photo was from two days before the break in  
>and in the photo I can be seen sleeping in my bed

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [806]

This isn't mine. Was posted on /b/ a while back. Saved it because it's terrifying.

>be 7  
>brother just got his own room, so I got one to myself as well  
>start hearing things at night  
>even as a kid I was fairly logical, brush it off as my imagination  
>one night I'm shaken awake

>the voice is telling me to open my eyes  
>can't resist  
>above my bed (like, above as in on the ceiling) is a strange face  
>completely white  
>tells me to relax, and that it means no harm  
>just talks to me about stuff  
>nothing sinister or anything, just talked about my day and things like that  
>continue on like this for months, until my parent came in and asked me who I was talking to  
>"The man in the ceiling."  
>parents very confused, but ignore it and tell me to go to bed  
>the voice gets angry, asks me why I told them  
>I was freaked out  
>the voice starts yelling, even taught me the f-bomb (which is my only proof this is legitimate and not just a voice in my head)  
>continues yelling, keeping me up for a long time until I run into parents room crying  
>they don't believe me and fail to calm me down  
>move into my brother's room and never go back to that room ever again  
>never had an issue since

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [807]

>2nd grade & 6-7 years old  
>wake up on Saturday  
>in bed  
> see a silhouette of a 40 year old man with a relaxed pose, elbow on door hinge, foot crossing on other, standing  
> looking away from me  
>whatever.jpeg  
> looks at me  
> knock out  
>wake up two hours later  
>2spooky4me

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [808]

>Be 4  
>Sleeping with parents  
>Sit on the ground putting my socks on like good little girls do  
>Door is open  
>See a man walking from my room to the bathroom  
>Ignores me  
>Go to my room to play with Lego and feel watched there forever

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [809]

>Be exploring with friends out in the bush  
>It's nearly night  
>Walking, talking  
>All of a sudden there was an all mighty scream from the bottom of the gorge  
>We all freeze  
>It didn't sound human, maybe a fox?  
>Movement in the bushes to the right and left of us  
>Sounds of wood knocking at the bottom of the gorge  
>More movement beside us  
>FleeModeEngage  
>We all sprint as fast as we can out of there  
>Why is this track so long  
>Almost to the car  
>Friend looks back and screams  
>Big humanoid figure coming towards us  
>We'reallgoingtodie  
>Somehow we get into the car  
>Slam on the accelerator

>Huge stick slams into the side of my car  
>We drive back to the city  
>Wondering what that was

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [810]

>Be 13 in the kitchen alone  
>Basement door opens  
>There shouldn't be anyone in there  
>Stare, waiting for a burglar or something to appear  
>Door is wide open, but there isn't anything but darkness, and nobody could have hidden behind the door  
>Wonders aloud if it's normal for the basement door to open by itself, expecting family to answer  
>Nobody does  
>Nope out of the kitchen

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [811]

>be 14 playing video games in the living room  
>see someone walk by down the hallway to the kitchen  
>hear one of the cabinet doors open and close  
>call out thinking it's my sister  
>no answer, I call out again  
>get up and walk into the kitchen annoyed  
>theres no one there  
>good bye

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [812]

You guys want nope stories? I got some nope stories.

1/7

>13 years old  
>With my cousin at my house  
>Watching those dumb paranormal shows like kids do  
>Decided "Hey we can do that!"  
>Go outside into the woods on an old 4 wheeler trail.  
>Sit there in silence for what seems like ages  
>Eventually ask "Is anyone here with us?"  
>Nothing.ogg  
>Wait for what seems like hours (really like 2 mins)  
>All of a sudden hair on the back of my neck begins to rustle  
>Start getting intense shivers up and down my spine  
>Cousin feels it too  
>Begin to look around for anything  
>A little ways ahead of us, this black silhouette comes out from the woods onto the trail.  
>Unable to move, thisiswhereidie.mp4  
>Cousin yells at the thing (I assume it's a fear reflex)  
>The thing turns around to face us  
>The very sight of this makes my very soul quiver  
>Eyes were piercing red, nothing like I've ever seen before  
>Cousin throws rock  
>Rock goes straight through the being.  
>Thing turns around and keeps walking  
>Able to move now  
>Run like a runaway slave out of the woods

2/7

>Another cousin story  
>In the same woods as the first one  
>We were screwed up  
>It's been a couple months, but previous experience is still fresh on the mind  
>We split up in the woods  
>Scooby dobeedoo. avi

>We search around for hours for anything supernatural  
>Find nothing  
>To keep in contact we have those cobra 2 way radios  
>hear cousin come over radio, sounds like he's running  
>Dude you gotta come see this  
>Meet him at the foot of the woods  
>Tells me to follow him, okay.mp3  
>Shows me a small clearing where trees have been knocked down  
>Tell him about the bad storm a couple weeks before  
>Says no, tells me to keep looking  
>See weird thing on the tree  
>It looks like those stickfigure things from the Blair Witch Project.  
>Have movie flashbacks, ask if he knows what it is  
>he's apparently never saw the movie  
>srsly?.dll  
>Says that he couldn't have made it, he has none of the stuff and says there's bigger ones  
>omgwat  
>takes me to other place in the woods that I haven't seen before, just feels eerie, complete silence (rest of the wood has lots of birds,squirrels and junk)  
>Cousin points to a place in the distance  
>Look, ohgodbro, same stick figures everywhere but really big, some are entire logs put together.  
>Turn around to ask my cousin how he found this place  
>Cousin isn't there  
>Run back to foot of the woods  
>House isn't there (sounds like BS but it legit happened)  
>Run back into the woods  
>Trip over rock  
>KO  
>Wake up, cousin shaking me  
>saying he wanted to show me something  
>say no, let's just go play ps2

Next story was probably the most crazy thing ever. I hope it was just a dream.

3/7

>Be in Highschool, 18  
>School is brand new, our school and another communities was combined.  
>Be senior, doing stuff for prom (it was late may, prom was in june)  
>Building a big gazebo by myself because people are jerks  
>Hammering, drilling, sawing, s'all going good.  
>Decide to take a break as it's really hot outside  
>Sit in the shade of a nearby building built by shop class.  
>After a few minutes, feel really uneasy.  
>Get up, look around, can't see anything that would give me this feeling.  
>Decide to walk around  
>I can't find any other students  
>Check phone, it's 12:30  
>lunch isn't for 15 mins  
>Come around the side of the school again  
>Look out to the edge of the woods  
>See people at the edge of the woods  
>meh, it must be the outdoor pursuits class  
>Hear voices behind me, it's the outdoor pursuits class  
>What?  
>Ask teacher about people down by the woods  
>She looks over, says no one there and wonders what im talking about  
>I say nvm because she wasn't going to believe me anyways  
>Nope for the rest of the day.

4/7

This one is with my dad

>Be about 15 or 16  
>Out driving with dad  
>Ask about 'the red army house' as it was called here.  
>Basically it was a huge house in woods where satanic worship, a couple murders and at least 3 human sacrifices took place.

>Says all that is BS and that he knew the last people that lived there.  
>Says he'll show me the place (the house was burned down, it's just a sketchy looking barn there now)  
>It's around dusk in november  
>Turns down driveway  
>Man, this driveway was at least half a kilometer long  
>Come up to where house used to be, barn is on other side of the road  
>it kind of jumps out at you because of the growth there now.  
>He shows me "see, nothings wrong here"  
>"what about the barn?"  
>he says nothing  
>Goes to back up and turn  
>Break lights light up a silhouette standing at the barn door  
>Terrible looking face, looks like it got gut up  
>Holds a scythe in right hand  
>dad sees face, "oh god!"  
>peels on the gas  
>driveway seems longer  
>every so often on the way out we can see the figure behind us in the glow of our break lights  
>Nope

Remember how I mentioned my old school and another one got combined? Well this one is from the one in the other community.

5/7

>Friends get me to go with them into old school, I wish I had pics for this one.  
>We go in at about midnight  
>School is supposed to be locked up but people found a way in.  
>We're walking around the dark hallways  
>We decide to split up into 2 groups of 2.  
>Me and girl I fancy and 2 other guys in the other group  
>We explore around, I can tell she's scared  
>"Don't worry about all this, I won't let anything happen to you."  
>"Thanks anon, it means a lot."

>have a little kodak moment  
>Hear other guys upstairs  
>We don't find anything, so we join them.  
>All go into the gym  
>We get in there and 3 notes play as if from a music box.  
>Each one slightly out of tune and higher than the last.  
>We all stand in the four corners and see if we can contact spirits.  
>Not much of anything besides random noises and knocking.  
>All meet up in the center  
>Talking along  
>Really bright, fast silverish kind of light runs down the hallway.  
>Instinctively chase after it  
>Come to a dead end (locked door to the outside)  
>We are all noping  
>manage to search around a little while longer  
>mostly knocking and heavy breathing

6/7

This one happened to my sister a few years ago; about the aforementioned "red army house"

>For some reason they used to have parties at this place.  
>Sister and about 20 people are all at this house.  
>All partying along, apparently having a good time.  
>Hear a loud crash from the upstairs.  
>People make a guy named 'Jason' go up to see what it is  
>He's up there for about 10 mins  
>Hear another loud crash, only this one had a crunch afterwards like the sound of bones breaking  
>Jason comes running downstairs  
>Is bleeding profusely from the nose and candle wax all over his shirt.  
>Everybody runs out  
>Jason hasn't been the same since, he's all into drugs and stuff now.

7/7 This will be my last one for now.

>19, this summer gone by

>At a community center in a place that used to be its own community.  
>Small playground  
>Me and friends think 'Hey, why the hell not?'  
>Chillin' on playground  
>Friends call me over all scared looking and point to the teter totter or however it's spelled.  
>It's teetering completely on its own.  
>Friends nope out of there, I reach down and touch it.  
>Ice cold  
>Say "sorry about that"  
>It starts again, I leave

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [813]

Happened to my uncle:

>at home late at night  
>reading the Bible  
>hears someone entering the room, thinks it's his daughter and keeps reading  
>the person entering the room walls up to him and stands in front of him  
>looks up  
>sees a woman staring at him  
>dark hair, white and grey dress, human but something VERY off about her  
>uncle is like nope nope nope  
>tries to keep on reading Bible thinking a mantra of  
>"I don't believe in this, I believe in God, I don't believe in this, I believe in God"  
>About half an hour later, door behind strange lady opens  
>my cousin enters  
>"Dad are you alright?"  
>strange lady is not here anymore  
>doesn't say anything, goes to bed and pray

He only told us a few days after it happened.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [814]

>little girl's grave about 10km from house  
>rumoured if you leave a present, she'll go to your house  
>the bigger the present you leave, the "scarier" the visit you have  
>be like "fake" but still curious about it  
>leave a giant freaking dollhouse  
fastforward about 10 hrs  
>eleven pm  
>trying to sleep  
>knocking on door  
>yell piss off  
>continue trying to sleep  
>knocking again ten minutes later  
>PISS OFF  
>get to sleep  
>three hours later  
>knocking loud  
>terrified  
>go to door  
>little girl footprints on door  
>hear giggle behind me  
>turn around  
>no one there  
>NOPE  
  
>next morning  
>trying to figure out what happened last night  
>go to computer  
>a bunch of old pics of a little girl on my hard drive  
>research grave at library  
>same freaking girl in docs at library

>DOUBLE NOPE

haven't gone to graveyard or to library since, sold that hard drive.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [815]

>Be 16  
>Come home after a long day  
>Both parents away  
>Home alone  
>Go to the toilet  
>Take a divine crap  
>Suddenly hear scraping on the bathroom door  
>Open door, suspecting the cat  
>Nothing there  
>I ignore it, close the door again  
>Suddenly hear scraping again  
>Starting to get rustled  
>Try to ignore it, read the paper  
>Suddenly door starts shaking, as if someone is violently trying to open it  
>Freak the hell out  
>Stay in bathroom for an extra 20 minutes, trying to man up  
>Go out of bathroom  
>Scared, nothing there  
>Move into livingroom, haven't turned on the lights since I came home  
>I freeze, there is a sillouete of someone on the couch  
>I stand there, staring at it  
>It suddenly moves  
>NOOPENOPENOPENOPE.JPG.GIF.PGI  
>Rush to my room  
>Go to bed

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [816]

>be 12 orsomething  
>sleeping in top bunk bed  
>think I hear something, wake up  
>notice movement out of corner of my eye  
>peek down over railing  
>seems to be a person walking across my room  
>not much light but from what I can tell looks more female,  
wearing something long, walking at slow and careful pace  
>first half asleep thought is must be grandma, maybe wants to  
ask me something or whatever, call for her  
>figure does not acknowledge me  
>stupid self is suddenly struck with realization that grandma isn't  
visiting with us now  
>no one else it could possibly be  
>bedroom door is CLOSED  
>nopenopenopeheadgoesundercovers  
>after some time peek back out, nothing's there, there was no  
sound of a door opening or closing

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [817]

>Be out walking early in the morning  
>Walking down a track that used to be a railroad  
>Got my ipod in, but it's quiet so I can hear any noises nearby  
>Get to a bit in the track where it goes under a bridge  
>The sides of the track go up about 32 feet up (approx)  
>As I'm walking under the bridge hear a low growl from behind  
me  
>Turn around slowly  
>Huge as wolf standing in the shadows of the bridge  
>It's about 5 feet tall on all fours  
>Stand dead still as this thing gets closer  
>OhgodImgonnadie

>Gets very close  
>It just stares into my eyes  
>After what feels like my entire lifetime, it starts backing away  
>It's backs underneath the bridge and then just freaking disappears...

And this is in freaking Australia...  
I'm not the only one who has seen this wolf though.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [818]

>15  
>Used to live on a farm in Bosnia  
>Every Winter night hear baby crying  
>Parents don't know what it is  
>Be walking home from friend's house  
>Pitch black  
>Hear baby cry, not a winter night  
>Nope right of there  
>As I'm walking up the hill to my parent's house see somethinng come around the bend crawling towards me  
>Ran like a freaking cheetah back to front door  
>Never leave house past 7:00 pm anymore

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [819]

>Albanian here, pozdrav Bosnabro  
  
>Be 17  
>Walking dog at night  
>She already peed so just giving her some exercise, walking down the sidewalk  
>Dog suddenly stops, just staring at tree or something

>It's dark outside, I'm far sighted and didn't bring glasses so was a bit hard to see  
>Dogs just staring, still. Not barking, just staring  
>Shine flashlight at where she's looking  
>Empty, pale white face, couldn't make out features, scary, and definitely not any human or animal I'd ever seen  
>heart drops, nope.jpg  
>nope all the way back home, running as fast as I can  
>slam back door locked, turn on all the lights, grab knife and dog and lock my room, sit there for hours until parents get home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [820]

>be late at work  
>only me and one other lady left, all children gone home  
>work in childcare  
>turn off all lights  
>forgot bag at other end of building  
>Walked down the hallway  
>go into room  
>open cupboard  
>grab my bag  
>as I turn around, see a little blonde girl in red walk past me.  
>NOPE outta there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [821]

>15  
>in back of school after midnight with friends  
>sitting in dark spot behind tree  
>notice hooded figure staring at us  
>tell girl  
>girl turns head, we both stare

>notices her head turned, hooded guy hides  
>nope all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [822]

>be a while ago  
>go outside to smoke a cigarette because I don't like stinking my house  
>in backyard  
>lights were busted, so dark  
>notice glowing eyes by the fence in the far side  
>think it's the cat that has been crapping all over my yard  
>throw rock at it  
>freaking wail as loud as a freaking car horn  
>dashes towards me  
>footsteps sound significantly heavier than those of a cat  
>get inside, lock the door  
>grab a knife and don't sleep for the rest of the night  
>all of my nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [823]

Not a full-on typical nope story but...

> Have really ancient great grandmother who has always sort of weirded me out.  
> She apparently has a severe phobia of cats and believes them to be some sort of devil thing.  
> Keep hearing stories about her.  
> She feeds her dogs at the table and talks to them like people.  
> Okay, whatever, she's just quirky.  
> Find out very recently she murdered her firstborn son by leaving him out in the cold, nothing ever came of it because she

was declared insane or something at the time.

Now a more typical NOPE.jpg story:

- > Live in duplex.
- > Neighbor typically leaves for months at a time to go help his family at their farm.
- > Flatmate works most nights.
- > At the time, was unemployed and struggling to find a job, thus home alone most of the time.
- > Frequently hear footsteps coming up and down the staircase that lead to the landing next to my flat door.
- > Not hallucinating, even the cat noticed it and would go stand by the door and look at it.
- > Everytime it happened, go to door and look out it.
- > Nothing, ever.
- > One night, hear loud, distinct foot steps stomping around in the attic.
- > My flat is the only one with a doorway to the attic - if someone wants to access it, they have to come in through my front door and go through my bathroom.
- > Noooooope.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [824]

>be 8  
>always explore this creek with my friend  
>graffiti of satanic ritual signs on sides of creek  
>1 year later  
>go back to creek with friend during day time  
>see hooded black figure sitting in middle of creek  
>friend was behind me, and I get him with a frozen heart  
>we look again and he is standing still, staring at us  
>he begins gliding forwards, aw shiet  
>nope all the freaking way home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [825]

- >Cat goes missing one day
- >Can't find it for about 3 days
- >Go hiking up small hills nearby
- >Find my cat turned inside out on an 'altar' of stone with runes and hell drawn on what I assumed was blood
- >Run home and cry for days

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [826]

This is my first time I've shared this with anyone, and as much as I wish I were making it up, I'm not. Bare with me I'm not good at storytelling, especially to /b/ or /x/

- > Be 8-years-old
- > Grandparents live innawoods in this old house outside of town
- > House is at the bottom of a valley, surrounded on all sides by steep hills
- > Grandfather owns most of the land
- > Can tell no one ever goes in woods, it's all just thick and overgrown
- > Always get a nervous feeling of dread when looking at the woods, even in broad daylight
- > Be visiting Grandparents with family (Mom, Dad and Sister)
- > Favorite Aunt lives with Grandparents
- > By the time we leave, it's night time
- > Sister and parents go out to the car, I'm still behind talking to my Aunt and saying good-bye to my Grandparents
- > Aunt was always chatting me up about religion and whatnot when I was a kid
- > Anyway, I walk outside onto the porch, the porch light's on and I see my family in the car

> All their windows are rolled up, look like the heat is roaring and my sister got them to turn the radio on  
> As I'm walking down the path, out of freaking nowhere this mindraping female scream erupts from the top of the steep hill, to my left  
> Mixed with it is the sound a horse makes when rearing back, we all know it  
> Woman's scream lasts a few seconds and then silence. I'm frozen in terror  
> Quickly finish walking to car and never speak of it until now, am 23  
> Find out years later after my Grandparents died, behind the property up in the hills there were crosses in the ground and other weird hell. I never bothered spending much more time around there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [827]

>Be now  
>Alone at home  
>No living beings beside plants  
>All the windows are close  
>Hearing a door being slowly closed and opened, many times.  
>The sounds stops  
>Hearing a strangle gluttural voice of a little girl  
>Stops  
>The door move again  
>NOPE

I'm so screwed, /x/ is my only hope to make the sounds stop.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [828]

>be 12, live in CT  
>staying over at best friend's house  
>his house was built in the 1700s  
>heard a few stories of smells (like fresh baked pie) that waft through the house along with out of place sounds  
>imokaywithit.jpg  
>he and I are watching some tv  
>be a little past midnight  
>both tired, decide we'll go to sleep  
>after 45 minutes, still can't sleep  
>start to hear noises from the hallway (we're sleeping in the family room)  
>noises get louder  
>realize they're footsteps, not normal ones though, footsteps of a heavy and wet boot  
>wtf.png  
>I turn to friend across the room and realize he's been awake the whole time too  
>hear footsteps get hella close in the kitchen, walking in circles for at least 10 minutes  
>then footsteps lead to entrance of family room, stop at the threshold and there's a silence for about 5 minutes  
>mfw  
>nopenopenopenope  
>both of us are frozen in fear  
>hear the boots turn and walk away into the hallway where they slowly get quieter  
>force myself asleep until morning

Not that scary but at the time I was scared, we never debunked it either.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [829]

Not scary at all now, but I was like 7 at the time and this scared me a LOT.

>after Toy Story came out  
>not sure how long after  
>have one of those Woody dolls where it talks when you push the button  
>one night all my family are downstairs  
>Woody in toybox  
>hear Woody talking from upstairs  
>wtf.jpeg  
>never touch that doll again  
>turns out the other toys were pushing against it

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [830]

>be today  
>Having really crappy day where nothing is going right  
>Get to subway station and wait for bus home  
>See old lady with short blond curls and glasses get on a bus further down from me  
>Bus takes off and heads north  
>Ten mins later same old woman comes up subway stairs to where I am standing  
>exactly the same person, looks, clothes everything  
>she takes the same bus as me

Either I'm living in the Truman Show or this woman had a double or doppelganger. Anyone ever seen this before? I know I'm not crazy.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [831]

>Sleeping over at my ex's house have to sleep on the couch  
>my ex used to always joke around about her house being

haunted

>I am extremely brave to paranormal activity go out of my way to taunt anything in the house

>one random night after a week or so while I am sleeping on the couch their radio/cd player gets turned on somehow and plays this relaxing, but eerily creepy music rather loudly, her mom comes in the room and turns it off I just wake up when this happens and me and her mom ponder how it gets turned on  
>the next weekend same thing happens except this time it repeats this one Linkin Park song and the same song is on repeat somehow

>her mom once again goes and turns it off, then I start hearing noises in the kitchen keeps me up for a bit

Wfter that night her mom let me sleep in my ex's room and we had sex all night every night, thank you ghost who tried to scare me, but instead got me laid.

Also her door would never shut and we would ALWAYS hear someone coming up the stairs at night it was creepy as hell, always had the feeling someone was watching us from the hallway.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [832]

>be roughly 13-14 in southern Ohio

>live in house built in area locally notorious for being full of indian burial mounds

>everybody in town knows spooky ghostie hell happens in that area

>quickly grow used to hearing bumps in the night and things being moved and whatnot

>live in loft upstairs also

>every night, you could hear "running" up and down the stairs for hours

>one night listening to the running, giving no craps

>running stops briefly, I'm listening curiously  
> starts freaking stomping up the stairs, step by step  
>defcon 3, what the crap.  
>stops at top of stairs  
My door is right at the top of the stairs, mind you.  
>quiet again, still listening in the dark-  
>BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG  
>DEFCON -8 FREAKING AH  
>the door sounded like it was about to snap in half from the pounding  
    >after tactically messing the bed, I grabbed my dinky little .22 revolver  
    >work up the courage to run for lightswitch  
    >make a mad dash for the front door and sleep in the van

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [833]

>Be ten  
>Lying in bed  
>Need piss

My room has two doors in it, one leading to the hall, and on a small room with the boiler in it. A rather quiet electrical boiler.

>Can't see where I'm going in the dark  
>Open a door  
>A large steam machine, making a lot of racket, illuminating the room in orange light is in it  
>Somehow, I just shrug it off  
>Cross room to other door  
>Same machine inside it  
>Start to panic  
>Repeat this back and forth several times  
>Try to scream for help  
>Can't scream  
>Start banging on the wall (which my mothers room was behind

>All of a sudden, wake up in bed, covered in sweat  
>Mum is in the doorway, asking if I am alright, and saying I was screaming

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

[834]

- >Underground Seattle, yesterday after noon
- >Go down at around 1pm, find out no one is there
- >Want to leave but the feeling of being watched was freaking heavy
  - >Stay stuck to where I was for a few minutes
  - >Look to staircase, plan for a bee line
  - >Looking right at stairs when a black aura passes and disappears into the wall
  - >Swallow fear at what I just saw and NOPE it up the stairs as quickly as I can
- >Be a few hours later
- >Return to underground, this time people are there (Thank God, right?)
  - >Be looking around as usual
  - >Want to investigate
  - >Grab flashlight from bar area and go into an actual portion of the underground
  - >Completely freaking dark, but don't feel TOO scared
  - >Start talking to what might be there
  - >Feels of what fear I had actually start giving way to feels of being welcomed
  - >Few minutes or so into speech, hear 3 sudden knocking sounds
  - >Ohmygod
  - >Can't help the nope that makes me nope outta there
- >Be in front area of underground, near some church pews

>Be observing a couple people as they paint archways  
>Attention goes to church pews as I begin a habitual spacing out  
>Mind you the two people who were painting were on the left side of me, you'll see why I say this  
>Be looking at church pews when an elongated shadow passes over them to my right  
>Um...there's no one there to have cast that shadow. Plus it moved rather quickly, inhumanly quick.  
>Nopes right on the freaking spot

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [835]

>live in a small town  
>there are a few bigger buildings that house offices, but they're fairly sparse, the rest are just old motels or whatever  
  
>one night I go to a friend's house on bike, stay late  
>chain starts moving about on the way home  
  
>it's like 2AM  
>I'm stopped at a completely empty office building  
>there is seriously freaking nothing and nobody except dirt and empty buildings  
>standing there re-attaching the chain of my bike  
  
>look up  
>there is what looks like a football team mascot standing on the corner  
>staring at me  
>look at my bike, back up, he's still staring  
>completely immobile  
  
>I am freaking out at this point  
>say something to him

>bolts as fast as he can towards me, freak out

>get on bike

>memory is blank until I get home

>lock doors and windows, sit with a gun all night

I didn't recognize his suit at all. What was he doing there at 2AM and why did he sprint at me?

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [836]

>be in high school

>hang out with cousin and his group of friends

>decide to explore riverbed since nothing else goingon

>go across town

>get to riverbed, realize we have to trespass

>nervous but be freshman will get made fun of for not wanting to go

>explore the riverbed just buncha mud and wildlife

>cousin's friend mentions hobo camps

>decide to explore first one we explore just porn and beer all over

>move on to next

>something different

>see sign something satanic

>find skulls(not real) ones with 666 on them

>find other satanic related material decide to get out

Other that was a fun trip, went there on more occasion. Other weird things found were wet clothes with a bat and a bb gun.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [837]

Near my house there's this old run down pond area with a bunch

of cypress trees in it. back in my parent's day it was open to the public and you could go fishing in it, but it's been closed for a long while. Everything in it looks dead- the floor is covered with old leaves and twigs, the water looks incredibly dirty, and the whole place has sort of a gross orange and brown palette going on.

The one concrete overlook where you used to be able to fish is crumbling and covered with gang tags. It would be a pretty creepy place if you couldn't look through the trees and see the crappy apartment buildings on the other side.

Oh, also, one time somebody found a car sunken into the pond- the police came and dragged it out and there was a dead body or two in it.

So there's that.

anyway

- >be in middle school
- >feeling adventurous
- >get friend and hop the fence to explore it
- >mostly all there is to see is the ducks and rabbits that inhabit the place
- >trees are pretty awesome, though
- >try to go around the whole thing
- >a lot of the sides of the place are pretty steep, not much room to walk
- >accidentally slip
- >start to slide down the bank toward some particularly nasty looking water
- >grab friend's shirt
- >instead of stopping me she just gets yanked along
- >maneuver towards a tree and slam into it, friend slams into me
- >crisis averted
- >continue exploring, towards where we hear the car with bodies was found
- >see something hung up on the chain link fence
- >crudely skinned pelts stretched out on the fence

>probably rabbits  
>still though  
>get scared some rabbit-eating hobo is going to come get us  
>nope out

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [838]

This didn't happen to me, and it wasn't from the woods, but it happened to a family I know and it's interesting.

>couple years ago  
>two brothers I know go treasure hunting on curbs  
>find a wooden box  
>the box contains a bunch of funeral cards and a human ear  
>also contained a military patch with their last name on it  
>take it home to the fam  
>everyone's too freaked out by it to call police  
>they just end up throwing it out

I think there was more in the box, but I called one of the brothers and he's still too freaked to talk about it much.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [839]

>Be last week  
>walking home from town  
>streets are dark because of sparse street lights  
>cat sitting under one.  
>it looks at me.  
>it follows my gaze as I walk by.thefourthkind.owl.avi  
>screw that, look forward  
>look back  
>it's following me down the street

>nope nope. Think happy thoughts.  
>get home sweating and clammy

It was unsettling.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [840]

When I was 15, I kept on having these weird freaking dreams of being in a room surrounded by sound producing instruments (record players, radios, walkie talkies, etc.). They were all playing static, but there were voices coming from them saying these weird incantations.

Whenever I awoken from these dreams, my radio would be turned on and tuned to static.

Every once in a while, while I'm lying down in bed, it'll either be on, or get turned on and move to static.

First time it happened, I just hear this voice shouting, "STOP, PLEASE STOP" like someone was getting hurt.

Next time, a few weeks later, I hear someone angrily screaming, "NO! NOO! NOOO!" Just repetitively like when a really pissed off employer has someone do something, and they keep on getting it wrong.

My captcha: "speaks radiong"

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [841]

>a few months ago  
>be sleeping in bed  
>wake up in the morning and notice my closet door is open

>this happens every morning  
>shrug it off  
>be two nights ago  
>go to sleep  
>wake up in the morning and notice that freaking closet is open AGAIN  
>Let's get down to the bottom of this  
>get up and open closet and step in and start to sift through all the crap in there  
>find various things and place them on the floor  
>find something that makes my heart skip a beat  
>it is a memory box of my step dad's brother who killed himself  
>look inside  
>find his freaking ashes in my closet

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [842]

>be 13  
>home alone with dad  
>hungry  
>look for dad so we can get food  
>go in their room and look  
>6-8 foot tall human like shadow walking across wall  
>WTF  
>search windowless room  
>nobody in room  
>go downstairs  
>Dad dead asleep on couch  
>NOPE

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [843]

This happened a few times while I was still living at home and still happens over breaks

- >late, probably around 2-4am
- >everyone is asleep
- >lurking around internet
- >have to pee
- >in the pic, the boxes named 1 and 2 represent light switches
- >1 controls just the stairway light
- >box 2 has switches for room and stairway lights
- >go to pee, leave room light on
- >come back, room light is off
- >nope
- >maybe the lightbulb went out
- >go upstairs look at the switch
- >physically turned to the off position
- >NOPE
- >sleep with lights on every time it happens
- >still no explanation

My parents live across the hall, but are old farts that can't stay up past 11. My brother would have to walk all the way across the house, in front of my bathroom, up the stairs, flip the switch, walk down the stairs, pass me again and go back to his room. If that were the case, then I would have caught him in my room or passing me in the hallway.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [844]

- >a few years back, when I was in high school
- >late at night, chilling with friends at my place
- >storming like freaking crazy outside
- >go to my mom's room to tell her I'm going out
- >she's asleep
- >bed is right in front of the window
- >a silhouette of someone's head is on the other side of the

window, right above where my mom's sleeping

- >disappears as soon as I see it
- >think it's a friend going out for a smoke
- >but I would've heard someone closing the front door
- >maybe it's someone coming over
- >if that was the case, I would've heard someone coming up the porch's staircase
- >some weird paranormal entity was watching my mom sleep
- >decide not to go out because I don't want to encounter whatever that thing was outside

That was my first encounter with a shadow person, I believe. There's been other occasions out at my grandparent's place (they live in some really, really dense wood - tons of creepy crap there), this old, abandoned sugar factory me and my friends would explore and pretty much every place I lived.

For awhile I thought I was schizophrenic, but the incidents are not frequent enough (last incident was about a year or two ago) and a few of my friends also picked up on some of the pretty weird crap that happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [845]

- >16
- >year after my dad died
- >in room
- >hear strange clicking noise
- >listen close but can't tell where it is coming from
- >noise is repetitious, 4-5 second intervals
- >walk around room, still can't find
- >open door to hallway, noise is louder but still can't find
- >walk past bathroom and into the threshold of living room entrance from hallway
- >noise is louder but definitely behind me
- >go back to bathroom and open

>noise is way louder but still hard to find through the echo in the room  
>start opening drawers.  
>nothing  
>start opening cabinets  
>get to third one and find my dad's old dentures  
>noise stops and doesn't happen again

I had a friend that was sleeping over that night. We both looked for the noise. Both were side by side when I found the dentures. We both noped back to my room without a word spoken.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [846]

>Old Harbor Inn, Savannah, Georgia  
> Parents gone for breakfast  
>Brother's bed in an upstairs loft, no doors r surrondin walls  
>Hear him walk around and jump onto bed  
>big dude, heavy steps  
>On top floor  
>"I'm going downstairs for breakfast!"  
>No response  
>whatever  
>Go downstairs  
>Find my bro with parents  
>Nope.jpeg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [847]

**[Posts between this and next tag are from same contributor.]**

Decades back, a guy hung himself in a house near mine. The

house is down to the frame, now, but the chair he used to do it is still lying on its back. Here's an example of why.

- >Be my nephew
- >go down to house
- >See chair
- >Set it right side up
- >Turn around
- >Hear moan and a crash
- >Spin around to see the chair on its back again.

We hear crying from that house. Someone even took the chair for a awhile, but brought it back soon after. We still don't know who it was.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [848]

I have a few so I hope you don't mind if I dump them.

- >be working out downstairs in my basement late at night
- >there is a tiny window to the left of my bench set up
- >lay down to start bench press
- >hear meowing all of a sudden
- >think it's my one pet cat
- >no where to be found
- >turn to window
- >4 cats staring at me with red eyes
- >>window opens one plops dead onto my basement
- >nope.jpg

Not really paranormal but still really freaking weird. The window was unlocked btw they pushed it open.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [849]

Hope you guys are enjoying these.

>Be having fun with some friends at the local park at night  
>Tell my friend smitt that it would be cool to walk around the woods at night.  
>He says okay because he understands I'm the type who likes lonely walks  
>Decide to go into the part of the woods next to an abandoned Dam Station  
>Walk along already paved path  
>"huh whats that anon"  
>see this white object off in the distance  
>walk closer to it  
>pick it up  
>it's a white wax mask of a woman  
>look around some more  
>find all these freaking wax masks  
>walk a little further find a cabin  
>all of a sudden dogs barking  
>see man looking out the window  
>get out of there

I would have brought atleast one of the masks back, but as I said, I booked it out of there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [850]

This one is from when I was a wee lil' kid.

>Get home from school one day and extremely tired  
>Decide to take a nap  
>Lay down in my bed turn on my side and fall into the deepest sleep ever.  
>Wake up around 10 but keep my eyes closed.

>Hear deep sage raspy laughing from right in front of me  
>Open my eyes  
>see the whitest most docile face 2 inches in front of me  
>Eventually just state at it  
>It begins to move backwards and fade.

I kind of dismissed it as a waking hallucination but that was the only time something like that happened so I honestly don't know.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [851]

>Just another cold night in my room and I'm tired so I decide to get some shut eye.  
>Fall asleep but I'm aware like I don't know how to explain it.  
>My body is obviously shut off and so is my brain and I'm dreaming but I'm aware.  
>This dream wasn't really from the perspective you would normally have, it was almost as if I was looking at a TV screen inside my head.  
>Decide to pay attention  
>See in first person myself walking into my office  
>Walk into office  
>See little girl in flower dress crying on the floor  
>I try to reach out to her  
>She stands up and screams at me  
>Starts jumping on me and scratching me  
I actually felt this, it hurt a lot.  
>I can feel myself crying in my bed while I'm dreaming  
>Start screaming in my sleep can hear myself scream while dreaming  
>Girl bites my ear off and spits it on the floor  
>I wake up  
>Ears Bleeding  
>Shaking sober and cold.

Again couldn't sleep again for like a week.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [852]

>know this girl named Sam  
>been my crush since like highschool  
>sweetest freaking thing you've ever seen  
>hang out with her every month  
>start noticing she's getting skinnier  
>eyes are getting darker  
>ask her if she's okay  
>she just obviously fakes a smile everytime I ask  
>asks me what I know about astral projection and all this  
paranormal stuff  
I realize this probably just shut half of you off to the story, but just  
hear me out.  
>tell her what I know and my experiences  
>she just goes "Oh."  
>we stop talking for like 4 months  
>go back to see her at this hotel she lives at because she works  
there  
>buy her dinner try to talk to her all she does is stare at me  
blankly while nibbling on what I bought her  
>after dinner she just looks at me and goes "I'll miss you."  
>I didn't know how to react  
>just finish the meal say I gtg and leave  
>ask friends if she is okay  
>no one remembers her  
>"Who the hell is Sam, anon?"  
>have not heard or seen her in like 6 months

Again not really paranormal but just freaky for me like no one  
freaking remembers her NO ONE except me and my one friend  
who also has no idea what happened to her. I miss her.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [853]

>wake up around 2 in the morning  
>turns out my pet cat has a bladder infection  
>pissed in my room and the smell basicly woke me up  
>head downstairs to get cleaning supllies to try to clean my carpet  
>I could tell something was a little off and I got that feeling you get in your spine when something is wrong  
>go get the cleaning supplies from the closet and turn around to head back upstairs  
>halfway up the stairs I see a white body move across the room  
>look to my right to see  
>see white body in fetal position  
>ask "Hello?"  
>thing looks at me  
>the second I made eye contact I got scared  
>ran upstairs  
>turned on all my lights  
>didn't sleep for atleast a week

My house isn't haunted, but there's a weird area of land my family owns that's called The Devil's Gulge that is right next to my house.

Basically it's an area of wetlands that, back when horse carriages were around, people would try to get through, but got stuck, and the local wildlife was known to attack them once stuck, sometimes killing them. So yeah.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [854]

>urban exploring in old abandoned biker shop  
>almost half of this place is just glass windows for showing off bikes

>whole place is basicly a big giant auditorium  
>there is however living quarters upstairs  
>decide to head upstairs into them for some pictures  
>sit down in chair I found to text my one friend who called me a while ago  
>look up after texting him  
>look out window  
>see old man staring at me  
>stand up and pull out knife  
>old man just freaking standing there looking at me  
>he gets the freaking scariest grin on his face I've ever seen  
>I ran out of there so freaking fast  
>go around building to try to find old man  
>no one to be seen within miles

This building was in the middle of a flat grassland you could see for miles all around he was no where to be found.

### **[End of chain.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

### **[855]**

>be young  
>camping with local youth group or some such of ~10 kids  
>people in charge drive us all out to a camping place they haven't used before  
>it's secluded, surrounded by some pretty close trees and stuff  
>nice for privacy, I guess  
>gathered around campfire on the first night  
>usual crap, scary stories, who can stay up latest, etc  
>I'm winning the night owl contest, only two other kids still not sleeping or nodding off  
>I notice something just beyond the firelight  
>black figure, tall, man-shaped, no distinguishing features, just standing there  
>all adults are present and accounted for, next nearest camp

location is too far away to see or hear  
>I silently freak out for fifteen minutes, keep telling myself it's just my imagination after a ton of camp food and spooky tales and being tired  
>one leader finally notices I keep looking in one direction, takes a glance  
>sees it  
>shouts "OH CHRIST"  
>everybody looks, silhouette takes off into the woods  
>you can see a knife in his hand as he books it  
>oldest adult is packing heat, shots are fired  
>call up camp maintenance guys to report suspicious activity  
>ranger(?) shows up to stay with us until tomorrow  
>they never found the guy

And that's the time a group of campers weren't all murdered because a kid saw the perp as he was sneaking up on them.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [856]

>be playing CoD3 in living room  
>like 3 am  
>see light go on in kitchen  
>look to see a freaking person washing dishes  
>run behind couch terrified  
>ask "who are you?"  
>it stops washing and turns its head towards me  
>It was pure Black, dark as a moonless night  
>eyes white as the moon  
>it just freaking disintegrates into freaking ash  
>I run up stairs and I hide under my covers for the rest of the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [857]

Not really nope, but strange. Happened about a week ago:

- >Dog is sitting in the grass across from our house under the power lines just BARKING.
- >Goes on for over an hour, acts scared when called to but not aggressive.
- >Still barking an hour later. Almost like those panicked "Hey! Help!" kind of barks.
- >Mention it to my friends and convince bf to go outside and help me try to get close to dog. (to check for collar/tags)
- >by the time we get our sweaters and shoes on (5 mins tops), dog is GONE.

Never saw or heard it again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [858]

Well crap, might as well give you guys something to read. This happened when I first moved into my new house. House was build in the 30's

- >Be looking for a new house since I just moved out of my parents house
- >Find a nice smaller house in a nice area for really cheap
- >As I'm getting a tour the guy showing it too me seems to be on edge
- >He's sweating, his voice is higher pitched then the last time we spoke
- >The house feels weird, like you're not wanted there
- >Ignore it, think it's just my stupid crap acting up
- >Finish up the tour of the house
- >Guy showing it leaves, and gives me a key since I need to stay there for the night
- >Make up a nice cot in the master bed room

>Nothing in the house at all, aside from this one chair in the room  
I'm sleeping in  
>Think nothing of it  
>Drink a few beers, play some BS games on my phone and begin  
to doze off at around 11ish  
>Wake up at about 3am  
>Hear a weird, muffled breathing  
>Loud thuds start thudding all around  
>Look over at the chair  
>See something in the char, staring at me  
>It had elongated limbs and was seated in the chair backwards  
>It's body was tweaked in non human ways  
>It notices me staring at it and jumps off of the chair  
>The chair falls and it just lets out this horrible shreak  
>I got my crap and got out of there as fast as I could

I've never been back. Don't know what that was or how the it got there. Anyone know what the hell that thing could be?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [859]

>be 7  
>I was dancing in the living room  
>star to go round  
>stop and give a fast look on the armchair  
>nope.jpg  
>a boy looking at me  
>milliseconds watching us  
>I paralyze and ran with my mom crying

I just lived with my mom. But in that house, strange things happened.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [860]

>2008  
>8:30-(:30 pm, Austin, Texas  
>friends and I driving back from another's apartment  
>had spent most of the time there talking about recent strange occurrences.  
    >strange phonecalls to apartment, tapping from within walls, general unease surrounding the place.  
    >now on main highway driving home.  
    >3 of us in car, driver spots something on his 10 o'clock out window.  
        >in sky, something speeding past, unknown altitude, uncharacteristic of a plane/jet.  
        >closer inspection; the thing seems to have a central fixed body, but is being orbited by array of smaller lights.  
        >the smaller lights are rotating around the thing at a fast pace.  
        >lose sight of craft after just 5-6 seconds.  
    >wat.jpg  
    >finally arrive home, relate experience from highway to parents  
        "Oh you didn't see the news? There's been mass UFO sightings all over Texas."  
        >reports mentioning Stephenville, Texas aired earlier that night, prior to us getting home: thousands of sighting of strange lights en masse loitering through central texas.  
    >NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [861]

>Be 16  
>Staying in my mom's old house for the week  
>House generally has a creepy vibe but I didn't care at the time  
    >First couple of days go normally, typical things that come with an old house. Unexplained creaks and crap

>Day 4 it gets bad  
>Wake up in the middle of the night, cold sweat  
>Get that spine tingly, electricity in the air feeling  
>Screw this, get up and go get some water  
>In kitchen pouring my delicious beverage, hear footsteps coming down stairs  
>Footsteps can be heard walking up to kitchen  
>Crap, no one's there, this is kinda scary  
>Close fridge turn around, see shadow dart up stairs  
>My room is upstairs so I say screw that and chill in the living room  
>Hear footsteps come back down stairs  
>Bracing self for imminent death  
>Footsteps stop behind sofa  
>Hear breathing  
>Frozen with fear  
>Hear "You have my name" in the most hateful voice ever  
>Holy crap, run up stairs and stay there awake until morning  
>Ask mom if I'm named after anyone  
>I'm named after my uncle, who hung himself in the living room directly above the sofa  
>nope.jpg the rest of the stay there

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [862]

>Be 15  
>Sleeping over at grandparents  
>trying to sleep, it's super quiet and I'm not used to it  
>close my eyes and let my mind roam free  
>in my thoughts I keep seeing this object coming closer to me  
>It turns out to be a face (kinda like the picture)  
>I see it one last time super close up  
>then I feel the weirdest feeling I've ever felt, I can't even explain it  
>I start to hear like radio static  
>eyes are still closed, can't open them

>in my mind I can see a sonar (I don't know, hard to explain) and it is going along with the radio static  
>then I feel like my body is levitating and moving  
>freaking out  
>finally it ends  
>freaking NOPE  
>don't know what happened and can't sleep for the rest of the night

I know it's not sleep paralysis, because I've had that before and it's not the same. However this incident has happened to a few more times over the years, except now I can control when it happens. It's still weird and freaks me out.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [863]

>Be 20  
>Move out of house (hell yeah! freedom!)  
>Move into shady apartment in shady neighborhood  
>Don't care, it's livable and my friend lives 2 doors down  
>Hes got a shotgun and a handgun  
>I've got an sks  
>Creepy crap happens in my apartment from time to time  
>Normal creepy crap, don't really care  
>Get girlfriend, 19, sweetest little thing, tiny  
>She stays over from time to time  
>One night after getting saucy, we go to sleep  
>Around 3am I wakeup, bed is bouncing up and down  
>I'm pinned to my bed, hearing a girls laughter  
>Open eyes, girl is grinding me kind of like my girl does  
>Laugh and tell her if she wants some more she should strip down  
>Girl gets off me, lil' me down stairs is getting ready aswell  
>Pitch black mind you  
>All of the sudden feel girlfriend to the right of me rolls over  
>She asks me who I'm talking to

>Jump up, grab rifle from side of bed and rush to lights  
>Footsteps run down hallway, hear door open  
>Tell her to stay there, run into hallway  
>Nothing  
>Look in mainroom/kitchen/whatever  
>Door is cracked slightly (door was locked)  
>Run outside, live on the end of apartment so you have to go down long hallway to get to stairs, unless you want to jump 2stories  
>Noone there, noone on stairs  
>No way someone could have ran that far in that amount of time  
>AC unit water drippings right by window  
>Wet footprints going in direction of stairs/friend's apartment  
>Friend busts his door open with his pistol in hand  
>He looks totally screwed  
>Freaks when he sees me  
>Notices I have my rifle in hand  
>Asks me what happened, told him everything  
>Ask him what happened to him  
>He says he woke up and heard some chick laughing maniacally  
>Said he heard her run down his hallway

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [864]

>be 20  
>in mexico in girlfriend's dad's ranch  
>it's about 7pm and we're all drinking  
>her uncle starts telling local folklore  
>vampire who is buried in local cemetery, when it was staked the vamp turned into goo and it made a tree grow out of it or some crap like that  
>"When the tree splits in half, the vampire will be free again."  
>everyone laughs, keeps drinking  
>be about 2:30am and I need to piss

>have to go in an outhouse, freaking Mexico  
>be dark, not even the stars are out.  
>see a humanoid figure start to approach me at inhuman like speed  
>nope.jpeg  
>rush into outhouse, hear someone talk to me in a weird language.  
>then it says "Anon, please let me in, I just need to talk to you about something"  
>mfw no one in her house but me and my girlfriend know english  
>nope nope nope  
>starts screeching REALLY loudly  
>be literally crapping myself  
>hear it laughing like 3 or 4 people at the same time  
>didn't sleep at all. sun comes up like 7:30am  
>girlfriend asks if I slept in outhouse  
>"Uh yeah, I guess I was just really sleepy."  
>ask her uncle if he did this  
>he starts crying telling me he thought he'd been crazy, he hears from it every 2 weeks or so to free him  
>never go to her dad's ranch again

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [865]

>be reading this  
>Mom and Dad preparing to go to work  
>Hear loud knocking  
>dog flips out  
>My heart jumps  
>Swing door open  
>Hallway light is on  
>Parents aren't in kitchen  
>Kitchen light is on  
>Dad opens his bedroom door  
>Anon, did you knock on the door?

>Realize parents were still asleep  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [866]

>be me, 8 months ago  
>break up with girlfriend of 5 years  
>house feels really empty  
>decide to get a puppy to keep me company  
>jack russell terrier, name her Lara (my family is German)  
>playing in bedroom, chasing her round, playing with a rope tug  
>she goes under the bed  
>I lie facedown on bed, hanging with the top half of my body off  
the edge and head looking under the bed at puppy  
>suddenly see someone's feet walk the opposite side of the bed  
>freak out, sit up and turn around so quick I nearly snap my spine  
>nobody there  
>swear to god I saw someone walk there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [867]

>be late last year  
>off to the country with the family  
>travel though some real middle of nowhere places  
>late afternoon drive up to a screwed up mutilated fox on a post  
>family is grossed out  
>one of us suggests we take photos next to it for facebook  
>we're pretty screwed up like that  
>there we are all duckfacing and crap with it  
>get off like two photos and a cop car comes down the road  
>they legit said "we don't like your kind around here"  
>nope all the way to Albany

It was like the start of a really crappy horror movie, they followed us out of town and everything.

**[Image too large. Search FoxPost.]**

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

**[868]**

>3:00am with friends bored as hell.  
>friends decide to go to local city park and skate.  
>only one who suggests it might be a bad idea due to gangs and tweaked out bums.  
>drive backroad into park because main road closed.  
>pull into park.  
>one friend stays in car while the rest of us get out.  
>dark has hell due to clouds with minimum moonlight.  
>lay down deck and about to hop on when I hear movement behind us in nearby bushes.  
>tell anon in car to flip on the headlights.  
>about 500ft away is a pale white ( was probably makeup), marilyn manson looking goth dude taking a huge bite out of a dead cat.  
>mfw  
>we all jump in car and nope out of there.  
>refuse to go there at night anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

**[869]**

I'm in. I have a few that I'll post, have posted them before but they're true, not copypasta. I know they're true because they happened to me, not a friend of a friend or whatever. Anyway:

>Housemate buys laptop from random stranger in park  
>>Returns and asks me to check it out as I "know about

computers."

>I check it (processor, HDD etc.) it's fine, he got his money's worth  
>Happy, he goes into kitchen to make a brew  
>I'm alone with stranger's laptop. Overwhelmed by curiosity:  
>Start menu, Search, Image Files, Begin Search  
>About 2000 pictures (mostly clipart, icons etc.)  
>Details view, Sort by Location, Scroll down to Temporary Internet Files Folder  
>About 200 pictures. I start clicking them at random  
>First 4-5 are photo portraits, just losers posing for their MySpace page or whatever  
>Click 5th picture (getting bored)  
>It's MY face. MySpace pic from a few years ago that I'd forgotten about

Here's another:

>Wake up in bed  
>Man's ghostly green face inches from mine, he's crouching by the side of my bed  
>Seems as real as the keyboard I'm typing this on  
>Staring into my eyes and grinning  
>Frozen in fear  
>He stands up and walks across the room  
>He leans back and floats in midair, on his back, about 5ft from floor  
>Begins rotating as if he was laid on a turntable  
>Slowly rises up through the ceiling  
>I hear a scream from upstairs  
>Nope back to sleep

This was before I heard about sleep paralysis induced hallucinations, so it seemed unexplainable and paranormal for years.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

>woke up to go to kitchen for a drink  
>2 am  
>turn on hall light  
>walking past hallway  
>mind you, my great aunts ashes are in the closet  
>made it to the kitchen  
>get my drink  
>look out the kitchen window to the backyard  
>see her ghost standing RIGHT at the window  
>immediately piss my pants and run to my room spilling my entire drink  
>I was still thirsty  
>decide to go back for another drink  
>she is standing by the hallway closet  
>she laughs and disappears  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [871]

> Be 10 years old  
> Home alone on weekend around 10 pm  
> Bedroom is at the creepy hallway with only 1 light  
> Light switch at end of hall next to room  
> Turn off all lights in house  
> Dash to turn on light  
> Light fixture is right above switch  
> Light takes a few seconds to turn on ohcrap.jpg  
> Light comes on and shadow is projected on the wall next to me even though the only light was above me  
> Shadow is slow and jerky moving compared to my movements and doesn't move in sync with me  
> NOPE dive straight under my covers with all lights on

And another:

> be 12  
> be in bed trying to sleep  
> see red orb the size of a laser pointer dot zipping around room  
> orb disappears  
> tv starts flashing a green square in the center of screen  
> square gets bigger each flash  
> square is actually a face  
> face is featureless like a mask  
> face is contorted with rage  
> nope out and sleep on couch  
> nope for the next year and sleep on couch because that happened every night

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [872]

>be around 7 years old  
>for some reason, I have two HUGE stuffed toys  
>One white monkey and one brown bear  
>These things are bigger than me, and I think they're friggin' creepy  
>One night, sleep between mom and dad in their bed  
>Wake up, feel anxious  
>At the other end of the room, these two stuffed toys sit in a sofa  
>They start to move around, almost "dance" with each other  
>NOPE the hell out, hide in the bed under the covers until morning  
>Soon we give the toys away to some kind of fund raising at the local church

To this day I do not know if it just was a dream/imagination or if we gave away some kind of haunted toys to the church.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [873]

>be 13  
>be hanging out with friend  
>go into my room  
>friend clams up and turns white and says she feels something evil  
>nope out of the room and go watch a movie  
>come back later to try to sleep in room  
>see inky black smoke oozing out from under my door  
>nope over to friend's house to spend the night

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [874]

>Be romping through graveyard with friend, about 18-20 years old at the time.  
>Be about as far from car as we could get and still be in graveyard, looking out over this field.  
>See a sort of roiling mist in the distance, more of it amassing slowly.  
>See two strange blue mildly glowing humanoid things kind of swirling around each other.  
>Look over and realize that blob of mist is slowly creeping towards you. Then it starts moving faster.  
>Nope across the graveyard, trying not to step on anyone's graves.  
>Have ALL of the goosebumps, and friend starts saying "Let's go run over by this statue!"

I hate that statue.

>Run by statue anyway, and get clotheslined by thin air, right in the throat. Fall on the ground.  
>Nope the hell out of there, that creepy mist still following us.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [875]

>Be 6  
>staring outside window in bunkbed  
>see wall  
>hear rustling dry leaves  
>mfw it's late night  
>whothellisinthedbackyard?  
>See shadow on wall  
>disfigured and shapeless  
>watdahellamiseeing?  
>Approaching  
>it gets bigger  
>nope  
>turn head the other way  
>hear faint moan sounds  
>double nope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [876]

>Be 12, watching tv with sisters sleeping on the other side of french doors, one of the windows is busted out.  
(Used to lead outside, but they added onto the house and put lace curtains up on that door)  
>Hair on neck stands up for no reason, and I look at that door  
>see a hand reaching through the busted out window  
>Blink  
>Hand is gone, curtain is moving.  
>Nope across the house into the kitchen and grab some knives  
>Prepare to fight intruder who is in my sisters' room  
>No one there.  
>Sisters sleeping soundly.  
>Nooooope.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [877]

>be 13  
>home alone with friend  
>be night time in summer  
>it's cold in house  
>decide to make soup to warm up  
>hear scratching noise in kitchen  
>search for source of noise  
>noise coming from inside of microwave  
>open door nothing inside  
>scratching sound gets louder  
>nope outside to jump on trampoline to get warmer  
>warmer outside than it is inside  
>sitting on trampoline  
>look up at house and into my window  
>dark figure in window  
>nopenopenope  
>hear rustling grass  
>see what looks like a large black cloak dragging around on  
the ground  
>dark shape on ground is circling the trampoline  
>NOPENOPENOPE  
>make mad dash for inside  
>cuddling on couch under blanket because of scared  
>feet are tucked in corner on opposite side of couch as friend  
>feel something cold, hard and pointy drag itself from the top  
of foot to bottom of my foot  
>left a red mark  
>NOPE back to my friend's place

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [878]

>Wake up in early morning, still dark out

>See small, child-like shape moving by closet  
>HOLYCRAPOMG NOPE  
>exorcistgirl.jpg  
>Remember that it's my school jacket hanging on closet door handle rustling in wind (window was open)  
>Oh thank christ  
>Wake up  
>Jacket laid down on bed  
>wut

Couldn't have been my parents because they'd have woken me up, and there's no reason why they'd do it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [879]

>be 4 yrs old, sleeping at my cousins place  
>wake up in the middle of the night  
>see a woman staring at  
> NOPE NOPE NOPE  
>hide under blanket  
>look again  
>nothing there

>be 5 yrs old  
> same stuff again wake up in middle of the night  
> see woman in white dress again  
> oh god it wasn't a dream last time  
> hide under blanket crying  
> after a couple of minutes cousin wakes up asking whats wrong  
>said I had a bad dream because I thought she would laugh at me if I said I've seen a ghost

>be 6 yrs old  
>same stuff again  
>never sleep there again

>3 yrs ago  
>My aunt called a shaman or whatever it was called  
>I asked why  
>she told me people have felt and heared bad things in this house  
>didn't tell her about the woman because I thought it was my childish fantasy

>1 year ago  
> we talk about it again with my cousin  
>she said a friend of her has seen a woman in a white dress on the attic when she was 13 and they played hide & seek  
>pre owner of the mansion was a woman which killed herself  
>oh god no

Everytime I turn the lights off I feel like someone's staring at me again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [880]

>be 6  
>grandmother died a few days ago  
>try go to sleep  
>sister is already knocked out  
>glowing white thing appears  
>ohgoditsaperson  
>start hearing some kind of singing or humming  
>too full of NOPE to do anything and just stare  
>figure takes the shape of a paper heart my sister had taped to the wall  
>makes it larger and larger until it explodes and dissipates  
>NOPENOPE  
>scream out for my mom  
>figure disappears before the door could open

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [881]

- >doing a tarot reading for myself
- >choose first card
- >'the devil'
- >lights flicker
- >computer dies
- >electricity goes out completely next
- >sitting there in complete darkness
- >sudden flash of light across room
- >lights comes back on 5 minutes later
- >nope

Coincidence, but still mildly screwed up.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [882]

- >be 13
- >nighttime, around 10pm
- >playing manhunt with some friends, the playing field being my entire block
- >hiding in people's lawns and stuff
- >was in the middle of finding a hiding spot when suddenly shoelace decides to untie itself
- >sit down on infront of the house's lawn I was planning to hide in, facing the road
- >begin tying shoes
- >hear slight rustling behind me
- >assume it's wind
- >finish tying shoes
- >get up & turn around to the house
- >silhouette of a man on front porch
- >can't see face
- >it begins walking towards me

>ohgodohgodohgod  
>bolt down the road, heart pumping  
>look over shoulder  
>it's sprinting after me  
>WTF  
>turn corner onto my street and take another quick turn down someone's driveway  
>hide against the house  
>watch as the shadowed man sprints by the house  
>thatwasclose.jpg  
>wait in current position for like 10 minutes  
>no phone to call anyone  
>a few minutes later, see it walk past me again back to the house  
>lucky I was hidden from streetlights so it couldn't see me  
>wait a few seconds after it passes me  
>SPRINT back home  
>open fridge  
>obtain gatorade  
>sit on couch  
>never play manhunt again

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [883]

This happened to me. Nothing too serious, but I'm still wondering what it was:

>be home alone, parents on vacation  
>have this string thing which hangs before a door where you have to go through (don't know how it's called) on a door downstairs  
>hear how something passes through it at night (the wind makes a different noise than something passing so I knew something went through it)  
>I got a knife believing it was a criminal  
>going downstairs quietly to see what it was

>never found anything, closed all doors with the lock, went to sleep

I swear that the noise is different if the strings are moved by the wind.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [884]

I have a pretty scary one (at least for me).

>be in bed with gf, both trying to fall asleep

>suddenly we hear a clear loud evil voice saying something like "huaaaa" like if someone was literally standing behind our backs (we were both facing the same side... spoon)

>pretty clear sound, it sounded nothing like a speaker or that it would come from another room.

>I was tired and I had similar experience when I was younger and after sleepless night I found out it was SMS tone on a mobile phone of my sister friend that she left there. So I didn't wanted to look scared.

>I just said "That was weird, what was that?"

>gf said "Don't know."

>and we just fell asleep

>In the morning I checked every phone if it had some similar tone

>none had it

>tv turned off from the power (I hate the red light that is coming from there even if it is turned off)

>same thing with a computer

Till this day we don't know what it was, the sound came from a close place, like right next to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [885]

I have a few that I am willing to share.

I am the parent of an almost 4 year old.  
When she was 2, she started having imaginary friends.

>be a year ago  
>dead tired after uni and work  
>pick up daughter from daycare  
>get home  
>beyond tired, just flick on the tv for her and plan to nap for an hour  
>was laying sprawled out on the couch, face up  
>arms hanging off one side of the arm rest  
>legs hanging off the other arm rest  
>daughter likes to go over and clap my hands when I do this  
>drifting off to sleep as she is slapping my hands  
>glance toward the tv, don't see daughter  
>can't see behind me, but we're the only ones home, it must be her slapping my hands  
>fall into a deeper sleep, still feel the clapping on my hands  
>suddenly, I feel a tug on my legs  
>something is crawling up onto my legs and collapses on my lap  
>all the while, the clapping on my hands still goes on  
>panicking at this moment  
>we have no animals, no one else is home  
>fully awake, but don't want to open my eyes  
>the clapping on my hands continues  
>WHAT THE HELL IS ON ME  
>I jolt up ready to grab this creature on me  
>Who's on my lap?  
>My daughter giggling because I look scared

Same poster.

>be 8  
>share room with elder sister because I am terrified of sleeping alone  
>at this point, we share the same bed

>wake up in middle of night  
>sister not there  
>8 year old mind panicking for being alone in the dark  
>jump from bed and head down the hall to the sanctuary of mother's room  
>see sister head into bathroom  
>"So that's where she went."  
>sleep in mom's room for rest of night

The creepy part is my sister's perspective which she told me the next morning

>sister returns from bathroom  
>sees me on bed  
>she rolls me over  
>I have black holes for eyes  
>sister doesn't remember anything after  
>she woke up on the floor of my mother's bedroom that morning

Problem: I had already left to my mom's bedroom as she went to the bathroom.

Who ever was in that bed... wasn't me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [886]

> me and family at family friend's house for a sleep over  
> I go to toilet upstairs  
> aunt tells me not to turn on the light to save electricity  
> I pee. get out and see a silhouette hop out of the room I am meant to sleep in to the next  
> despite it being a silhouette I know it was a young girl, wearing a skirt with short hair  
> I think hold that's probably just my cousin  
> I follow it  
> look all over that room

- > nothing to be found
- > call out for cousin
- > she was downstairs
- > I accuse her of lying and everyone backs her up, claiming she did not leave

This is what made me believe in the supernatural. I have more stories.

- > be brit so at friend's flat (apartment)
- > he goes on balcony to smoke I go on with him to talk
- > across his block I show him a house that looks depressing and raggedy
- > I see a shadow/silhouette pop up
- > it just starts
- > I'm puzzled. I'm changing my mind every 5 minutes
- > what is that? Oh it's just a man's shadow. Oh it's just a man's shadow at a weird angle
- > until it starts to walk close and close to the window
- > I'm freaking out and so does my friend because he does not usually believe
- > I then crouch to see if I can get a better look.
- > I then stand
- > the shadow crouches then stands. crouches and then stands. It does this until my friend can't take anymore and throws his cigarette away
- > we are both shaking and decide that stupid humour may cure our fear and so we watch family guy
- > every 5 minutes me being curious looks out the window and that thing is still staring

It gives me chills but I think that was a ghost/ spirit mocking me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

>be around 8  
>Wake up and go to get a drink of water  
>suddenly I can't move anything but my head  
>I look up and a man in all white armor was pointing through my chest. The armor was very elegant and I saw the hilt of a sword on his back  
>I blink and he's gone  
>look back and he was pointing at a picture of jesus at the last supper  
>sit down on couch  
>look at picture again  
>see huge black thing crossing the room / passing the picture  
>about 8 feet tall and as wide as a door frame  
>looked to be covered in some black weeds or something  
That was all I could make out of the black figure was the weeds or whatever but even that was hard to see. The rest of it was pure darkness  
>be terrified  
>don't sleep for another 1.5 days

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [888]

>3 years ago  
>girlfriend and I just getting home from mall  
>walking down hallway in house, the lights are off  
>only ones home  
>hear something murmuring behind me and feel warm moist air on my neck  
>girlfriend is in front of me  
>try for a second to put it out of my mind  
>girlfriend says "Was that you?"  
>no sleep for 3 days

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [889]

This happened so long ago that my memory is a little bit fuzzy, but here goes.

>be 12 or 13  
>sitting in friend's back yard with 4 other guys and friend's dad  
>it's night time so one guy suggests we play with a ouija board  
>everyone agrees since we all thought it was BS  
>start asking questions  
>allegedly talked to someone's grandpa, usual be safe I love you nonsense  
>I thought the guy who suggested ouija in the first place was making it up  
>notice the cat, who was inside, was staring out the screen door at the back gate  
>tell my friend to ask the ghost where it is  
>says it's by the back gate  
>take a picture of aforementioned area, see a wispy figure roughly 6 feet in height  
>looked like a man wearing a hat  
>one guy got so spooked he went inside at this point  
>someone took a picture of me later on, and there was a ghostly hand on my shoulder  
>don't remember the second picture being taken, but remember feeling unnaturally cold despite the summer heat

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [890]

>browse /x/ back in late 2010  
>see thread about abandoned house, just two images posted, and not many replies  
>look at the pictures  
>recognize the door  
>post in thread "is the kitchen yellow"  
>OP replies "see for yourself" and an image

>yellow kitchen  
>I dreamt about this house when I was 10  
>never believed in anything before this

### **[Posted picture of the kitchen.]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

### **[891]**

>sitting at computer  
>hear sliding glass door move  
>turn around and through doorway to see who is coming in through the sliding glass door  
>see a pitch black arm that looks like it's reaching behind it's body closing the door  
>sit there for about 2 seconds  
>realize someone could be robbing my house  
>run into other room  
>absolutely nothing  
>dogs were sleeping in front of the sliding glass door and didn't even bark

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

### **[892]**

>be 8  
>on holiday with family, staying in hotel room  
>sleeping in single bed, one of my sisters sleeping in another single bed across the room  
>awake, not in control of self  
>feel as if I am wrapped very tightly in blanket, arms bound and eyes closed  
>start rocking side to side, building momentum, becomes a bit violent after a few seconds  
>roll off of bed and hit floor, regain control

>open eyes to see nobody else in room apart from sleeping sister  
>think nothing of it and get back in bed, upset that my 8 year old self was woken up

Even then I thought I just lost control of my muscles, didn't feel unnatural or scary or anything, but come to think of it I don't think I ever had it in me to thrash about that fast.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [893]

Here's my father's story from growing up, he and his brothers met up a few days ago to discuss it again because they all went through it because of the whole daring system. I'll tell it from his point of view:

>Be 16  
>Be growing up with 7 brothers in a third world country  
>Father has one of the few nice houses  
>House has an attic  
>Attic was scary for no apparent reason  
>Eventually get dared to stay one night up there  
>Might as well, I bet it's roomy  
>Still scared though, take a knife and candle with extra matches  
>Go up there and sleep  
>Wake up in the middle of the night  
>Candle is out  
>Take matches from underneath pillow, knife as well  
>Going to light it  
>In the short flame of the match, see something in the corner  
>See huddled figure, couldn't distinguish any features even though light was shining indirectly upon it  
>Adrenaline rush, grab knife as well  
>Recite Ayat Al-Kursi (Muslim prayer to ward off Djinn)  
>In the middle of it  
>Thing starts shrieking

>Still yelling it at the top of my lungs, rushing to jump down the hole into the top floor of the house

>Finish yelling it, crying at the same time now because I'm terrified

>Shrieking stops

>By this time father is up here with four brothers

>Ask what the hell happened

>Tell him whole story

>No one believes me

>Few days later

>Oldest brother gets cocky, says he'll sleep up there

>Alright, see what happens

>During middle of the night

>Same deal

>No one believed it either, except for me this time

>Eventually everyone caves in and sleeps in there

>Everyone reports back the same thing

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [894]

>Be total wimp

>Afraid of everything, particularly the paranormal (demons and stuff)

>Only thing keeping me sane is my staunch disbelief in the paranormal

>Death in the family causes me to look for spirituality

>Read up on Theosophy

>There are spirit guardians or something, same idea as guardian angels

>Still can't get myself to believe

>Before bed, ask for unspecified proof from my spirit guardian

>Wake up, decorative paperweight is on my bed

>It was untouched for months across my room, no idea how it got there

>Oddly not afraid

>Can't figure out how it got there, if I accidentally hit it hard enough to fly across the room, the ball of glass would make some noise

>What if demon?

>Nope nope nope, nothing supernatural here

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [895]

>be 18, alone at home

>watching some movie

>all of a sudden my dog freaks out

>I turn around to see a little girl standing behind me

>little girl starts crying

>nope.rar

>she starts running towards a wall and disappears

>I move out next month and never returned again

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [896]

>about a month or 3 ago

>crash at friend's house

>kept telling me his house was haunted, never believed

>night time, about 1am

>suddenly, urge to look around

>start scanning room, wall seems strange in one spot

>slightly transparent and very pale face comes out of wall for a few seconds before retracting back in

>also heard scratches coming from inside his closet, like a cat trying to get out

>his pets weren't home

>next day, he tells me about how he used to ouija board all the time as a child

>still crashed there a few more times, saw the face about 3

more times

>StillThinkNothingOfIt.gif

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [897]

>high-school, a friend sleeps over and we sleep in the living room

>kitchen is connected to the living room

>we go to sleep

>feel friend trying to wake me up sometime during the night, tell him to piss off

>wake up and find out he walked home in the middle of night

>says he saw a woman with her back turned to him, standing in the kitchen about the height of my mom

>says her hair was insanely long and black and she was just staring at the oven

>he went to wake me up at this time I wouldn't

>says he went back to look at this lady and she's in the exact same position and everything, except he noticed that her feet were actually pointed towards him

>he sprinted a good 10 blocks back to his own home

>same house a couple years later

>wake up and mom tells me I must have been sleep walking

>says I walked through the hallway and stopped the doorway to the office (where she was)

>says I gave her a hell of a death glare and walked back down the hall to my room

>overheard my parents talking a couple weeks later

>she says that she went to follow me when I walked back to my room, but I wasn't in the hallway when I rounded the corner

>she didn't hear my door open or close and the door was locked

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [898]

>be sleeping in bed  
>phone wakes me up  
>it's on vibrate, even though I didn't set it to that  
>wat.gif  
>can't find phone, even though it's on my bed somewhere  
>find it under the mattress  
>wat.mp3  
>it's been vibrating for a good 2 minutes  
>check it  
>no call incoming, no missed calls  
>look at time  
>3:33  
>nope nope nope  
>room is completely black  
>see extra dark black figure in corner of room  
>slowly moving towards me  
>NOPE  
>run out of room like a little wimp  
>sleep with mom and dad

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [899]

>be about 4 years old  
>wake up in the middle of the night, bad dream, can't remember what happened  
>get up to go through to sleep in parents bed  
>go to open door  
>doorknob is gone  
>freak out  
>it's dark so can't see much but when I feel for it the handle is definitely gone  
>screaming but parents room is too far away for them to hear me  
>fall asleep next to door

>next morning tell parents but they tell me to shut up and stop lying

Probably sounds stupid but I remember it freaking me out for my whole childhood.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [900]

>be a few years ago  
>home alone, roommates are up north visiting family  
>it's summer, nights are hot  
>decide to sleep in their bedroom since it's the only one with an AC unit (the house AC was broken)  
>step out of the living room into the hallway and look down towards the back door  
>door leads onto a balcony  
>see the shape of a man with some sort of hat on  
>he turns to the left (his right) and walks away  
>nope back to my room

That sent a chill down my spine. Rarely have NOPE moments, but that one I'll never forget.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [901]

>Be about 10  
>Always scared of upstairs alone in my old house. Literally sat at the bottom until my parents went to bed with fear.  
>One day, go to toilet which is at the top of the stairs. Generally okay with going to that toilet.  
>When I open the door, there is a shadow walking up the stairs, I want to say robe shaped.  
>NOPE.jpg

>It vanishes before reaching the top  
>Run down the stairs as fast as I can  
>Parents don't believe me  
>Few weeks later  
>Walking with father, retell the story  
>"Your mother saw something like that on the stairs a few days ago."

Never did like that house.

Other interesting stuff happening there.

>No leak in roof, pipes, etc  
>On my ceiling above my TV, where I spent most of my time in my room, the shape of an eye appears in what seems to be damp

Felt semi-chill about that because my mother said it was a Guardian Angel. Lol.

### **[Contributor also posted Experiences in the Woods 151]**

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

### **[902]**

Only one event I really can recall.

> Be 15  
> Be living in the same house for many years since second grade  
>Never had/seen anything weird happen before  
>One night in the computer room/area in the basement it's dark and only thing lighting anything is the glow of my monitor.  
> I look over to my left and I am more interested in what I see then scared cause I couldn't make out what it was exactly (where I could see this thing was sort of a dug in portion of the house from the driveway into the basement and looking at it from the outside of the house there is just a plastic half circle thing covering it up with bricks on top to keep it down. Think it had something to do with heat/air/ventilation)

> So decide to get out of my chair and get closer to see what it is exactly.(mind you the area I just mentioned you could only fit maybe a small dog because a window separated the wall in the basement from the outside area portion with the plastic cover)  
> Go closer and closer till I stand still in fear  
> I see a smiling head. Only thing that's ever in that little dug out is a bunch of rocks. WTF IS THAT!  
> I run to turn on the light bulb to debunk what I just saw  
> The light bulb shorts out as I pull the chain and I nope.jpg out of the basement and run upstairs  
> Get upstairs bolt to my room and try to turn on my lamp.  
> The. Bulb. Goes. Out.  
> I turned on my tv and kept the light on all night and shook in fear till the morning  
> Went back downstairs to check when it was light out.  
> Nothing there. Just a bunch of rocks. Not even anything to resemble a smiling head and go "Oh... it was just that, hahah stupid me."

Never saw anything past what happened that night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [903]

>In my room about to go asleep, prefer everything to be pitch black, can't sleep otherwise  
>Attempting to sleep fan on to generate some sort of noise door closed  
>Can't sleep feel like I'm being watched.  
>Open my eyes, looks like a pair of eyes is staring at me  
>Chickenmodeengaged  
>Huddle under covers occasionally peak out.  
>Only one eye there this time  
>stay under covers, bed starts to shake  
>Fan shuts off  
>nothing but heaving breathing, hold my breath making sure it's not my own

>Bed continues shaking  
>Flick on CRT monitor no eyes, shaking stops  
> stare at CRT monitor all night until I can see the blue dim of 5  
A.M. daylight appear.  
>Sleep then without event

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [904]

>Walking from friend's place to home.  
>It's a dark night.  
>Street lamps and the moon are only light resources.  
>Listening to music with headphones.  
>Streets are silent, I'm the only one walking there.  
>I saw my shadow, in the corner of my eyes, following me  
every time I looked left.  
>Almost home, still I'm only one on the streets.  
>Quickly look left.  
>Two dark shadows coming behind me.  
>One of the shadows are mine and the other one...unknown.  
>Make a silent scream and turn my head fully back.  
>Shadow disappears.  
>Jog to home while looking back every five seconds or so.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [905]

None of these are nopoleworthy, but here goes nothing.

Back when I was around 7 my mother, my sister and I were  
staying at a bigass old house because of reasons.

>stormy night  
>all windows closed  
>or so we thought

>windows banging really hard  
>we're like "screw it" and don't go out of the room so we don't have to close 20 windows  
>room is in a second floor in one corner of the house  
>hear a really loud bang from the oposite side of the house as if a huge bookshelf just fell or something  
>hear it again but this time it's closer  
>again  
>it's coming closer, sounds like it advances the same distance each time  
>same sound in the room nex to us  
>we're next.jpg  
>skips our room  
>sounds right past us in the air  
>go out and investigate  
>everything is in place  
>main room's chandelier is swinging

other one would be

>be 7:00am  
>in the doorway about to leave for school  
>remember I forgot something  
>run back to my room  
>open the door and find 7 midget shadows around my room  
>as soon as they see me they hide in really obvious places like behind the door, under the table, etc.  
>book it  
>mfw when my mom believes me and tell me they have seen similar things there

That house was weird...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [906]

I've got a few ones. I'll go in chronological order.

- > Be 5, 14 years ago
  - > Picking up my older brother from school
  - > Mom goes in and I'm left alone in the car with my 2 year old brother and a teddy bear my dad got me from Florida
  - > Teddy bear has overalls and a cap with cursive writing that I couldn't read at the time
  - > Teddy just says "I love Camp Holiday!"
  - > No voice box or electronics of any kind in him
  - > A year or so later I figured out what his overalls said
  - > "Camp Holiday"
- 
- > Be about 6
  - > Youngest brother sleeping in my parents room alone
  - > He walks downstairs and asks "Who was that black man in your room?"
  - > We all freeze
  - > He insists that there was an all black man and is now scared to go upstairs alone
  - > Over the next few years my 3 brothers and I continue to see this thing about once a month or so.
  - > Suddenly we never see it again
  - > A few years ago I heard about shadow people
  - > "They are afraid of dogs and usually leave a house when a dog is present"
  - > Sightings stopped when we got a dog

This is a real short one.

- > Be 13
- > Sitting at a table looking out the back sliding glass door
- > Everything turns a strange shade of green
- > Loud, heavy suddenly blows everything over on my deck

Another short one.

- > Be 14
- > In the same room as the one stated in the story above
- > Hear strange noise

- > Suddenly everything is quiet, no A/C noise or anything like that
- > Feel uneasy and start yelling for my mom
- > After I get no response for a few minutes I walk to the next room
- > Door already open and my mom is sitting perfectly still
- > I start saying her name and still get no response
- > Put my hand on my shoulder and she just looks at me

No idea what happened, but it felt like time froze or something.

This one is the scariest thing I have every experienced in my life.

- > Be 15 or so
- > Lying in my brothers bed with him playing our DSs
- > We both fall asleep
- > Wake up in the middle of the night for no reason, which is uncommon for me
- > Room is pitch black with words written on the wall in glowing green dripping slime
- > Words start writing themselves
- > Skull and crossbones also appear made of the slime
- > I lie there motionless for a good 15 minutes
- > Then I suddenly hear a worried voice say "anon, are you seeing this?"
- > My brother and I lie there all night until it fades away
- > Next morning I ask him about it and he said "WTF? I thought that was just a dream or something."

Still have no clue what it was, but there was no way it could have been light reflections or anything. The slime literally covered the majority of 2 walls and wrapped around the corner. I read what it said, but I cannot remember for the life of me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [907]

Two good friends of mine told me about how they saw a little girl

in an old white dress in the hallway of their house, she looked Hispanic and they say their family sees her a lot.

His mom even once got a picture as the girl was "fading" away, which she then had developed at Walmart to show to her friends later, but ended up disappearing that night when she left them on the kitchen counter, while they (friend's family) went out to eat. They also found some Spanish coin in the wall while renovating.

This all happened in Texas.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [908]

>be 14  
>At home and randomly wake up at 3 AM  
>starts to hear whispers  
>ignoring  
>starts to hear a loud piercing "hey" as if someone was talking in my ear  
>freaked out  
>talk back saying "uhhh, hi"  
>hears the hey again this time louder and repeatedly  
>banging on wall  
>I go and investigate, no one there and mom asleep (only child at the time)  
>I still hear whatever was saying "hey?"  
>paper shredder turns on  
>tfn no paper shredding  
>scared  
>run to mom and tell her what happened  
>doesn't believe me  
>I sleep on the floor in her room  
>hear it again  
>asks mom if she heard it  
>doesn't hear it  
>no sleep that day

>next day  
>I come home from school  
>tv on full blast  
>no one home  
>hear "hey, hahahah"  
>NOOPENOPENOPE  
>run to neighbors house and stay till mom gets home

>weeks later of suffering I get someone who does Reiki on me to check this out  
>she burned sage and chanting something while walking through the house  
>all good now

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [909]

>Sounds always come from speakers in our house  
>Stuff like clinks, knocks, voices are rare, being able to make out the voices even rarer  
>Sitting in room, watching a youtube video  
>Me and Mother have an intercom system on our desks so we ring whenever we need something  
>Intercom pings up, Mom says: I think I'm about to die  
>I ask why  
>Suddenly hear a loud crash  
>Get up, run outside of room  
>Remember my Mom is gone  
>Go back inside room, wait until she comes back  
>Her printer had fallen over onto her desk and then the scanner that was on top fell into the desk chair  
>She would have been killed or mortally injured if she was actually there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [910]

If I may, I would like to tell the storie of 'Annie', my... 'imaginary friend' from when I was younger.

>It was my ninth birthday, chocolate cake, brownies, all my friends come over and what not  
>Sure, I was as happy as a little girl could be...  
>Sun begins to go down  
>We all open my presents, and guests leave  
>I remember that I become uneasy though  
>"You just ate too much cake, Anon" my parents told me  
>Because it was my b-day, they let me stay up late, but for some reason I became really drowsy  
>Now for the most part of my childhood we had this old two story house with my room being on the second floor  
>As I was going up the stairs to my room I feel like someone had pulled my hair  
>I thought there was someone behind me so I turned around really fast and fell down the stairs  
>I...don't really remember anything after that other than waking up in my bed with my mother holding a bag of peas from the freezer against my head

>She has this long talk with me about safety and being more careful blah blah blah...  
>She leaves the room after a while  
>Now picture this, my bed is pretty high off of the ground, and up against the wall, across the room on the left is my closet  
>Which was wide open  
>I remember staring at it for a very long time  
>I got very afriad for no reason after a couple minutes, so I did what every kid does, pull the covers over my head  
>That was... until something pulled them off of me  
>I remember her eyes, they were blue like mine but bloodshot  
>I remember how matted and filthy her blonde hair was  
>And finally, I remember how she wore this pink sundres, how it was torn and bloodspotted in several places

>I didn't even realise how I was screaming at the top of my lungs until my dad burst through my door  
>I remember pointing towards her and crying  
>He didn't see her though, nobody ever saw her  
>My dad carried me to his and my mom's room, but Annie stayed and my room.. she smiled as my father carried me out of the room  
>That night slept in my parents room, although I wasn't really sleeping, just staring at the ceiling

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [911]

>mom brought this really old doll from grandma's that used to be her's  
>put it on a shelf in the hallway  
>few days later  
>doll suddenly at stairs, 3 meters away. Never could have fallen there  
>ask "Did you move that?"  
>entire family says no  
>nope.cringechicken  
>throw it in shed outside

Sounds cheeky, but it happened. Someone must have put that there after all but I guess I'll never know.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [912]

>6 years ago  
>15 years old  
>packing some stuff for uncle for his camping trip  
>he asks me to go with him

>I say ok  
>he has to go to the store for some supplies  
>finish packing  
>he drives to store  
>sit down and drink a soda  
>in the distance see something feathery sprint towards me  
>it has 2 small little arms and 2 muscular legs  
>im basically frozen  
>it's feathery, like a giant skinny chicken  
>see uncle pulling into driveway  
>it goes back into the dense forest  
>I tell my uncle and he laughs  
>I show my uncle the footprints it left  
>he puts on a very serious face  
>go camping and nothing strange happens

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [913]

>be 20  
>two years ago at uncle's house in N. VA.  
>Old old old house near Harpers Ferry  
>Big mansion, slave driver's house or something  
>12AM down stairs getting a drink already scared cause of the dark  
>hear something walkin around in the living room, wood floors you hear everything  
>Just getting the glass out when I hear it  
>freeze in the kitchen only light on down stairs is the kitchen and it's a dim stove light  
>darkness all around me except for dim stove light  
>start hearing footsteps come closer and all around me  
>hearing voices telling me to go down into the cellar, kinda whimper back 'hell no' but mostly to myself for the satisfaction that I'm not hearing anything.  
>getting louder 'go to the CELLAR!'  
>Nopenopenope

>start peeing my pants literally, I'm really scared of the dark and nothing like this has ever happened to me before  
>hear footsteps from the other side the kitchen walking around the island  
>they stop right beside me I hear them whisper 'go to the cellar NOW' it screams in my ear I scream and run upstairs I hear another set of footsteps that aren't my own running behind me.  
>I'm freaking out cause no one in the house has woken up to see wtf was going on  
>get to my room and get on the bed and get under the covers  
>onlydefenceagainstghosts.jpg  
>everything is stale and quiet  
>I hear the bath room door on the other side of the room squeek open  
>peek from under covers and see the silouette of a person  
>he glides/runs lightning fast directly at me like he noticed me looking put my head back under and scream for like five seconds and pass out.  
>wake up and everyone acts like everything is normal  
>I know I wasn't dreaming

I didnt even get my drink...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [914]

>use desk lamp at night all the time  
>on/off up by the bulb  
>it's on dresser over there, desk over here  
>be lazy and never dust my stuff  
>bump the shade, adjust it  
>find cobweb and dead black widow

I dust my stuff now.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [915]

>be 13  
>finally have my own room (1 or 5 kids) but still have hand me down bunk bed  
>totally stoked to have a room all to myself.  
>dog won't go in till I call her  
>little bro, 9, is scared one night and asks to sleep in my room  
>all normal till about midnight  
>wake up to boiling hot room  
>stary hearing whispers ask lil bro if he's awake to no response  
>hear the bed above me creek before little brother wails and falls off  
>get up to check if he's ok  
>see tall shadow against opposite wall  
>room goes to too hot to freakin' freezing  
>pick up lil bro and nope outta the room for three nights

My dog, anon bless her soul, would lay in the bottom bunk every night and stare at the same wall. Only every stood up and growled once but weird stuff still happened and happens whenever I visit the family.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [916]

>14  
>coming back from school with a friend of mine  
>friend asks "Anon, do you know any urban legend of Anontown?"  
>"Well, Anonfriend, I don't know"  
>he insisted, so after a while I invented a urban legend  
>"Well, Anonfriend, we're reaching a house that it's haunted... I heard that if you knock on the door, you'll hear strange noises  
>I thought "well, I invented a good one, he will be satisfied now  
>Anonfriend wants to knock at the door  
>"Well, I'm not sure that is a good idea..."

>"Come one, let's try"  
>knock three times  
>hear strange noise and a weird "breath"  
>NOPE.gif  
>Run away

I still can't explain that... I invented the whole urban legend.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [917]

I was about 6 and the youngest of three brothers, living in a huge, old, white house in the country. This house always creeped me out for no reason. We used to sleep in the farthest room on the second floor.

Started having dreams of a white owl a couple nights in a row. All of a sudden wake up and throw up and threw pancake batter looking stuff all over my pillow. I get up and knock on my dad's door to tell him, but hear weird scratchy noise in a closet that had a ladder to the attic. I stare at the closet for a little bit, then walk over to it. Oddly not scared.

Open the closet and huge white barn owl goes crazy in 2nd level of home - scream my head off. My dad runs out of his room. He then grabs a towel from the nearby bathroom and catches the owl. I never went upstairs, let alone near that closet, by myself again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [918]

I was pretty young so I could be imagining things.

>at family gathering at step-grandfather's house

>go to backyard to play by myself  
>go up to doghouse, it's really dark on the inside  
>suddenly demonic laughter/screaming in my ears  
>freak out, cry, and run back to family

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [919]

Happened a few years back.

> Family at Grandma's house in rural Maine  
> Built in 1812  
> Night time, Aunt's 50th birthday  
> Hey we should use a Ouija board to celebrate  
> Haha silly Anon don't joke about that  
> C'mon, it's not like something BAD will happen!  
> Upon finishing sentence all lights cut out  
> Bangs are heard all over

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [920]

>10 years old  
>trying to go to sleep  
>look out window  
>see my cat's head floating  
>blink  
>it's gone  
>mfw

Didn't really nope but it was still weird.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [921]

Wondered if anyone had a similar experience.

- > Playing with my dog in the house
- > Lying down on floor with dog and I am looking into its eyes and it is staring at me.
- > Can't explain it but I'm fixed on my dogs eyes.
- > My peripheral vision goes and I see a bright bright light. Slowly expanding into darkness.
- > Almost as if I'm being sucked into it.
- > Dog gets startled by outside noise and looks away.
- > Lay there thinking wtf m8. No idea what happened
- > Dog never looked me in the eye or starred at me again. Tried to recreate the experience. nothapening.jpg

Like did my brain just glitch on me, is the dog a coincidence?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [922]

- >be like, seven or eight
- >Lived in a decent house, had a basement that had carpet and could be a second living room. Had 2 beds and a bath down there.
- >No one used them, mostly for storage.
- >Have this dream one night where I this creepy giant stuffed lion I had led me into the room and held me down and made these awful noises.
- >Wake up and swing legs to get out of bed to get my mom
- >I'm downstairs.
- >In that room.
- >With the door closed.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [923]

>Moved in with sister, has old two story house

>Slept upstairs by myself while sis, her husband and kids slept downstairs

>Creepy little room that has built-in drawers to the wall but don't use em because sis removed them and you can see the mini-attic inside their so they are taped closed

>Every night I selpt there I kept on waking up at 3:00a.m. sharp(had ipod next to me for alarm)

>When I would wake up, I would look out into the drawers, pitch black when I looked at them, they were to my right and moonlight was to my left but kept curtain shut so barely got light

>Pitch black but I never put light into it with my ipod because, I swear to you, I had woken up to that feeling that someone is staring at you

>This happened for my first 3 weeks but since stopped happening

Also, once while I was in my bed around 7p.m. I heard a loud bang on my door which was closed, yelled out "what?!" cause no one knocks like that here, the lights were also off cause I was going to sleep early. No one was upstairs but me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [924]

A real simple and short one this.

>Be evening with some friends  
>Just hangin' out at my place, Northern Europe if you must know  
>Watching movies  
>Suddenly hear howling from the stairwell (I live in a flat)

>Something between a dog of some kind and an owl.  
>Everyone hears it, we gather around the door  
>Sounds like it is coming from down, the ground floor or the cellar  
>Wonder at it for a minute, but see no point in caring  
>Just a creepy interlude  
>Much later in the night, people start leaving for home.  
>Just about to leave by the door  
>That howlings man  
>People nope at first, but man up in about twenty minutes and leave  
>Nope, now I'm alone at here.  
>Thankfully no howling anymore

Granted, the most probable explanation is someone's dog escaping into the stairwell or a hobo having snuck in and messing with people's nerves. Still was creepy as hell -- the sound was quite unlike anything I had heard before.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [925]

>live on the edge of Dartmoor in England if anyone knows it  
>myths of big cats like pumas, cougars, jaguars etc. roaming the moors after being released when owners couldn't look after them  
>be last night  
>it's 3:30am walking back from friend's house alone  
>start to hear weird howling, like a dog barking, but more drawn out and high pitched  
>it's ok, only a fox  
>start to hear more, more high pitched, awww baby foxes :3  
>hear really loud something like this

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xKw4OFAu1WM>

>definitely not a fox  
>foxes stop howling  
>hear the weird sound again, louder and closer

>nope  
>start jogging home  
>mfw I get inside and lock the door

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [926]

Just remembered I have a story, not that scary but until this day I have no idea what happened.

>be about 9 or 10  
>be at grandmother's house, it's evening and storming  
>we are sitting in the dining room when suddenly power goes out  
>after a while with lights off and only candles we hear a strange sound, don't remember it that well but it was like this squalling rubber duck  
>we all wondered what it could be, because we were all in same room

That's it, not that scary but we never found out what it was.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [927]

This middle aged single women owned a house back in the woods, she lived in the lower half and rented out the upper half. My parents and I moved in when I was about 10 years old. The first year we lived there, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw that light was peeking out through the sliding doors of my closet. I'm just about to get up and turn the light off when I hear the chain switch being pulled, \*chik\* sound of the metal, and the light goes off.

NOPE

Run to my parents room and wake them up, they come back to my room, and open my closet door. It's empty.

To this day my mom swears it was the downstairs lady hiding in my closet and watching me sleep. We moved out of the house after only 2 years, because my mom found her upstairs stealing her jewelry.

I'm 23 now and that was probably the most /x/ thing to ever happen to me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [928]

>Be in high school, maybe 15  
>Saturday night, don't have any friends, playing videogames at 3am  
>Honestly wasn't that bad  
>Go to the bedroom window to smoke cause going through the house'll wake up my folks  
>Push up the window- smoking  
>Hear silent panting noise, like a dog is below the window  
>Look down as well as I can, don't see anything down there, unless it's against the wall  
>Must be the air conditioner outside or something  
>Continuing to smoke- hear panting again, stops.. followed by low growl  
>What the hell, man  
>Look down again  
>Suddenly hear loud snarling barking coming from behind me  
>Turn around, my desk lamp goes out  
>Feel hot breath on my ear- sound of things slamming outside  
>Shut window.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [929]

Here's one that just recently happened.

>be 19  
>be two weeks ago  
>be six o'clock or so, getting dark outside but not fully night yet, but still dark in the house  
>sitting on floor in bedroom with door open, using laptop  
>mom isn't home, landlady in the apartment downstairs isn't home  
>all the lights in the house are out except for the ceiling light in my room  
>on facebook and 4chan doing who-knows-what  
>song that's playing on youtube stops, house is completely silent except for the tapping of my fingers on the keys  
>stop  
>get slow, unsettled feeling  
>hear an odd, almost ripping sound come from the next room, near my door. almost like a cat pulling its nails out of carpet--you know that tearing sound when a cat's nails are stuck?  
>freeze  
>slowly turn my head to the open door  
>creep over to the door, peek out  
>nothing is there  
  
>the landlady's dogs were locked in her flat downstairs  
>me and my mom don't have any pets

My house creeps me out sometimes.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [930]

>just 2 minutes ago  
>reading nope story  
>loud noise behind me in kitchen

>sounds like sneeze and yell combined in my ear  
>jump 50 feet in air  
>look around because it might be stepdad  
>go to mom's room, ask  
>"No, I heard that too, I thought it was you in the kitchen."  
>have to sleep in living room

My heart is pounding.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [931]

>was a couple years ago, staying with my friend at his house/grandmas house  
>Super old house, his room is in the attic  
>staying in the room right next to it, was his brothers but he moved out and theres a bed and a bed like cut out in the wall so we could both sleep in the room together  
>I get stuck with old bed in middle of room (I hate to not sleep with my back to the wall)  
>He falls asleep, im saldy cause I hate falling asleep last  
>Start hearing random noises, blame it on the old house just making noises  
>start hearing footsteps coming up the steps  
>gets to landing at top of stairs  
>quiet for about a minute, it walks back down  
>this continues for awhile  
>stops and I'm like finally I can go to sleep  
>get into that pre-sleep stage where youre relaxed and I'm like hell yeah sleep time  
>someone breathes in my ear  
>eyes instantly open  
>no one there  
>NOOOOOOOOOOOOPPPPEEEEEEEE  
>stay up, wide eyed til the sun rises

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [932]

Not too nope-ey, but I suppose someone might find it as interesting as I did.

>Live in southern Louisiana,  
>Rewind to about 3 weeks ago; my girlfriend of 3 years has been encouraging me to pursue my falconer's license, as I've always wanted a pet hawk or owl.  
>Go to my school's library (I'm a fourth year university student) and check out a pair of books on falconry and falconry licensing.  
>Read and study up on them for the next few days, a week and a half later I look up where you have to take the test to be granted an apprentice's permit, find out there's one on Feb. 21 1h+ from my house.

(Falconry is insanely hard to get into, f me in the a)  
>Decide screw it, might as well try, I read both the books. Eagerly begin my journey to this falconer's outpost; about 20 mins away, I see an owl flying above the road.

Now, to give some context, owls are pretty common in southern Louisiana; it's not unusual to hear/see them every day if you look for them.

>Notice this owl is flying particularly low  
>Notice owl is flying directly for my jeep  
>Wat. Da. Fuq.  
>Begin to slow down, owl is divebombing towards my jeep.  
>I try to stop completely, but it smashes face-first into my windshield  
>pull off the road, owl flopped and went off the side of the road.  
Stop and get out to look at the damage from the outside.

>walk back about 20 feet behind my car, and I start to cry a bit as I see the owl.  
>I'm 21 years old and I've never been this close to an owl, and I just killed one  
>I stand there for a minute and mourn, take a picture of it and

call the falconry post to let them know what had happened and why I wouldn't be coming to take my test

>She explains their 27 year old barred owl Artemis had escaped just a few hours ago, ask me to look on its leg for the tag

>Sure enough it has a tag with a shredded leather cord (it must have bitten itself free) on its left leg

>She starts crying over the phone and hangs up

>Call tow truck to come get car; can't see out the window

Cost about \$500 to pay the tow guy and get the windshield replaced. I don't know what to make of this, my girlfriend says maybe it's a sign I'm just not meant to get into falconry.

But I've always wanted an owl...

**[Images were posted of the windshield and owl.]**

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## **[933]**

Heres one happened to me personally.

>be a few years back

>be walking home from friend's house at 11ish at night

>alone on deserted road

>hear noise.. look behind me... nobody...

>look in front of me man freakishly standing perfectly under street light

>he's semi across the street so I ignore

>go a ways

>hear noise behind me again

>nothing

>look forward, man under another streetlight

>nope.jpg and run all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [934]

>me and my best friend and his bro spend every Friday night in a shed  
>This isn't a crude shed. It's the upstairs of his father's garage and we have carpet, 2 couches, air hockey, microwave, etc  
>Every weekend we play vidya and stuff like that until we fall asleep  
>one night we're playing Smash Bros. Melee  
>Mid match, my friend yells "ow!"  
>we pause  
>he looks at his arm and he is bleeding  
>there are claw marks  
>no animals are in the building  
>we removed the cushions from the couch and did a thorough search of the place  
>found nothing

We still don't know what scratched him. We're now in our 20's.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [935]

>be 13 years old  
>Being in car, mother driving, me in passenger seat  
>Hear a sound like, "Mwar"  
>Wonder what it is  
>mother goes to check it out  
>not even five seconds later mom jumps in the car  
> "What's happening?"  
> don't get an answer  
>Mom tries to start the car  
>doesn't start  
>messed up face that looks like a monster from amnesia mixed with a scarecrow appears in my window  
>Cry

>car starts  
>make it home  
>hear tapping all night long  
>wake up next morning  
> window open, remember closing it  
> closet door wrecked  
>cry again  
> sleep with mother for weeks after that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [936]

My nope moment to get the thread going.

>Family lives in house built by my dad's grandfather  
>Just creepy feeling in it, most people that are alone in it say it's creepy  
>Everyone always telling me there's a ghost in house.  
>wtf you guys are just trying to scare me cause I'm the youngest  
>Become paranoid there's a ghost in house.  
>Laying in bed one night and random glow comes on wall in open closet  
Looks like the type of glow from glow in the dark star y'know.  
>Then think it's a prank like my brothers screwing with me you know  
>Tell my brothers to gtfo  
>It moves up wall  
>"Stop it guys it's not working."  
>Thing gets big, realize there's no way this is happening.  
>Start praying like 12 year old wimp I was  
>Says something like "Please leave me alone."  
>It just vanishes  
>it's gone woo  
>It re-appears on my wall next to my bed  
>start screaming and nope out into the living room crying and sleep on couch  
>Tell parents next morning

>They think I was just dreaming

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [937]

>~10 years old  
>Wake up in middle of night  
>Sit up in bed and look forward  
>See a dark figure standing in in the room in front of me  
>I stare at it for about 5 seconds  
>It doesn't go away or move  
>Put head under covers and try to forget I saw anything  
>Ask family the next day if anyone came into my room that night  
>No

The part I remember most is the way he was standing, not like a relaxed stance, but with his legs and arms slightly away from his body like he was ready for something, or was about to do something. He looked a lot like the alien in Signs did when Mel saw him on the roof, but bulkier and harder to see.

This was the only unexplained/creepy thing that ever really happened to me.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [938]

>walking home at night on sidewalk in neighborhood  
>round a corner and see a man walking his dog  
>think nothing of it  
>walk past amber colored streetlight  
>suddenly I hear a loud snapping noise behind me  
>turn around and see nothing there  
>about to continue on my way when I notice something is off  
>streetlight I just passed is glowing teal-green

>wut.txt  
>getting kind of creeped out so I walk faster in my original direction  
>realize the man walking his dog isn't there  
>street is a long, back-alley straightaway  
>there's nowhere he could have gone  
>no bushes, hedges or trees  
>he just vanished  
>start to walk quicker when I hear disturbingly strange noises behind me  
>afraid to turn around  
>turn around  
>streetlight flickers off  
>noises get louder  
>NOPENOPENOPE all the way home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [939]

Let's get some nope in here. Here's one of my experiences, OC.

>Be kid  
>10 or so, maybe a little more, maybe less  
>Past midnight, can't sleep for whatever reason  
>Decided to go downstairs and get a drink  
>Stairway is right next to the front door  
>Front door has big glass panels in it  
>Come downstairs, everything is cold  
>Shrug it off, walk to kitchen at the end of a long, narrow hallway  
>Grab a glass of water  
>Turn to go back upstairs  
>There's a little girl, probably age 6 or a bit less pressing her face against the glass of the front door.  
>Incredibly pale, long hair  
>NOPE  
>Hide behind a corner  
>Spend a few minutes waiting it out

>Look again  
>Still there  
>Screw this, there's a glass panel, she can't get me anyway  
>Just walk to the stairway  
>It's colder by the front door  
>Feels like being watched, obviously  
>Just go up the stairs and to my room.  
>Drink water  
>Doubt what I saw  
>Be an idiot and look out the window  
>Little girl at a street corner.  
>All alone  
>Looking at my house  
>Specifically, my window  
>NOPE  
>Close curtains  
>Did not sleep that night

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [940]

> be about 11  
> wake up in the middle of the night and look out over room  
> full floating figure/ silhouette  
> kinda looked like it was made up of the lights you seen when  
you rub your eyes really hard  
> thought that my eyes were tricking me  
> spent about 3mins rubbing eyes and looking back at figure  
that was still floating there  
> realise it won't go away and nope back to bed

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [941]

Not really nope here, but curious something from late at night.

>Much more recent, sometime last month  
>4 AM  
>Can't sleep  
>Listening to music with my laptop, browsing internet pages, nothing special  
>Suddenly I feel like something is about to happen  
>Look to the door of my room  
>Air grows thick, I can feel something coming by its presence  
>Door opens  
>Nothing there  
>No, there is definitely something  
>Blink a few times  
>Nope. Not seeing anything.  
>Shrug, go back to messing with my laptop  
>Something heavy sits down on the bed  
>Look over to see if it's the cat  
>No cat in sight  
>Bed being pressed on in that spot though  
>Actually feels really comforting and friendly  
>Blink once, actually see a figure sitting there  
>Beautifull.  
>Watches my laptop with me  
>Finish listening to the music I was playing  
>Feel like I can actually sleep now if I try  
>Hear a whisper, almost distant  
>Asks me not to share details on how it looks  
>Says goodnight  
>I fall asleep

>Best night of rest in months  
>When I wake up, the door is closed again  
>I woke up before the others living in the same house

Still not sure what happened there.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [942]

>November '12  
>Decide to call it a night early one Saturday  
>3:30 am or so  
>Get up after having weird dreams  
>Look over by my TV  
>PS3 is on, I left it off  
>See shadow figure bolting from my room through the hall  
>Check the entire house, nothing else is awake and my family is all in their rooms  
>Ask mom and sis, they didn't wake up the entire night  
>Had to clean my PS3 controller because there was a white chalky residue on it that morning

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [943]

>Be urban exploring  
>be in abandoned police station  
>clear entire upstairs, nobody inside  
>move to downstairs, start exploring ground level  
>hear footsteps upstairs, stop in tracks, listen  
>footsteps getting louder  
>go outside, no other footprints, no vehicles, no nothing  
>NOOPENOPENOPENOPE

Probably some homeless guy living in there, but we went into every room and couldn't find anything.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [944]

>be 15, have 4 siblings  
>living in childhood home in upstate Ny

>House just turned 100 this year woo!  
>Always on the lookout for creepy stuff due to multiple small things  
>be home sick from school, little bro and I had the flu  
>being awsome big sis taking care of him  
>coming up the stairs with ginger ale and crackers  
>old crawl space door at top of stairs, always 2creepy4me  
>door starts to rattle a little  
>stop to investigate, not for steps from little bros room and the door doesn't go anywhere  
>It actually goes to my bedroom wall now and the chimney  
>door slams open, breaking lock on it  
>powerful cold draft hits me in face with enough force that I have to step down one stair  
>crackers knocked out of my hand and spill down stairs  
>crackers are swept by unseen force further down stairs  
>hear little brother scream  
>gulp and run past door  
>find little bro sound asleep  
>pick him up and camp in mom's room till she gets home

That house dude...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [945]

>stopping over at cousin's. He's 11, I'm 12.  
>I'm on top bunk hes on bottom  
>middle of night im woken up by terrified screaming  
>he's hysterical trying to get out of the room and pointing at the window  
>he calms down and tells me there was a man at the window and said he was just a black silhouette looking in  
>we were a floor up  
>next morning try figure out how someone could get up there  
>figure if you stood on the fence then put your foot on the porch light 6ft up you could push up and hold onto the window

ledge

- >a lot of effort
- >still creeps me out today

A related story:

>cousin's friend across the street was watching tv one night  
>sliding porch doors with vertical blinds half shut  
>notices something in the corner of his eye  
>stares at the window and can't see anything  
>suddenly a figure sits up from laying on its side looking in the window  
>he hadn't seen him before he moved but guy must have thought he had  
>guy runs off and climbs over tall fence and into fields behind the house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [946]

I got one, but first, a little background. My brother and his friend have been messing with a Ouija board on and off for a few years. The front door to our house opens by itself every few weeks. I've associated it to people not closing it but after this time I don't know anymore. Here it goes

> Call my ten year old sister inside so she can eat lunch and clean up her mess in the living room  
> Her bratty friend wants to come in too but I hate her so I lock all the doors so she won't come in  
> I'm microwaving a corndog and cleaning the kitchen  
> go to the fridge to get a Mountain Dew and the plastic wrap falls down and cuts my finger  
> blood everywhere I go to the pantry to get bandaids  
> Door open and our two cats are just sitting there looking outside

So at some point while my sister and I were cleaning the door unlocked and opened by itself, and the cats (that normally would run right outside) just sit there dumbfounded. Anyway I'm always checking the doors all the time and just waiting for something worse to happen.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [947]

I'm bad at English so I make my stories short.

>01:00 AM  
>Laying on a sofa, trying to get some sleep.  
>It's summer, so we keep our front door open 24/7  
>We have a room after our front door, where we keep our shoes, coats etc.  
>After that small room we have another door, you can see that door from the sofa where I was laying.  
>Out of nowhere the door starts to make a weird noise.  
>I looked at the door and saw it been opened.  
>Dem heartbeats and cold sweat on my forehead.  
>Wait someone to come in.  
>Nobody comes, door closes and everything is fine again.  
>After few minutes the door opens again.  
>door closes slowly.

Didn't sleep much that night. Thing that makes this scarier is that there lives a couple near by, who actually killed few guys in the 80's, weird people gotta tell you that.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [948]

>grab my mp3 player and go for a jog in the forest  
>suddenly I hear cracking noises while listening to loud music

>pull (in ear) headphones out and listen closely into the forest  
>hear nothing but a few birds  
>nope.exe  
>put them back in my ears and continue my cardio  
>2 minutes pass and a great track comes up  
>feel my motivation rising as it comes closer to the drop  
>reaches drop  
>suddenly high pitched scraping and squaking burst out of my headphones in such a loud volume  
>rip my headphones out of my ears in fear and panic  
>stare with wide eyes in every direction of the forest for like 2 minutes.

God, I was so terrified and literally had goosebumps everywhere.

;\_;

I still have no clue why my mp3 player crashed and spilled out those 'noises' though.

German here, sorry for potential errors.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [949]

>Be young  
>Sleep in a cheap Space Jam tent on my bed because I have to share a room with my sister  
>Have always had problems sleeping  
>One night I wake up and look out the door of the tent  
>There is a green worm-like think sitting on my legs on top of my sleeping bag  
>Freak out, scream and wake up the whole house  
>It jumps down as to go under the sleeping bag  
>Parents come in, seem me crying and think I'm lying  
>Rip apart my bed trying to find it but never do  
  
>Same apartment  
>Mom, sister, aunt and me all sitting around in the living room

>Suddenly a hanging plant starts swinging violently out of nowhere

>Mom and aunt freak out and we all hid in the bedroom until my dad came home

>Just moved in with aunt from previous story

>First night at her place

>We are all sleeping in the livingroom, I'm the only one up

>See silhouettes of 2 cats just chilling on top of the sofa, walking around n stuff.

>Whatever

>Ask her to play with the cats the next day

>She doesn't have cats

>Have a superman comic with a really scary face on it

>Accidentally drop it between my bed and the wall

>There is a big crack

>Everytime I look down there, there is a huge demonic superman looking back at me

>too afraid to grab it

>leave it there for years

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [950]

>home alone on Saturday night (around 12 years old; also loser)

>sitting in room playing vidya

>get that feeling that someone's in the room with me; hair standing up on the back of my neck

>look around, turn on light, feeling starts to go away

>a few minutes later, both cats run into the room

>female cat hides under the bed

>male cat runs in at a dash, turn-flips to face the door, and hisses at the doorway like there's someone right there

>I look at the doorway and feel the most intense feeling of being watched I've ever felt. Every sense was telling me that there was someone five feet away from me except for my sight

>parents come home right then, feeling lessens  
>cats spend the entire night in my room watching the door

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [951]

>18 just after high schoolgraduation  
>cleaning up after family get together with my mum  
>chatting, nothing out of the ordinary  
>doing dishes both hear loud thud above us  
>my room above us  
>mum plays it off as the cat  
>try bringing up other odd things that've happened  
>denies all of it until she finally yells "there is nothing in this house besides you and me anon stop trying to scare me"  
>tightlip go back to cleaning off table while mum finishes dishes  
>spin around when I head glass shatter  
>mum is staring at stairs pale as an albino  
>turn to look  
>see shadow mass just floating on the landing. Could make out legs but not much else  
>stand in front of mum and tell it to go  
>wheezy laugh and gurgling sound  
>mum runs out of the house  
>black thing swoops down and disappears when it gets halfway to the back door  
>find mum locked in her truck crying  
>go back inside to clear the house making sure no ones there  
>only get to land of the stairs before huge crash  
>all the dishes on the shelf fall to the floor and wheezy laugh comes back  
>nope outta there with mum

Ended up getting pulled over for speeding. Poor mum was hysterical as I explain to the cop. He comes back and checks entire house for us. Nothing out of the ordinary. Still...dat house dude...

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [952]

>married  
>wife is sick  
>tells me she is staying home  
>whatevs  
>go to work  
>before lunch she calls me  
>sounds upset  
>"where are you?"  
>work, I'm about to go to lunch  
>"don't do that, really are you home?"  
>no, I'm at work. where are you?  
>"in the bedroom. I keep hearing you downstairs"  
>a bit confused  
>are you okay? I'm seriously at work.  
>"it sounds like you're downstairs, yelling, like playing games"  
>freak out a bit  
>I swear hon, I'm at work are you sure there is someone there?  
>"y-yeah"  
>she's older than me  
>pretty level headed  
>doesn't mess around much  
>I'm taking her pretty seriously  
>tell her to lock the bed room and stay quiet  
>I'm calling the police, I'll call you right back  
>leave work  
>call 911  
>they say they'll send someone over  
>call her back  
>first thing she says  
>"you swear that's not you, I won't even be mad I'm just scared  
okay"  
>I swear, I called the police, I'm coming home just stay in the  
bedroom  
>I stay on the phone with her

>she keeps asking if it's me  
>I'm desperately trying to convince her it isn't me  
>so afraid she's just going to go downstairs to check  
>get home just as the police are arriving  
>tell them what's going on  
>they tell me to stay outside  
>I tell them where she is  
>they rush upstairs  
>check every room  
>get my wife outside  
>we sit in a cop car while they check the rest of the house  
>she is scared to death  
>they don't find anything  
>no sign of anyone breaking in  
>said they heard someone running down the hall as they were going up the stairs  
>said whoever it was was talking to themselves  
>"it sounded like you"  
>wife heard the same thing  
>none of them could quite make out what was being said  
>wife described it like every other syllable was missing  
>police check again then leave  
>wife nopes so hard she wants to move

The house was her childhood home, her parents gave it to us when they moved. Nothing strange had happened there before or since. We replaced all the locks and got an alarm system though.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [953]

>Be 14  
>Be living with my mother in the middle of nowhere  
>Walking down my driveway to go to a friend's  
>Dog is following, usually did when I walked anywhere  
>Dog starts trotting ahead of me. perks his ears, and stares at a trail entrance going into the woods

>Look over to see what the dog's so interested in  
>Black figure literally floats out of the ground, and bolts at light speed down the trail.  
>Nope all the way to friend's house, running all the way to friend's house with my dog in my arms

Living out there was weird as hell. Here's another one.

>Same dog from last story is a border collie, and was usually allowed in the house since he didn't crap everywhere  
>Every other night, he'd run from one side of the house to another, and then back  
>Always ran with his head up and barking with the ceiling  
>Would stop at the office door, or my mother's bedroom door that was adjacent to the office door on the opposite side of the house, and bark at the crack under the doors  
>Did this for hours on end just about every time we let him in  
>Months later, cousin watches a figure he believes to be my brother walk into the office and shut the door  
>Cousin opens door, nobody in there  
>Nopes out of house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [954]

>Be little kid  
>Wake up in middle of night  
>See shadowy figure sitting on my floor  
>Outline looks like little girl  
>Nope  
>Blanket over head  
>Parents called  
>Nothing there  
>Parents shrug it off

Fast forward to 18, my mom tells me a month after that incident my dad woke to see a little girl in prairie cloths standing at the

foot of their bed.

I'll do another one.

Same house, lived there my whole life.

- >Be 16
- >Parents at work
- >House is eerily quiet, no noise
- >Play drums
- >Five minutes later hear running water
- >Christ sakes
- >Go into bathroom
- >Sink turned on full
- >Quickly shut it down
- >Nope
- >Back to room, door closed

extended

- >Get courage to walk out of room
- >Walk to door
- >Hear footsteps
- >Both of "us" equally close to door
- >As I walk it walks
- >Hand on the doorknob
- >Exploded pen drops outside of door
- >Hits hardwood floor
- >Rolls under my door
- >Nope
- >Wait for parents to get home

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [955]

- >live in haunted house that's built above an old grave site
- >wake up, hear crying coming from downstairs

>go down there  
>crying's coming from upstairs now  
>go back upstairs  
>crying's coming from downstairs again  
>go to bed

Turns out there was someone who used to worship demons at that house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [956]

>be 18  
>have a job delivering news papers  
>start work at 4 am every morning (sucks)  
.....  
>wake up and get dressed  
>time around 3.30am  
>go to kitchen, grab some fruit before I leave  
>everyone still asleep so do all of this with only the stairwell light on not to wake everyone up  
>get in my car and start backing out the driveway  
>lights from car shine into the living room of the house  
>see a black figure standing in the middle of the living room watching me  
>SOMEONE'S IN OUR HOUSE  
>nopeout.gif  
>grab a golf club from the garage and run to the living room  
>guy's not there  
>wake everyone up searching around the house  
>"Wtf are you doing anon? it's 3.45am!"  
>someone's in our house!!!!!!  
>all freak out  
>dad grabs another golf club and we search entire house  
>nothing.  
>off to work again  
>walking to car

>figure sitting in the drivers seat of the car  
>car horn starts going off  
>family rushes outside, sees im not in the car. wtf?  
>engine starts going at about 500000rpm  
>exhaust fumes everywhere  
>car stalls, horn stops  
>when fumes dissipate, the figure is no where to be seen....

Parents blame it on a malfunctioning car, but I know it wasn't the car.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [957]

> be 18  
> be parked on the side of the road outside gf's house in nowhere farmville.  
> dark except for the street lamp at the end of gf's drive way.  
> waiting for her to come out, see something big move behind my car in side mirror.  
> back window is tinted so I can't see what's back there.  
> open my door a crack to look.  
> see a 7ft tall naked guy with pale skin and freakishly long arms.  
> turns to me, tilts head, makes a huge smile, screams like a dying cat and then runs into the crops.  
> NOPE.jpeg.avi.mkv  
> jump out of the car and run to girlfriend's house.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [958]

> be 15 and home alone  
> be sitting on toilet at 2am  
> toilet is right beside my bathroom window, about a foot above

my head when I'm sitting. (has a grainy texture so you can't see inside the bathroom).

> casually look up to the window.

> see a pale chick's face pressed hard against it, smiling, eye brows raised, eyes have an all black iris, like one big pupil. She's staring down at me.

> bathroom is on second floor, at least 20ft-25ft above the ground outside.

> NOPE.jpeg

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [959]

>be about 14 years old

>go to girl's house with friend, another girl there, I'm trying to get with

>hear lots of storys about the place, but never really believed any

>they tell me to go to the laundry room in the basement, turn off lights to proove im a man, gets creepy, then see a figure, NOPE.jpg out

>be about 30 minutes later, about to be kissed by owners friend, tv turns the on, look for remote, only remote is on top of tv

>turn tv off

>turns back on when we go into owners room

>they also have shifty tiles in house

>hear them moving while everyone in the house are in the room

>friend goes to check if the dogs are upstairs or in the basement with the owner, I stay with other girl, and owners much younger sister, like 7

>dogs aren't even in the house, when he goes downstairs, he says he saw a white figure, like me, and booted it back to the room

>when I go out to see what he yelled about, we all notice closet door is open, and the patio door is slightly open, as well as the chair slightly moved

>we rush to the room, and the owners sister wants to grab a stuffed bear from her room

> me and friend, both fairly strong try to open the door, completely locked  
>door has no lock, as well as the other doors which we tried  
>rush back to room  
>go out again to check, owners mothers room door is open, and her window is open as well  
>check kitchen, door is slightly more open, and chair is moved more too  
>we go back to room and wait it out til mother comes home  
>hear mother come home, and when we go out, door and chair are moved more again  
>mother then tells us about grandmother that has died in the house, and done many things like that before  
>haven't been in that house since

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [960]

>last January, poking around McDow's Hole with girlfriends  
>middle of the night  
>farm to market road bordered by grassy fields, silver in the moonlight  
>cross over the creekbed on foot, quietly joking to keep our nerves up  
>jenny papworth, the local ghost, is regular  
>glance back to the car  
>ball of glowing, blue-white haze drifts out from beneath the small bridge  
>it changes direction mid-air, no wind  
>"Anon what is that?"  
>ghost light hangs in the air, then breaks up and slowly fades  
>head back to the car, nervously excited  
>air pressure suddenly starts to ramp up as we get close  
>tension mounting, feels like a weight on our shoulders growing heavier and heavier  
>throat starts closing up, edge of panic  
>something is going to happen

>cram into car  
>won't start, battery is dead  
>lose it, scream into the night  
>"Quit screwing with the car!"  
>feeling starts to ease  
>car starts right up

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [961]

>be about 9 years old  
>be playing games on computer  
>mom takes little sister to take a bath  
>little sister has tricycle behind giant 50" tube TV  
We lived in an apartment so there wasn't a lot of space for our  
toys and stuff  
>hear tricycle moving as if someone trying to use it  
>ignore it thinking my sister is trying to get it  
>sudden realization that my sister is taking a bath and no one  
else is around the house  
>wtf.jpg  
>Start yelling out my sister's name  
> " What anon?"  
>voice comes from the bathroom  
>ohgod.gif  
>tricycle sounds like it's shaking  
>get a little closer  
>movement stops.  
>NOPE

That was the most horrible day of my life. Sucked cuz I slept in  
the living room since the apartment was only a single bedroom  
which was for my parents.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [962]

>go to kitchen to get me a sammich  
>keep lights off to save electricity  
>trip over trashbin  
>pick it up  
>notice out window sensor light in backyard is on  
>look out window  
>see neighbor in nothin but undies and socks staring at fence  
>quickly turns his head toward my window  
>NOPE.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [963]

>Be 23  
>Sweet! Books on Amazon supposedly translated from French circa 1600 AD regarding Divination that apparently Napolean Bonaparte used himself! (in retrospect, very stupid to purchase)  
>Screwing with and generally consulting said books for each and every little fork in the road that is my life  
>Would you look at that? The charts were right.  
>Wow! This is great! They're still right!  
>Approximately 1 week later be lying in bed next to girlfriend  
>Awake alone in her bed next to her...not unusual, I'm a light sleeper and we live in an apartment  
>Clock reads 4:30 am if I recall  
>Notice bedroom door open when I swear to myself was shut upon going to bed (we live alone)  
>"Big deal, need to go back to sleep"  
>Cannot turn my body to roll over in fetal position  
>Realize "This isn't right"  
>IsThisRealLife.gif  
>Begin LITERALLY levitating off the bed...slowly  
>Fully cognizant of the bedroom, my girlfriend, the bed, the pictures, posters, mirrors, and generally EVERthing that would convince me that this is no dream

>Motionless about 1' off the bed for what seem like minutes when in hindsight were probably seconds  
>While floating hear a booming voice that seems to come from every corner of the room say:  
"ANON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING???"  
>Think to myself (lips won't move) "Yashuah help me" (am disciple of Christ, don't care opinions of anons)  
>Collapse into bed  
>Hear bedroom door slam shut  
>Roll over and ask girlfriend "Did you hear that???"  
>Girlfriend is sound asleep  
>Tap her on the shoulder, she rolls towards me  
>Girlfriend asks what I'm doing up  
>This was no dream (pic related = mfw)  
>NOOPENOPENOPENOPE.bmp

Follow up to add that I still have said books (do NOT burn them) and yet since never once opening them again haven't experienced anything similar since. I sincerely wish that this wasn't OC.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [964]

>hunting season  
>walking down abandoned logging roads in early afternoon on sunny day, .308 rifle slung over my shoulder  
>come across a nice looking cutblock and pull out my binocs to take a look  
>looking around through the binocs  
>suddenly I get punched in the side of the head really hard and knocked down on one knee  
>shout WHAT THE HELL and look around  
>nobody and nothing around for miles (including deer, lol)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [965]

>Brother and I chillin at home last summer  
>Just screwing around, nothing to do  
>out of nowhere, hear ear splitting explosion  
>sounded like a gun going off right beside my ears  
>turn to little bro  
>"did you hear that!?"  
>little bro heard it as well  
>call/ask around the neighborhood, no one else heard it  
>NOPE.mp3.co.uk

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [966]

>reading this thread just now, alone in my studio apartment  
>in bed with my laptop on my chest.  
>hear something land hard on the floor - I'm the only one here  
>look up  
>roll of duct tape has somehow fallen off a shelf (it was laying like  
  \_|===\_| and not like \_O\_, and not hanging off the edge, so how??)  
and is rolling across the floor

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [967]

>be about 16  
>be at friend's house  
>he lives in like hicksville area near a forest, only about 2-3  
houses on land  
>his father is home watching us  
>we are playing video games in his room  
>hear door open and his mother shout out she is home  
>father responds

>see her walk past the door to master bedroom  
>about an hour pass  
>phone rings and friend's dad picks up  
>his father is confused  
>he asks his wife if she came home  
>she was calling to tell friend's father she was going to be late getting home cause she was in a minor car accident

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [968]

>Be 11  
>Friend spending the night  
>Be playing games  
>Large crash  
>Sounds like someone fell or knocked a bookcase over  
>Starting at each other without words  
>Wtf  
>Wait a few minutes  
>Still staring at each other  
>Crash again  
>Get up to see what happened  
>Parents asleep  
>No one heard it other than Anon  
>Noped out of there

Also:

>Be 14-15 ish.  
>Be night (8-9 ish)  
>Taking random pictures in house  
>Take 2 pictures that had something in them  
>Used to have a rottweiler for 16 years; it died  
>It was in the picture  
>>Showed it to mom  
>She broke down

>2'd picture had a picture of a faceless boy in mirror  
>Wtf  
>in my room  
>in my morror  
>Boy was blue / grey  
>Clear as day  
>Nopenopenopenope

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [969]

>be 18  
>be in Half Moon Bay 3 in the morning with friends on a week day  
Half Moon Bay is this little town that surrounds the coast but the entire area is hills covered in trees for those that don't know.  
>ghost town  
>one of us thought we should go into the cemetary because why not  
>all decide to check out the cemetery  
>friend takes pictures of us (likes to carry it around when we all hang out)  
>cemetery looks like it's not well taken care of, weeds everywhere (at least the part we were in)  
>gets really cold all of a sudden  
>camera friend starts making jokes "That'd be cool if we saw a ghost or something."  
>lol  
>after about 30 minutes we walk back toward the entrance  
>camera friend stops near the entrance looking at his camera  
>I ask if he's okay  
>he looks up without saying a word and holds out the camera  
>we all look at it  
>first two pictures were just us, by the third one we saw something like fog  
>fourth was something far behind us crawling, it looked humanoid but the eyes were huge and black, the mouth was slightly open

- >as we progressed through the photos it was getting closer and the mouth was getting wider
- >one of our friend grabs the camera and makes a bee-line to the car
- >we all followed and booked it

We looked at the photos when we got home and there was no doubt that something was in the photo and it was getting closer by each picture, we all decided to never talk about it and never go back at night. Friend deleted the photos that night.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [970]

- >be like 16
- >me, buddy, and a girl we both knew really well
- >alone in her house, just the 3 of us
- >decide to get spooky and use the ouija board
- >asking questions, how you died/etc
- >her house was old, late 40s or so
- >ask a question about being a calm spirit or something
- >out of nowhere, HUGE crash comes from the basement
- >again, just the 3 of us in the house, she didn't have any pets
- >check down stairs, nothing happened that we could see

Never again will I use that stuff.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [971]

- >5 years old
- >Just moved into a new house
- >Parents are at home but nowhere in sight
- >Walk into the kitchen by myself
- >Large black slug-like THING scatters across floor as my foot

touches the ground  
>Makes a disgusting squishy noise as it moves  
>Goes under the counter  
>I scream, mom comes in and I babble trying to explain what just happened  
>Searches entire kitchen, nothing there  
>Afraid to enter the kitchen or walk around barefoot for the rest of the time we lived in that house

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [972]

>Bedside table lamp bulb stops about 3 weeks ago  
>replace it  
>new bulb stops working like a day after for some reason  
>today  
>Get back from uni before everyone else in my house  
>dump bag and books in room, go downstairs and put kettle on  
>come back upstairs, get into typical layabout position on bed with laptop on stomach  
>takes me 2 mins to realise bedside table lamp is on

No joke. To be honest, I reckon there was some sort of electrical problem with the lamp itself and I left the switch 'on', only for the lamp to resurrect itself in the creepiest manner possible.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [973]

>be 17, home alone for the night  
>watching tv with cat at feet and dog on the couch  
>sharing popcorn with dog  
>dog suddenly jumps off couch and hair starts to rise  
>starts growling, never growls, and watching the dinning  
> starts pacing and makes low woofing sounds

>everything goes dead silent  
>start feeling cold and stare where dog is  
>dinning room chair wiggles, then is pulled out  
>positioned as if someone sat down to watch me  
>creepy feeling  
>dog paces back and forth in front of me  
>don't move till mum gets home  
>doesnt believe me  
>says this story is better than the last

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [974]

>be around 10-11  
>be waken up by noise coming from hallway  
>go into hallway  
>see face staring at me from the guestroom  
>nope back into bed

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [975]

>like an hour and a half ago  
>in my room emailing my professor  
>hear huge crash and something shattering  
>sounds like the room next to mine  
>go to kitchen though because my mom is the only other person in the house and that's where she is  
>nothing wrong here  
>ask if she heard that, she says yes  
>go into room next to mine (her bedroom)  
>some small stuff like books and bracelets were on the floor, definitely nothing shattered  
>>window wasn't open, no pets, nothing could have knocked it off  
>pick the stuff up and put it in random places 'cause I don't know

where it goes

My house isn't haunted so I dunno what happened. Also I didn't nope at all, but it's the only story I've got so...

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [976]

>~15 years ago  
>middle of desert in New Mexico  
>driving down long crummy road  
>see a small one story building, door is open  
>whynot.jpg  
>enter building  
>absolutely nothing inside, looks like all furniture was removed  
>power and air conditioning still running though  
>get to back/center room  
>lots of what look like high school/college lab tables  
>every single one is pushed/piled up against a single door at the back of the room  
>NOPE

To this day I don't know what happened out there. Everything about it seems like whoever was there before didn't want that door opened... from the inside.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [977]

>be camping in desert hour or so from town  
>~4:00am  
>middle of nowhere  
>completely flat for miles  
>no light pollution  
>at least 50 miles off road

>suddenly  
>extremely dense fog  
>gets very, very cold  
>and then  
>gone

What happened /x/. I know there are strange weather phenomena here, but nothing that matches that description. From what I could see from the top of my Jeep, it looked centralized in one location.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [978]

>be seventeen/eighteen years old  
>just started college  
>live in college town, live with parent  
>saturday night  
>walk outside to look around, because it's a nice night  
>make sure door's not locked  
>walk around the house for a bit  
>really dark  
>more dark than it should be, with the full moon out  
>large, open back yard, wire fence between old jerk's yard and my family's  
>motion light kicks on on his garage entrance  
>nothing there; something moving at the near edge of the light  
>nope.jpg  
>run back to the carport  
>carport's open, no cover there  
>heavy footsteps through mud  
>hear fence sway  
>from about 15-20 yards away  
>nope2nopeharder.jpg  
>grab for the door handle  
>locked  
>wait, locked?!  
>shoulder the door, trying to jostle the lock open

>no go, door jamb cracks pretty severely  
>sounds of feet through leaves, snapping sticks  
>nope3forevernoping.jpg  
>run around the front of the house, hoping against hope that  
the front window's unlocked  
>god does exist  
>clamber into the house, slam window shut, lock the thing,  
back the hell away  
>scraping noise from under the carport, like claws on concrete  
>all of my cats flip out  
>still manage to beat them to the back of the house  
>sit in my bed, freaking out, covered in cats  
>hear something against my window, then nothing  
>my mom comes in at six-thirty in the morning, asks me about  
the jamb of the door  
>tell her about the BS from last night  
>looks at me like I'm crazy  
>go outside  
>wonky footprints between our house and the neighbor's  
>broken limbs about as big around as my wrist, obviously  
stepped on  
>claw marks on the carport  
>still kinda dark  
>sounds of something moving around  
>"We should go back inside."

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [979]

>Be 20  
>helping stepdad install new woodstove in basement  
>clear all the basement crap out of the way  
>only different part of foundation  
>working, chat about what it could be  
>stepdad the believes what he sees type  
>get back to work in silence for a while  
>both look up at odd noise

>scratching an scrapping, too loud and heavy to be rodents  
>stepdad asks what's going on (only lives with us a short while so far)  
>shrug, watching the brick part of wall  
>loud snapping sound, almost snap-pop followed by the sound of something large tumbling along the ground  
>huge bang, dust jumps off brick part of foundation  
>dead silence, stepdad staring agape at wall, then to me  
>I'm shaken, seen/heard lots of stuff b4 but not this  
>pick up wrench and tap on wall  
>soft moaning, then footsteps answer  
>icy cold sweat, feeling of absolute dread and horror  
>tell stepdad we have to go, he doesn't think twice  
>nope upstairs  
>decides to tend garden to calm down  
>pale as hell and absolutely silent we just stand on the other side of yard

Dat house dude...

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [980]

>be 10  
>Mom and little brother in same room  
>always wake up at 5 am  
>wake up as always  
>Mom tells me to keep quiet  
>?  
>mom: Someone broke in the house.  
>me: Well then.  
>start hearing plates breaking  
>then footsteps  
>me and little brother all told to keep quiet  
>do so for like one hour  
>lots of noises  
>be 6:30 am

>noises stop  
>me and brother scared  
>mom finally uses phone to call step dad and police  
>aunt who lives in the house adjacent to ours says she heard everything  
>expecting lots of broken stuff all over the house  
>opens door  
>nothing everything is fine  
>door doesn't look it was open  
>electric wire around the house's roof working  
>nope.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [981]

First /x/ post, sup guise. Currently in this apartment right now, btw.

>Be 17-18ish  
>At uncle's apartment, babysitting for extra cash  
>Around 3 in the morning  
>Uncle has two daughters, youngest one 1-2ish at the time  
>Hear her talking to herself  
>Got off couch and went down the hall to investigate  
>Stand outside her door and hear her giggle  
>She starts making the sound kids make when you bounce them on your knee  
>Open door and room is pitch black  
>Turn on light and she's laying down asleep  
>dafuq.jpg  
>Close door, go back to playing Pokemon  
>Hear that giggling again  
>Run back to the door  
>Locked  
>whatthe.avi  
>Go to keyholder by the front door to get the bedroom key  
>Get back to door

>Door is cracked  
>Open door and turn on light  
>Little cousin is standing in the middle of the room just staring at me  
>Put her back in the crib  
>Notice she is staring at something over my shoulder and smiling  
>Turn and look  
>Nothing there  
>Go to leave her room  
>Turn to the crib to say goodnight  
>Kid is standing at staring at corner of room smiling  
>Say goodnight again and she lies down  
>Turn off the light and close door  
>Stand outside of door and listen  
>Hear giggling  
>WHYAREYOUYGIGGLING.txt  
>Open door and there she is on the floor again  
>Crib walls are way too high for her to be able to climb out of  
>Grab her and nope out of there  
>Fall asleep with the kid on the couch  
>Find out the next morning that the guy in the apartment above us had a mental breakdown and hung himself  
>NOPE out of there  
>Get my money and bail to my car and drive home

Turns out the guy's only daughter died few weeks after birth and wife left him. Still creeps me out to this day. An Indian family lives up there now.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [982]

One I haven't shared before, so here goes:

>Be cashier at a store in a crummy side of town  
>Car is in the shop, so take the bus to work  
>Work my shift, notice one of the courtesy clerks didn't come in

>At the bus stop, waiting for the 9:30 bus, see the absentee courtesy clerk sit down next to me  
>Chat briefly, then 9:30 bus arrives four minutes early (checked my cell phone just as it turned the corner)  
>Get on the bus, head home  
>Next morning, get phone call from co-worker  
>"Have you heard? Kyle was stabbed last night at the bus stop!"  
>Hair raises on the back of my neck  
>Learn his body was found at quarter to ten with fourteen stab wounds in his neck, back, and head  
>Realize I was probably the last person to speak to him, and the person who killed him was probably watching us talk  
>Wonder what would have happened if the bus had been five minutes late instead of early

feelsplissmypantsman.jpg

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [983]

First time on /x/ and posting.

>10pm  
>home alone at boyfriend's house  
>start to fool around with boyfriend  
>things get heated  
>hears bf's mother calling from downstairs  
>Quickly get dressed and bf goes downstairs to talk to mum  
>While waiting for bf hear a strange noise coming from the closet  
>ignores it  
>bf comes back into room  
>freaking out  
>says no one's home and that he heard more voices while going down the stairs  
few days later  
>goes to bed  
>usually light sleeper but passed out

>wakes up feeling really cold  
>turns to cuddle up next to bf  
>bf not there  
>Sits up and looks around  
>hear creepy voice from across the room  
>waits a few minutes  
>hears it again and noped out of there  
>run downstairs to bathroom where I assumed my bf was  
>bf not there  
>hears footstep coming down the stairs  
>Screams for my bf  
>no one in house  
>Steps get closer and I run out of the house  
>No one in sight.  
>Runs to the front of the house and sees bf on front stairs playing on ipod  
>wtf  
>tells him to never leave me alone in that house again.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [984]

>Looking out the window last weekend, around 3 am  
>usually habit that I go outside during Devil's hour  
>reflection was such that my face showed up normal color but my eyes were completely black and empty looking  
>suddenly very uncomfortable, actually felt like I was being watched  
>reminded me of black eyed children  
>noped and stayed indoors until dawn.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [985]

>Move to LA summer last year.

>Sweltering hot.  
>Make sure my door is closed because I sleep naked on top of cover.  
>Sleep with television on, always been uncomfortable st night in total blackness.  
>Loud crack from basement, all power goes out. Wake up in total darkness, terrified.  
>Light comes on about two minutes later.  
>Freaking door open.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [986]

First time posting on /x/, and it's not all that exciting compared to a lot of what's in this thread, but it's the closest to a nope story I've got.

>be between junior and senior years in high school  
>Summer vacation, on a trip with half a dozen friends  
>At the Great Sand Dunes in Colorado  
>Parental chaperon doesn't want to go hiking at midnight with us  
>Hike up sand dunes with five friends  
>Two give up quickly 'cause they're out of shape  
>The four of us left reach the top of one of the early dunes, lie down and talk and enjoy the night  
>I'm starting to feel creeped for no real reason  
>Suddenly, girl who's talking stops  
>Says, "We need to go now."  
>Other dude says, "Yeah."  
>Every person present is a skeptic/atheist, but we're all getting freaked bad  
>Trust our instincts and get going  
>It's dark, but we see a few things that could be remains of a campfire on the way down  
>Who drags wood up a sand dune to light a fire? There's a campsite for that at the bottom  
>Hear sounds like there's another group, but dunes mean bad

visibility so we can't see them or even know who they are  
>Voices are a little distorted and indistinct  
>Meet up with two members who wimped out halfway down, they're creeped too and had nearly decided to abandon us  
>Everyone runs down as fast as we can  
>Me and this other guy get a very strong feeling that we must follow this certain erratic path  
>Nobody questions this, so we follow it  
>Make it down  
>Everyone dismisses it as just a silly freak out the next day except me and the other dude who picked the path

Anyone know if the Sand Dunes have a history for this stuff? It was some of the most concentrated fear I've ever had, and got six people to nope out of there in concert even though theoretically none of us believed in anything that could go bad there. I've not dismissed mass hysteria of some sort entirely, but... man, it was strange even by my standards, and I've had lots of strange stuff happen to me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [987]

Maybe not paranormal but I moved out a week later, took no chances with that stuff.

>be sometime last year  
>renting a tiny room in a house, fml  
>finally fall asleep sometime past 2  
>wake up to lady in the next room screaming her head off in weird language (no language I've heard )  
>stops for a few minutes  
>instantly freeze up  
>landlords tiny dog who barks at the sound of a pin drop is dead quiet  
>she starts again but screams in English "No don't get me. No stay away"

>stops for a while  
>after about ten minutes of this cycle she stops finally  
>didn't sleep that night  
>ask my landlord, who lives in the house as well, the next morning if he heard her screams (it was a small house with thin walls)  
>he says no  
>tells me she does have a lot of nightmares and talks in her sleep sometimes  
>moves out with a quickness the next week

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [988]

This happened at my old house, my dad died in the basement in 2000.

>Just after christmas, 2002  
>Mom finds tape of her and dad's wedding  
>Watches it downstairs while my and my friends are upstairs playing on yahoochat  
>go downstairs to play PS2  
>Playing tony hawk 3 with five people in basement  
>Yeah TH3  
>Suddenly CDs on top of stereo scatter  
>Hit wall behin stereo, fall on the floor, ect  
>Tell friend not to be a jerk  
>He has a giant speaker between him and the stereo  
>would've seen him move  
>no one else is remotely close to stereo  
>NOPE.jpg  
>No one will talk about it to this day

Seriously, there was a glass hood on the phonograph ontop of the stereo...and it was like something just hit it from below and shot everything upward. No way it someone would've been able to get the scatter without hitting it as hard as possible from below or

using both hands to lift it as rapidly as possible. No one was near it, closest guy would've had to get up and go around a speaker about 3/4's of his height to even be in position to do this.

I have 2 friends that do not believe in the paranormal, and will not talk about this event. They swear that if they acknowledge what they saw, they'd have to acknowledge something they refuse to believe in.

I know the old man's ghost was in the house, my cousins dog would randomly growl at nothing. And I mean legit, hair on end, full attack rip someone apart mode. When I was on our PC in the dining room, I'd hear our front screen door open, the front door unlock, open and shut...and literally be looking at it as it made those noises without actually doing anything.

My mom swears she woke up from time to time and saw him just watching her.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [989]

Here's one that scared me silly but was entirely explicable later.

- >Move into new house, first week there
- >Garage is separated from house by six feet of outdoors, with a roof over it to keep out the snow
- >Also separated from the outside by a fence and gate
- >It's night, and we're out of milk
- >Extra milk is in garage
- >Prepare to go get it, flick on lights
- >Scraggly dude is standing right outside the door, between house and garage, reaching for doorknob
- >Door is unlocked
- >Guy has really weird look on his face
- >Quicker than I knew I could move, lock door and run to get parents

- >Everyone's panicking because some freak is inside the fence, right at our door
- >Eventually parents go and the guy signals he wants to talk
- >Though cautious, they do

It turned out he was just the neighbor across the street, coming over to introduce himself. For reasons unknown, the old inhabitant of our house had used the side door as the primary entrance, so he'd just come that way out of habit. He'd been reaching to knock on the door when I turned the light on, turning up to him just as suddenly and terrifyingly as he had to me. He turned out to be a really cool guy, but that was probably the single most horrifying first impression anyone ever made on me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [990]

- >3 or so years ago
- >be doing renovations in house
- >me, younger bro, and sis sharing room in the meantime
- >sharing queen sized bed with sis
- >feel her moving around, rolling closer to me
- >get irritated cus she's practically right up on me
- >turn to push her away
- >NOPE.jpg when I see that we're on opposite sides of the bed and she's nowhere near me

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [991]

- >Walking to bus stop, probably in eighth grade at the time
- >About to reach bus, I was running late
- >Hear voice saying, "If you don't hurry you're going to be late."
- >No one's around.
- >The voice sounds like a squawking noise

>Says it again  
>Look in direction of voice, a black bird on the sidewalk  
>Bird turns to me and squawks at me, "If you don't hurry you're going to be late."

Freaked the hell out of me. Haven't forgotten it, probably never will.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [992]

>Wake up in middle of the night, go for a snack  
>On the couch in the dark, eating crackers  
>Somebody starts knocking, but not on the door  
>Sound coming from wall about three feet from the door  
>Suddenly wide awake  
>Think I fell asleep and dreamed it, happens again  
>Think "I should invite it in"  
>Think that's absolutely crazy  
>Happens one more time  
>Finally get up and check the porch  
>Nothing there

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [993]

>Friend has haunted house

I've had a few experiences there beforehand.

>The house is for sale  
>empty  
>decides to go in with a few friends  
>We walk around saying stupid stuff  
>Making fun of Ghost Adventures

>Goes into basement  
>takes out Ouija Board.  
>Thinks it's good idea to use Ouija Board  
>Talks to some "Ghosts"  
>got a ghost claiming to be person who died there  
>wrote out my name  
>Said for me to get out  
>called me a whore  
>said it wished to hurt me  
>shrugged it off  
>Felt hand on my shoulder  
>hand squeezed hard  
>cold breath on my cheek  
>NOPED OUT OF THERE.  
>never went back

The stuff that's happened before had also been freaky but I just didn't want to go back after that. I would now, but I'm not friends with that person anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [994]

Rarely come here to /x/ ever but I experienced something years ago and have no idea wtf it was. Maybe you guys can give some serious answers. I asked once before maybe a eyar ago and got troll answers.

Anyway here I go.

>17 or 18  
>weekend  
>sleeping  
>wake up unsure of time  
>under blanket  
>bright light, immediately close eyes  
>not good enough, it's too bright, eyes hurting from smashing

them with hands to block out light  
>loud shard piercing sound  
>ears in so much pain  
>assume fetal position under blanket to bury face to shield eyes while using hands to cover ears  
>nothing is working  
>black out I guess idk what happens here  
>wake up around 10am normal for me  
>eyes hurt  
>ears hurt  
>sweating, not a lot but can tell I had been sweating  
>tell no one

21yrs old now. No idea wtf happened. For real.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [995]

>Used to take Stagecraft in high school (basically just make the sets for plays and all that)  
>Cutting a piece of wood in the middle of the stage  
>The auditorium has a rumor that some girl fell from the Death Star (our nickname for a 75ft high ladder on wheels) and died from smashing into the center of the auditorium in 1984  
>Was actually in a play the year before, can say that the middle of the auditorium was VERY weak, like something had to be placed there  
>Anyway  
  
>Cutting wood  
>In the middle of me cutting the wood, I hear a very loud, bloodcurling scream  
>Female, sounded like she was falling  
>I don't really react to it on the outside, continue on with my job  
>Freak the out later on when my chorus buddy tells a story about his keys moving from the tool room to the middle of the stage  
>Didn't hear about the rumor until then

And no, it isn't Exploding Head Syndrome.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [996]

>Be a few years ago, I was 18 or 19  
>Staying at my grandma's unit in the Gold Coast (Aussie)  
>Wake up in the middle of the night screaming, feeling absolute terror  
>Had heard a shrieking in my ear, loud and thought I saw something  
>Bit fuzzy and still not sure what I saw or if I imagined it while half asleep  
>10 or seconds after waking up screaming and throwing my fists around, my ex-girlfriend's phone rings  
>She answers, asks who it is and then goes pale  
>Apparently the person who rang had asked what the commotion was and what was wrong  
>Upon her asking who it was they said 'It's me'  
>Says it was my voice

Apparently while this was happening I was just sitting up in the bed (After the screaming) with my head in my hands, not saying a word. Asked my grandma and she hadn't called, thought maybe my ex just got confused or something.

Still don't know WTF happened to this day, and some messed up stuff seems to happen in that room. I seem to wake up in a panic quite often when I stay there, and the last few nights that I have stayed there, I've thought I have seen figures and heard someone rustling in bed next to mine.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [997]

>be 12  
>going camping with dad  
>get lost on the way  
>dad too stubborn to stop and ask for directions  
>late at night he decides to pull over so we can sleep in car  
>pulled over in weird place with sand hills  
>tells me to sleep and closes his eyes  
>dad falls asleep faster than anyone I know  
>wide awake.  
>looks around and sees something move but ignores it and tries to fall asleep  
>hear movement outside of car  
>hear scratching coming from the back of the car  
>weird noise heard.  
>more movement  
>dad still passed out  
>freaks out and wakes dad up in a panic  
>dad looks around tells me it's my imagination  
>bull  
>demands we nope out of there and find the campsite  
>does what he's told  
>good dad

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

## [998]

More of a story about sixth-sense type stuff.

>Be around 14-ish, probably  
>Holidaying in some dead-end town in the middle of a big valley  
>Place we're staying in is nice enough  
>My family, plus a couple of relatives staying in same place  
>Parents show me the room I'm going to sleep in  
>Doesn't look like anything out of the ordinary  
>Has a bed, couch, old phonograph in the corner  
>Get a strange creeping feeling

>Something's not right  
>This room is not right  
>The longer I stay in the room, the worse the feeling gets  
>Feels almost like I'm losing my mind, I'm becoming almost paralyzed with fear  
>Tear out of the room  
>As soon as I pass through the doorway to the room, feeling is gone entirely.  
>Look back into room, seems completely normal  
>Explain to parents there's no way in hell I'm sleeping in that room

Probably doesn't seem that scary to anyone else, but the feeling of utter eeriness was enough to make my hair stand on end... never experienced anything like it since.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [999]

>Be 17  
>Heading home from school  
>Pull up to house and notice blinds cracked in front window  
>Procrastinate as long as possible to keep my friend from leaving immediately due to creepiness that has happened out the house pretty much constantly  
>Finally get out of car and friend drives off  
>Start walking up to the house and blinds close  
>Walks up to front door and curtain by door moves away like someone ran away from it  
>NOPED.jpg as long as I could until someone got home.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

## [1000]

>be 22

>Living with mother to help with bills  
>she just had heart surgery  
>father just dies months prior  
>buy old house built in 1905 with fathers insurance  
>Fixed up by previous owners  
>House is on the market for 117K  
>Buy it for 31K  
>be investigating the house a day after move  
>find strange old style victorian key  
>stash it, don't tell mother about it  
>one day plug in cell phone  
>right next to mothers charging phone  
>go back three hours later  
>cellphones and chargers gone.  
>no one else has been in the house  
>ask mother where she put them  
>she never touched them  
>start looking for phones everywhere  
>no dice  
>Use land line.  
>No dial tone, internet's out  
>Call phone company to fix it  
>They do  
>Be two days later  
>go on my way investigating new house  
>go into attic  
>find an old box hidden away  
>Key fits it  
>Open it.  
>Cell phones are there, smashed  
>Charges are there. wires are sliced  
>NOPED out of the house for a few days

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*

**>Nope**

